THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON,

SON to the

Reverend Mr. MATTHEW

And the Celebrated

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

Written by HIMSELF.

To which is added, never before printed,

A

COLLECTION OF LETTERS,

Which paſſed between the late

LORD K——G S B——H,

AND

Mrs. PILKINGTON.

All on the ſea of life ſome calms have ſeen,
Whatever burſting tempeſts rag'd between,
But I have ſtill by adverſe winds been toſs'd,
And always ſhipwreck'd ere I reach'd the coaſt.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGINA CAROLINE,

Counteſs of COWPER.

MADAM,

AS the following pages contain an account of my life, I know not to whom I can with more propriety inſcribe them than to Lady Cowper, whoſe goodneſs, I am proud to acknowledge, has been the preſerver of it. Publicly to confeſs we have received favours from illuſtrious perſonages, is a publick innuendo that they know ſomething of us; thus, Madam, we have an opportunity to ſhew our pride and gratitude at the ſame time.

I flatter myſelf, Madam, that no part of a book thus honoured with the ſanction of your Ladyſhip's name, will occaſion your being a penitent to your own virtues, or regretting the good offices your humanity

humanity has led you to do for a little family, whoſe greateſt crimes have been their diſtreſſes; which indeed, to ſome minds, may appear an accumulation of all human faults.

Your Ladyſhip was kind enough, not only to befriend the writer, but to pity the man; not only to ſubſcribe to him as an author, but to adminiſter to his neceſſities: whether the world may praiſe or condemn this conduct in your Ladyſhip, you have at leaſt the conſciouſneſs of a generous intention, and the prayers and praiſes of an unfeignedly grateful heart.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

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THE LIFE OF JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

IT may poſſibly be apprehended, that a writer o my age, can ſcarce have ſeen variety enough to form an entertaining volume: had it pleaſed providence to have bleſſed my earlier days with quiet and felicity, 'tis probable I ſhould now have as little to ſet forth as any other young man who had lived the ſame number of years.

But though nothing I can advance, in relation to my adventures, deviates much from the common courſe of things, or thoſe occurrences which daily happen, I have too ſincere a reſpect for the illuſtrious patrons of my labours, to preſume to impoſe fictions on their ſuperior underſtanding.—Therefore, however this undertaking may fall ſhort in wit, or elegance of ſtile, I am determined it ſhall be adorned with native truth; which is allowed to ſurpaſs the flouriſhes of rhetoric, and carries with it, like the works of nature, ſomething that art vainly ſtrives to imitate.

I am the youngeſt ſon, now alive, which the Reverend Mr. Matthew Pilkington, had by his firſt wife Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington the daughter of John Van-lewen, M. D. and niece to Sir John Mead, Baronet.

The writings of my mother, added to the candour and indulgence of her readers, has procured her a place in the temple of fame; and my father's poetical productions, though not received with equal applauſe, are yet allowed a conſiderable ſhare of merit.

From a poetical father and mother, what inheritance could a ſecond brother hope, but a pen? An implement which, however dangerous, I am compelled to uſe.

As far as I have been able to gather of my paternal genealogy, my great-grand-father was the younger ſon of a gentleman of fortune in Yorkſhire; who went over to Ireland at a time when King Charles the Firſt had occaſion to try the purſes and loyalty of his Britiſh ſubjects; and had, for his ſervices there, a handſome eſtate given him in the county of Meath, which remains in that family to this day.

My grand-father Pilkington, was the youngeſt of twenty-one children, and having a great mechanical genius, applied himſelf to the buſineſs of watch-making; by which, and much honeſt induſtry, he was enabled to give my father a liberal education; and, at his death, bequeathed him a handſome eſtate.

My elder brother was taken, in his infancy, into the care of my father's parents; where, though he was not brought up with delicacy, as to perſon or diet, the old man took care to enrich his mind with the beſt tuition money could procure; the benefits of which, with a grateful remembrance of that worthy parent, he now enjoys.

A boy to whom Dean Swift was to have ſtood god-father, dying without publick baptiſm, the Dean, tho' no admirer of ſuch buſineſs, was pleaſed to promiſe to honour my chriſtening with his preſence, which, promiſe he did not, however, pleaſe to fulfil.—I have been told that Lord Carteret, now Earl of Granville, was really one of my god-fathers, and that his Lordſhip ſubſtituted * Dean Delany, from whence

* Dean Delaney on reading this paſſage at Col. Newburgh's in Manuſcript, recollected it; and I have, ſince

whence I have derived the happineſs of being called by his name. But I apprehend that I have either been impoſed on in that relation, or that his Lordſhip has utterly forgot it; as I never could prevail with him to ſubſcribe to my writings.

The method I took of introducing myſelf to that Nobleman, was, I confeſs, a little too familiar for one of my humble condition, and juvenile years:—I ſhall tranſcribe the lines which I took the freedom to addreſs to his Lordſhip, ſome time after my arrival in London.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Granville.

I HEAR, my Lord, from common fame,
You promis'd Three Things in my name;
The ſtory moſt demands my credit,
Becauſe Delany often ſaid it;
And men of moſt profound ſagacity,
Will anſwer for the Dean's veracity;
But be that matter as it may,
I'm call'd John Cart'ret at this day.
This name, my Lord, elates my pride,
More than all gifts, I boaſt beſide;
And ſhou'd illuſtrious Granville ſmile,
'Twould every recent ill beguile,
Saving from famine, death's grim agent,
My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt Obedient.

Now it may not be improper to obſerve, that when I wrote the above, I was not under the leaſt apprehenſion of ſtarving, but ſaid ſo, merely to make his Lordſhip merry at my expence. The conſequence will forever caution me againſt being humorous with my

 ſuperiors,

ſince the death of my mother, very happily experienced the advantages of his Lordſhip's choice in a repreſentative, on that occaſion, as the Dean has more than fulfilled all the promiſes he made at my baptiſm, by unlimited inſtances of his favour and liberality to me.

ſuperiors, as I am perſuaded from the inſtances of that Nobleman's munificence, ſtill freſh in the memory of ſo many, that no other circumſtance could have withheld his Lordſhip's bounty from me.—But certain it is I was chriſtened, and the acting ſponſors were Dr. Clayton*, now Lord Biſhop of Clogher, Dr. Delany, Mrs Barber, and Mrs. Grierſon;‖ as none were preſent but poetical people, they determined to make a fairy chriſtening of it, and each to endow me with the gifts they moſt eminently poſſeſſed. The Dean repreſenting the Viceroy, gave power and eloquence; Mrs. Grierſon, learning; Mrs. Barber, poeſy; "and, "for my part," ſaid the Biſhop, "I'll endow him "with good fortune, 'tis the only gift I can boaſt," as his Lordſhip modeſtly expreſſed himſelf.

My mother informed me, that when I was about three years old, my god-father, the Biſhop, requeſted my father, as his Lordſhip had no children, to reſign me intirely to him; who would undoubtedly have made me as happy as the beſt education, and an affluent condition could do; but, to my misfortune, my father rejected this generous offer; to which, amongſt other cauſes, I may impute my preſent unfavourable ſituation.

The firſt thing which impreſſed itſelf on my infant memory, was the ſeparation of my father and mother; § a circumſtince in which my future fortune was much more deeply intereſted, than I had then abilities to conceive, not being more than ſix or ſeven years old.

As I had, till this fatal juncture, been bred up with the utmoſt delicacy and tenderneſs, my poor mother having made it her chief ſtudy to mingle inſtruction with delight, and by the moſt engaging methods to mold our tender minds for fine impreſſions, inſomuch that we loved her as a companion, and reſpected her as

*Since dead; to the great loſs of the learned world.

‖Vid. the account of this learned and ingenious Lady, in the firſt vol. of Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs. See alſo Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

§ Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. I.

as a parent: the ſenſe I felt of our ſeparation, even at that age, is ſcarcely imaginable. What cauſe my father had to ſuſpect her virtue, or whether he had any or not, is beſt known to heaven and his own conſcience; and far is it from my preſent purpoſe to ſay any thing which may draw a reflection on his name, or diſturb a moment of his tranquillity; ſince I had much rather the world would attribute my misfortunes to my own miſconduct, than want of humanity in him, whom, as the author of my being, I eſteem with the moſt dutiful reverence.

The morning after my mother's departure from his houſe, he called his children before him, and in a moſt tender and pathetic manner acquainted us, of what he termed *her misfortune*; aſſuring us, that he would nevertheleſs perform the ſtricteſt duty of a father to us, while our behaviour merited his being ſuch; but he remonſtrated to us, on the neceſſity we were under, to be particularly circumſpect in our conduct, as well to him as to the reſt of the world, in order to make the matter be intirely forgotten.

We gave a ſettled attention to his words, but could not reſtrain our tears on ſo melancholy an occaſion, eſpecially as he informed us we were never more to ſee her.

Some time after her departure, ſhe earneſtly ſolicited my father for one laſt interview with her dear little ones, as ſhe affectionately ſtiled us; but that favour, if I may call it ſuch, was for the preſent denied to her; upon which occaſion ſhe added four lines to her poem, called Sorrow, which, tho' I'm not fond of quotations, I aſk pardon for reciting.

And ſince no more I boaſt a mother's name,
Nor in my children can a portion claim,
The tender babes to thy protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs mother's ſake.

Vide 1ſt vol. Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs.

After this, either my father's heart relented, or he was by entreaties prevailed on to let us viſit her; the mutual joy that took place in our ſouls at this indulgence, can only be conceived by the fondeſt of children, and the moſt endearing of parents.

We continued the whole day with her, during which ſhe would frequently gather us in her arms, and folding us in the moſt paſſionate grief, invoke the Almighty to be a parent to us; and indeed ſo far her prayers have been heard, as the dangers from whence his holy hand alone has delivered even me, have been infinite; nor let the young and gay, in whoſe hands theſe writings may chance to fall, be offended at theſe ſerious reflections; they will ſometimes perhaps find me too volatile, but where gratitude, and praiſe are due, there let them be aſcribed.

When night approached, being the deſtined moment of departure, my mother would fain have detained me (her peculiar favourite) having intended, as I ſince learned from her, to have brought me to London, but the ſervant who attended us would by no means ſuffer it; ſo that however ſevere we eſteemed our fate, we were obliged to ſubmit to it, and left our poor mother in a flood of tears.

For ſome time after ſhe left the kingdom, my father continued moderately kind to us, and probably might ſtill have been ſo, but that going on a viſit into the country he met with miſs Sands, who is at preſent his wife. This lady, without ſenſe, beauty, fortune, or one amiable accompliſhment, found means ſo powerfully to engage his affections, that he intirely neglected every thing but the purſuit of her. Nay, ſo much enamoured was he with her very name, that it was carved on every tree in his garden, and written with a diamond on every window in his houſe; and very ſeldom had we a ſight of him.

I can't help thinking that one motive of his attachment to this lady, was her being ſo diametrically a contraſt to the unfortunate object of his reſentment; for if my mother was witty and polite, ſhe was hoggiſh and ſtupid; if my mother was neat and cleanly, the other was dirty and ſluttiſh; if my mother was liberal and generous ſhe was mean and mercenary; of which I could here give demonſtrable proofs, but that it would break in upon the chain of my ſtory, and will do as well in it's proper place.

I hope

I hope I ſhall be pardoned for ſaying, that I believe my father now ſincerely wiſhed at any rate to get his encumbrances off his hands; and as the preſent engroſſer of his affections wanted none of her ſex's artifices, I am pretty certain that much of his coolneſs towards us, proceeded from the councils and inſinuations of that Hyæna.——My father, I am told, has lately had a child by her: God forbid it ſhould partake of her diſpoſition, or be uſed with ſo little tenderneſs, as thoſe which he had by my mother, and whom he left the world to provide for.

I was, while my grand-father lived, firſt kept at the writing-ſchool, where I made but ſmall progreſs; from whence I was removed to the ſtudy of Latin, under the tuition of the Reverend Mr. Baldrick. I had not attained to the claſſics before the good old man died, and with him my farther advancement in literature for that time; as I was ſhortly after judiciouſly removed to my father's kitchen, leſt too much learning ſhould have made me mad: in which place it ſeems I was under the benign influence of the footman, and maid ſervant, to finiſh my ſtudies; being kept a perpetual priſoner there, and otherwiſe treated, in a manner I ſhall never repeat, and which I heartily wiſh to forget.

For my own part, I had at that time reflections much above my years, having read every book which chance or providence threw in my way, and digeſted them, in a manner not cuſtomary with children. I had naturally great ſprightlineſs and vivacity, an eaſy obliging diſpoſition, a good voice and a tolerable perſon; with theſe endowments it was no matter of wonder, if I looked on my preſent ſituation with horror, being utterly abſtracted from what my mind moſt thirſted after, books, company and improvement; an ambition to be amongſt my ſuperiors ſeemed inherent to me, and I might truly have ſaid with Horace.—*Spernere vulgus.*

I now grew ſolicitous to know what family and relations I had living; judging I might have a greater probability of being welcome to ſome of them, than deſirable to my father.

An old coachman of my grand uncle, Brigadier Meade, came one evening to viſit my father's ſervants, and was as communicative on this head as I could poſſibly have wiſhed: he told me the affinity I had with all the Meades family, and ſeveral others of diſtinction, not material here to name; but what moſt engaged my attention in the courſe of his narrative, was the account he gave me of my grand-uncle, Doctor George Vanlewen, of Cork; who, he ſaid, "had no legitimate children, and was one of the beſt natured gentlemen exiſting; but that his peculiar oddity made ſtrangers frequently miſtake him for moroſe and ill-natured, which indeed, as much as his good-nature will permit him, he endeavours to affect. He gave us ſome entertaining accounts of my uncle's diſpoſition, that may here ſerve as an illuſtration to the future character I ſhall have occaſion to give of him.

"A very ſpruce dancing-maſter juſt arrived from Paris, continued the coachman, happened accidentally to be at a gentleman's houſe, where the Doctor was ſent for to attend the lady in labour. The Doctor, who is homely in his perſon, and plain in his apparel, when he entered a room where the gentleman of the houſe and this perſon were, cry'd, "Zounds, Sir, "what d'ye want with theſe butterflies about you at "ſuch a time as this? Turn him out of doors." The dancing-maſter imagined this recounter a little mal-apropos; and he neither knowing my uncle, nor the occaſion of his coming, told the gentleman of the houſe he underſtood no ſuch treatment, and would demand ſatisfaction from that ſorry fellow, whoever he was. My uncle, who had but paſſed into another room, overheard him; and came out with a very ſerene countenance, to acquaint him that if he would wait but fifteen minutes, he would make any conceſſion ſo *great a perſonage* thought proper to require; returning immediately into the room, he diſpatched his buſineſs in half the time, and after delivering the lady, came to fulfil his engagement. The whole thing was ſo ſudden and whimſical, that the gentleman of the houſe had not preſence of mind to interpoſe his good offices; or, perhaps, the ſituation his wife was in, might have engroſſed all his attention:

However

However it was, the diſputants went out together. The dancing-maſter told my uncle, he deſired to meet him on the Mall the next morning at five o'clock. No, no, ſays the Doctor, I ſhan't then be out of bed, but, if you pleaſe, I'll wait on you now. The antagoniſt finding him true blood, offered many weighty reaſons for poſtponing the combat, particularly his being obliged to attend immediately on ſome ladies, whom he was to teach to dance. By G—d, ſays the Doctor, I'll teach you to dance, and ſing too, before we part, as ſorry a fellow as I appear. Upon this he drew his ſword, and deſired his enemy to do the ſame. The ſecond paſs he wounded the dancing-maſter in the ſword-arm, which poſſibly ſaved his guts. He dropped his weapon, and aſked for mercy, which the doctor generouſly granted; and immediately pulled out his caſe of inſtruments, dreſſed his arm, and ſent him home in a chair; recommending it ſtrenuouſly to him, not to be ſo haſty in his concluſions for the future. After this, he reviſited the lying-in lady, and found her as well as he could wiſh; but pray, Doctor, ſaid the gentleman of the houſe, why did you leave us ſo abruptly? Only to ſkewer a Woodcock, replied the Doctor, very gravely: which being all the information that could be obtained from him, it excited the gentleman's curioſity to ſend to the dancing-maſter's lodgings, where he was found very ill in bed. The Doctor, however, carefully attended him, ſupplied him with all neceſſaries, and was ſo firm a friend to him from that time, that his recommendations were the means of promoting the dancing-maſter's fortune.

He went one morning into a coffee-houſe in Cork, and it being cold, ſtood with his back to the fire; a gay young officer came in, and ſays to the Doctor, ſtand farther off, fellow.—Yes, pleaſe your honour, replied the Doctor, and moved conſiderably back.—Farther, yet fellow, ſays the other; the Doctor kept retreating till he got to a window; he opened it, and taking the young ſpark ſuddenly in his arms, called to the company to know if he ſhould throw the impertinent coxcomb into the ſtreet.—The gentlemen owned he deſerved no better, but on account of his youth, be

beſought mercy for him; and it was granted, but ſeaſoned with a reprimand ſuitable to the occaſion."

After reciting theſe, and many other inſtances of my uncle's temper, the ſervant departed, leaving me fully reſolved to embrace the firſt favourable occaſion to fly to Cork for refuge.

My father was not only indifferent about my education or cloathing, but a little too ſevere; ſince, if any thing diſturbed his temper abroad, I was ſure of a flogging when he came home; and a rainy day was fatal to me, being ever the fore-runner of chaſtiſement, whether with or without a cauſe. This might probably be done to humble my ſpirit, and fit me for the hardſhips of a world I was entering into; and indeed it has had the deſired effect, for tho' I have fallen under various calamities ſince, none have been half ſo dreadful to me as thoſe I ſuſtained at home; nay, I am ſure I muſt have died of a broken heart ere now, had I not ſo early been inur'd to afflictions. To ſeek occaſion to quit ſuch treatment was not difficult; and though I had never been in the country of Ireland, I conceived a notion of travelling to Cork, being very ſure, if I once found the road, I ſhould purſue it till I obtained my wiſhes.

A gentleman came one afternoon to enquire for my father, and as I happened to open the ſtreet door, he gave me a ſhilling, which was, I believe, the firſt I could ever call mine; with this ſum I reſolved, before day-break the next morning, to ſet out on my intended expedition: and ſo little of the world did I know, that I thought the ſum quite ſufficient.

According to this plan, I executed my ſcheme with all poſſible ſilence, ſecreſy, and ſucceſs; but happened fortunately enough to take a wrong road, that is, one that made my journey about thirty miles about.

Before I had one ſingle reflection on my condition, agitated by the pleaſing hope of a better fate, I had meaſured twenty miles. Fatigue and hunger then very cloſely aſſailed me. I diſcovered at ſome diſtance behind me, a luſty healthy-looking farmer on horſe-back, who aſked me were I was going? I told him to Cork —To Cork, child! ſays the Man, with aſtoniſh-

ment

ment—this is not the road! beſides, 'tis a journey you will never be equal to at this ſeaſon, (it being near Chriſtmas). I told him I valued no hardſhips, and would proſecute my journey, tho' at the expence of my life.—You are then, I ſuppoſe, well ſtocked with caſh, ſaid he, to refreſh yourſelf by the way. Yes, returned I, I have thirteen pence, which I think quite enough. The honeſt fellow laughed heartily at my innocence, and as I walked beſide his horſe, he now took me up before him. His curioſity to find out who I was, made him aſk many queſtions; which I evaded very carefully, leſt he ſhould take a fancy to ſend me home. I told him my father was a ſhoe-maker, who was gone to Cork, and that having no friends in Dublin, I was going to him. Tho' he did not ſeem intirely to credit this, he had good manners enough to deſiſt any further interrogations, till we arrived at his houſe, an homely, but a clean and comfortable habitation; where the whole family came to meet us at the door, and were overjoyed that the farmer had brought a gueſt with him. As ſoon as they had furniſhed me with dry apparel, for it rained very hard, they placed me near a large turf fire, then bathed my feet (as is cuſtomary in Ireland) and after ſpread a table, abounding with milk, butter, eggs, and all the rural delicacies that are the ſweet rewards of virtuous induſtry.—When I reflect on the ſerene felicity enjoy'd by minds never taught to aſpire, I pity, from my ſoul, many of the rich and great whom I have ſince fallen amongſt: health, competence and contentment they are generally ſtrangers to: luxury deſtroys the firſt, extravagance the ſecond, and ambition the laſt.

That hoſpitality is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the people of Ireland, has never yet been diſputed; and the inſtances of it, which I have happily experienced, are a ſufficient demonſtration of it, to me.

After being liberally refreſhed by my kind hoſt, he put me to bed with one of his ſons, where I ſlept, "wrapt up in meaſureleſs content," till day-break. I was then aſked if I choſe to reſt myſelf a day or two, or purſue my journey? and I made choice of the latter. The board was again ſpread, and might juſtly be

be termed a *Cornucopia*, accompanied with the moſt tender and ſincere expreſſions of a hearty welcome.

The farmer then ſaddled his horſe, and after an affectionate embrace from every one of the family, took me before him, and carried me about ſeven miles; when ſlipping a ſhilling into my hand, he prayed to God to preſerve me, and ſend me more friends.

Encouraged by ſuch unexpected liberality and kindneſs, from perfect ſtrangers, I puſhed on in great ſpirits. About noon I ſtopped at a little houſe on the road, to procure ſome food, as I had money to pay for it. The beſt the cottage afforded was immediately produced, and to my great ſurprize, the people, tho' ſeemingly in the moſt abject diſtreſs, refuſed to accept the ſmalleſt gratification for what they gave me; but on the contrary, loaded my pockets with proviſion, and attended me to the door with ten thouſand bleſſings.

In the afternoon I was overtaken by a footman, who had a led horſe, and who made me a tendre of riding: I readily accepted the invitation, and upon his requeſting to know my name, and the purport of my journey, ingenuouſly told the truth. He knew my family very well, and told me he was a ſervant to 'Squire A——, who lived a few miles off; and that, tho' it was out of my road, if I would venture along with him, he would promiſe me good entertainment, and take care to put me ten miles forward in the morning, if he could render me no other ſervice, which yet he ſaid he hoped to do, as his maſter and miſtreſs were patterns of good-nature, and conſequently would be pleaſed to aſſiſt a young gentleman in my circumſtances.

About an hour after dark we arrived at the 'Squire's houſe; the footman brought me into a large hall without a fire, and gave me into the care of Peter Ludlow the coachman, whoſe name I gratefully remember, and of whoſe uncommon kindneſs I never can ſay enough.—The ſervant with whom I came preſently returned, loaded with eatables of different kinds, ſuch as cold beef, ham and fowl; but fatigue had taken away my appetite, which Peter obſerving, with ſome regret,

regret, entreated me to go to his houſe, and he would endeavour to get ſomething more proper for my refreſhment. The footman, who eſteemed me his gueſt, expreſſed his unwillingneſs to part with me, till Peter reminded him of his having no fire, and but indifferent bedding, which might occaſion my death: at this the poor good-natured fellow, with a ſigh, agreed I ſhould go with Peter.

It was a bitter froſty night, and travelling, to which I had never been inur'd, with my ſitting down at the 'Squire's, without a fire, made my limbs ſtiff, and my frame quite chilly. My hoſt, in order to render his cottage more agreeable on ſight, than it might otherwiſe prove if I chanced to form too high expectations beforehand, told me his houſe was a poor hut, at one ſide the road,—that he had no food but potatoes, no drink but water, nor any bed but ſtraw. Now, Sir, ſaid he, if this fare will ſuit you, come on with me; if not, turn back to the 'Squire's—I told him I had obſerved ſomething ſo pleaſing in his manner of receiving me, that under all thoſe diſadvantages I choſe to accompany him.—Soon after he arrived at his own door; and indeed his endeavour to prepoſſeſs me with an indifferent opinion of his houſe, had the deſired effect, in making me imagine it a paradiſe.—There was a large ſprightly turf-fire, a clean neat, handſome wife and daughter, who, (when they heard who I was) were as much overjoyed to receive me, as I could poſſibly be at falling into ſuch hands; they brought every article that was neceſſary for my refreſhment, and then put down a couple of fowls, bacon and greens for ſupper. After treating me with a tenderneſs and regard, which I had never experienced ſince the loſs of my mother, they put me into their own bed, the warmth and ſoftneſs of which might have inclined a perſon to ſleep, much leſs tired than I was.

Peter, who was obliged to attend his maſter early in the morning, left ſtrict orders that I ſhould be well accommodated in his abſence; and by no means be permitted to depart, if I ſhould expreſs an inclination for it,—indeed I was ill qualified ſo to do, either in purſe

purſe or perſon, being ſcarcely refreſhed by one night's ſleep, and poſſeſſed but of two ſhillings.

My amiable and friendly hoſteſs waked me early in the morning, to drink ſome milk hot from the cow, and at ten I breakfaſted on tea; ſo that I queſtion, had I been the 'Squire's gueſt, if my entertainment had ſurpaſſed this.

The lower ſort of people in Ireland hold the name of a gentleman in high veneration, and would be more ſubſervient to a man of family, without a ſhilling, than to an upſtart, poſſeſſed of ever ſo much.—They are great genealogiſts, and can trace a man three or four generations back; then tell you the different branches and intermarriages; at which they are ſo extremely expert, that it is next to an impoſſibility to impoſe on them.

The lower people here in England differ from them extremely in this, as well as in moſt other points; there being no greater object of deriſion amongſt them, than a perſon by any means aſſuming the character of a gentleman, without a competency to ſupport it in every degree; ſo that in London, a cobler's ſon in a laced coat, will have more deference paid to him, than the offspring of a nobleman, whoſe neceſſities are once made known; which makes this proverb ſo frequent amongſt them; "don't tell me what I was, "but what I am," with many others to the ſame purpoſe. I cannot help ſaying with regret, that an outſide has an effect on perſons of greater conſequence, to whom it is ſo familiar:—this to me is extremely ſurpriſing, becauſe if merit conſiſted in velvet, lace or embroidery, Monmouth-ſtreet would be a good place to find it in. But to proceed.

By the time breakfaſt was over, Peter returned, and informed me, that on his having mentioned me to his maſter and miſtreſs, they had expreſſed a deſire to ſee me; but, ſaid he, it would be adviſeable to ſtay till to-morrow, and in the mean while, let my wife make your linen and ſtockings clean, that you may appear decently before them.

The next morning pretty ſoon, being quite ſpruce,

Peter

Peter and myſelf ſet out for the 'Squire's, whoſe lady, it ſeems, my grand father, Doctor Vanlewen, had attended as phyſician; this had raiſed ſome favourable ſentiments of me before I made my appearance; and if I may judge from the reception I found, the ſight of me rather increaſed than diminiſhed them.

The 'Squire and his Lady met me coming in, and the lady in a very affable manner, declared ſhe was proud to have one of the worthy Doctor's family in her houſe, to whom ſhe owed (under God) her life. They made me ſtay and dine with them, and afterwards told me, if I choſe to reſide there a month or two, I was welcome; and they would in the mean time, write to my uncle in Cork, (to whom they underſtood I was going) to ſee if he would receive me. Theſe propoſals I reſpectfully thanked them for, but did not care to comply with them; for I rather choſe to ſtay with my friend Peter; as I could there be leſs upon the reſerve, and ſeemed to be perfectly deified at his houſe: at my departure in the evening the lady gave me half a guinea, the gentleman a crown, and what ſeemed more ſurpriſing, every ſervant in the houſe followed me, and each gave me ſomething, according to their degrees; which, notwithſtanding all I could ſay in oppoſition to it, they compelled me to accept.

I now thought myſelf as rich as Crœſus, having never before been maſter of ſuch a ſum; ſo that I returned with Peter, in great ſpirits.—Peter, who was, without a compliment, one of the beſt men I had ever known, was ſincerely rejoiced to find that his repreſentations of me were attended with ſo happy an iſſue: I told him I could not but look upon him as my great benefactor, upon the whole; but this he would by no means hear of; and rather ſeemed to murmur at his fate, in not being able to act in my favour, quite up to the generoſity of his heart.

In ſhort, he detained me a fortnight, during which, no circumſtance was omitted, that could be thought conducive to my health, contentment or recreation; and when Peter found that no ſolicitations could prevail on me to continue longer with him, he deſired his

wife

wife to make me a new ſhirt, bought me a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings at his own expence; and under pretence of ſewing my money in my fob, leſt I ſhould be robbed, conveyed a ſmall piece of gold into it, as I afterwards diſcovered; yet even after my little baggage was packed in a canvas wallet, and every thing in readineſs for my departure, it was three days more before I could get away: Peter accompanied me about fifteen miles, leaving his wife and daughter in tears for our ſeparation; and ſet me down at the Royal Oak, ten miles from the city of Kilkenny, from whence there is a fine turnpike road to Cork. Peter returned home with reluctance, after enjoining me, by the moſt ſolemn promiſes, to write to him when I arrived at my journey's end; and if my uncle ſhould not receive me kindly, he would come himſelf and bring me back to his houſe, where I ſhould be welcome, while he had ſtrength to earn a ſupport for me.

I need not animadvert on the benevolence of ſoul this worthy creature poſſeſſed; as it muſt be obvious to every reader, that what he did for me, was without the hope of any recompence, but ſuch as he might obtain from the hand of heaven; and tho' theſe paſſages may ſeem almoſt too trivial to engroſs the reader's attention, yet I am ſatisfied there are many will be pleaſed to find ſuch a character in ſuch a ſphere of life, and that a man without the aid of education, may, from pure nature, practiſe every chriſtian virtue, in it's moſt amiable perfection. The modeſty and delicacy with which poor Peter conferred his favours, may be a juſt admonition to the rich and the proud, who, when they are prevailed on to aſſiſt their fellow creatures, ſometimes do it in ſo cruelly contemptuous manner, as makes the receipt of it more painful, than the wretchedneſs it is beſtowed to relieve.—But to go on:

A gentleman in a coach and ſix picked me up at the Royal Oak, and in about two hours ſet me down in the antient city of Kilkenny, rendered venerable by the beautiful ruins of the Duke of Ormond's palace, and ſeveral edifices and monuments of great antiquity, that

that gave me infinite pleaſure to ſurvey, though I confeſs I am not able to deſcribe them.

The next day being Sunday, I reſted from my labour; and as I had no acquaintance here, employed myſelf in contemplating the devaſtations made by time, war, and its revolutions, on the perfection of ſculpture and architecture, in ſeveral old abbeys and monaſteries I viſited here: this gave riſe to a train of reflections, while the gloom of the weather, and ſtillneſs of the day, inſpired an awful, yet pleaſing melancholy; a turn of mind I am much addicted to, and which none can truly value who has not at ſome time taſted the ſweets of it.

The ſentiments that occured to me in this place, I have ſince endeavoured to expreſs; and here preſent to thoſe who will take the trouble to read them; viz.

SCATTER'D REFLECTIONS, *inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of* SHAFTESBURY.

THOSE awful iſles where ſculptur'd marbles tell,
What ſtory'd chiefs within their precinct dwell;
Often by penſive contemplation drawn,
My footſteps viſit at the ev'ning's dawn;
Where ſleeps, perchance, unconſcious of my moan,
One who in life had made my care his own;
Had rais'd my ſoul from this dejected ſtate,
And ſoften'd all the rigour of my fate.

Short is the date of our exiſtence here,
As the light rainbow in the lucid ſphere;
Tho' ſacred ſcience all her ſtores expand,
Tho' wealth and honour, flow from Fortune's hand;
Tho' all the virtues in progreſſion riſe,
That form the learn'd, benevolent and wiſe;
Tho' great in title, tho' renown'd in birth,
Our laſt retreat's to the oblivious earth.

Where's now the pomp, the Majeſty that ſhone
A former century around the throne?
The ſhifted ſcene produces to our view,
Lords, ſtateſmen, courtiers, and domeſtics new;
The florid tongue, the Machiavelian head,
And ſoldier's arm, are mingled with the dead;

Gone

wife to make me a new ſhirt, bought me a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings at his own expence; and under pretence of ſewing my money in my fob, leſt I ſhould be robbed, conveyed a ſmall piece of gold into it, as I afterwards diſcovered; yet even after my little baggage was packed in a canvas wallet, and every thing in readineſs for my departure, it was three days more before I could get away: Peter accompanied me about fifteen miles, leaving his wife and daughter in tears for our ſeparation; and ſet me down at the Royal Oak, ten miles from the city of Kilkenny, from whence there is a fine turnpike road to Cork. Peter returned home with reluctance, after enjoining me, by the moſt ſolemn promiſes, to write to him when I arrived at my journey's end; and if my uncle ſhould not receive me kindly, he would come himſelf and bring me back to his houſe, where I ſhould be welcome, while he had ſtrength to earn a ſupport for me.

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The florid tongue, the Machiavelian head,
And ſoldier's arm, are mingled with the dead;

Gone

Q
10

Gone to the dark receſſes of the grave,
The potent monarch, and the abject ſlave.

When ſordid reptiles 'midſt theſe relics place,
The chizzel's ſhame, and poetry's diſgrace,
Aſcribe that * language to a grov'ling mind,
To picture ſun-bright excellence deſign'd,
My ſoul deteſts the mercenary tale,
And thus the lying ſtatue, I aſſail;
'Twas thine, oh! man, in one important hour,
To live the ſteward of eternal pow'r;
Comfort and joy and bleſſings to diſpenſe,
And bid a ſea of ſorrow wait you hence.
Behold your foes in luxury and pride,
Laviſh that droſs, to anguiſh you deny'd;
Thy life reproach, thy ev'ry action blame,
Forget thy merits, and deteſt thy name.

'Tis his ſublime felicity to find,
Whoſe fortunes ſuit the greatneſs of his mind,
Whoſe friendly heart with conſcious rapture glows,
When ſu'd for ſuccour—ſuccour it beſtows;
Who ſtoops like heav'n to hear the plaintive pray'r,
And makes affliction his peculiar care;
Amidſt the toils with greatneſs that conſiſt,
Who finds an hour to pity and aſſiſt;
Abſtracts his ear from a tumultous train,
To hear unmerited diſtreſs complain;
Whoſe ev'ry grace and virtue to define,
Illuſtrious Shafteſbury I'd picture thine.
This when thy ſoul from worldly bus'neſs flown,
Shall mix with beings, ſpotleſs as its own;
When arts regret, and ſciences deplore,
Their patron, judge, and lover is no more:
On Fame's record, ſhall keep thy name alive,
Whilſt virtue, truth, or equity ſurvive.

I ſhall not tire the reader with a further detail of my journey, nor would I have ſaid ſo much, but that the reflections frequently caſt on the people of Ireland, made me wiſh for an occaſion to ſhew them to my Engliſh reader in their native ſimplicity.

I don't

* Poetry.

I don't know whether this expedition of mine has been tedious to the reader, but I know it was very much ſo to me; I have at length obtained the end of it, and you are to ſuppoſe me at the ſummit of my wiſhes, in the city of Cork, but as Lord Cheſterfield obſerves *, "proſpects are ſeen moſt advantageouſly "at a diſtance, and loſe much of their beauty on a "nearer view."—I had wound my imagination up to expect a tender and affectionate reception the moment I diſcovered myſelf to my uncle; it was firſt, however, neceſſary to find out where he lived, and how the family were then ſituated. Coblers and barbers are not only well verſed in ſuch matters, but likewiſe prompt to beſtow information on ſuch as require it; therefore, having paſſed into the principal ſtreet of the town, I had recourſe to a facetious-looking old fellow, whom I ſaw induſtriouſly vamping old ſhoes for a ſecond market:—to ſay the truth, my ſhoes were the worſe for the wear, and as I had the moſt part of my money about me, I imagined it diſcreet to furniſh myſelf here, before I waited on the Doctor. The cobler ſeeing my feet, immediately gueſſed my demands, and handing me a large aſſortment of his commodity, told me——they were pretty goods, and would do me ſervice. I ſat down to try a pair, and in the mean time aſked him if he knew one Doctor Vanlewen?—"What! old George, ſaid he,——that I do, and have done any time this thirty years, and his father old Guiſebert too: oh! that old Guiſebert was an odd fiſh: when George was a boy, he was after all the wenches in town. Some of the neighbours told the old Doctor, their daughters were not ſafe, while his ſon was prouling about.—Egad, ſaid the old man, coop up your hens, when I let my game cocks looſe." He would probably have continued the diſcourſe till night, if I had not aſked where the Doctor dwelt?—— "Why, where the devil do you come from, to aſk "that? ſure every child in Cork knows that old "George lives in Hanover-ſtreet, over the way!"—Pray what family has he?—"Family enough, I war-"rant you: there's his wife, Peggy Crofts, and Betty "Donevan; and their brother Barny Montgomery, "whom

* In a letter to Colonel Newburgh.

" whom the Doctor has bred to his own trade of " midwifry.——Ah! it's a pity the old gentleman " has no children or relations of his own; for be- " tween you and I, he took the wife without a for- " tune, and has maintained her two ſiſters and bro- " ther this many years, who are little better than " they ſhould be."

Having diſcovered how the ground lay, and being weary and dirty, I aſked the Cobler if he knew where I could ſleep that night? He told me I might go to his houſe, as I ſeemed to be a pretty lad, and he would accommodate me cheaper and better than any other perſon whatſoever. In the interim I paid him for the ſhoes, and he obligingly ſhut up his ſtall to conduct me to his houſe. After paſſing thro' one of the gates of the city, and a variety of blind alleys, lanes, and paſſages, we arrived, juſt by candle-light, at the ſpacious confines of a ſmoaky thatch'd cabbin; in which there ſeemed to be all imaginable harmony, as the ſwine, the wife, the pigs, and the children, lived very ſocially together, and ſeemed to vie with each other in point of naſtineſs. When the light of a bulruſh had diſcovered this delightful ſcene to me, I for the firſt time wiſhed myſelf back in my father's kitchen. However, I made a virtue of neceſſity, and ſeemed quite ſatisfied with all I beheld. Soon after a ſupper of ſalt fiſh and potatoes was produced, of which I made a hearty meal. ——When I told the cobler who I was, where I came from, and what I propoſed, he ſeemed perfectly enraptured. " Come, wife, ſaid he, this is no place for the Doctor's nephew; look out for a clean good bed for him, let it coſt what it will, I'll warrant old George will pay it. Ay, ay, boy, your bread is baked, you'll never want meal or malt, while your head's hot." I was much pleaſed with the ſimple ſincerity of the poor man, and had no doubt of finding his promiſes fulfilled. The cobler's wife procured me a decent lodging, and ſet about waſhing a ſhirt for me immediately, which ſhe had tolerably done up againſt morning; the cobler himſelf brought it to my bed ſide, with clean ſhoes and ſtockings, ſo that I looked pretty ſmart.——You had better now, ſaid he,

write

write to your uncle, and I'll tell you what to ſay, and will carry it myſelf;——he brought me pen, ink, and paper, and dictated to me, as near as I can remember, as follows:

Honoured Uncle,

BEING told of your great honour and kindneſs, I walked all the way from Dublin to you, hoping your kindneſs will provide for your own fleſh and blood, as my father has proved ungrateful: I am at preſent with the cobler your old friend, who will tell you where I am; which is all, from your loving nephew and kinſman to command till death,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

Having finiſhed this elegant epiſtle, I diſpatched my envoy with it, and waited impatiently at the cobler's houſe till he returned, which happened in about an hour's time: he entered with a ſtrange contraction of countenance, that ſeemed, "the title page of a tragic volume." I aſked him, what news? "Why, I'll tell you. I went to the houſe and knocked at the ſtreet door; the footman opened it; I aſked him if I could ſee the Doctor? he told me he was at breakfaſt: upon this the Doctor himſelf opened the parlour door, and ſaid, Well, my old friend, what do you want? He made me come in and ſit down (for George always does ſo, if the room were full of company) but he was by himſelf, as God would have it:—ſo I told him there was a pretty young youth, the very *moral* of himſelf, at my houſe, who had ſent his honour that letter. He read it over and over, and then ſaid, So you tell me, honeſt friend, this pretty youth is the *moral* of myſelf; you mean I ſuppoſe, he is like me in the face. "Yes, pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, as like, as if he was ſpit out of your mouth;" tho' I lied too, for he's damn'd ugly but no matter for that, you know.—Well, friend, ſaid the Doctor, this very dutiful nephew of mine writes me word, that he has walked all the way from Dublin to know what I would do for him: you may tell him to walk all the way back again, and inform his friends there, that I will do nothing

nothing; and if the impoſtor continues in this town, I'll ſend him to Bridewell.—But won't your honour, ſaid I, give him a trifle to carry him? Not a penny, ſaid he; and ſo, giving me the letter back, he puſhed me out of doors:—therefore I adviſe you, while your ſhoes are good, and you have a trifle of money, to leave this place; for George is as poſitive as the devil, when he ſays a thing."

Judge, reader, of my ſurprize and confuſion, to find all my promiſing hopes and long expectations of comfort, daſhed in a moment! Philoſophy had not then armed me againſt the viciſſitudes of fortune: I burſt into tears and gave a looſe to the agonies of my mind. The poor people were moved at my condition, and told me I might ſtay a day or two with them, and perhaps the Doctor's heart would relent. I embraced the offer.—This was on a Saturday. I continued with them, really dejected in ſpirit, the remainder of the day, and 'till about nine o'clock on Sunday night; at which hour a watchman knocked at the door, and enquired if it was here the Doctor's nephew lodged? The poor people, imagining he came to take me away, told him I had been there, but was gone off to Dublin: the words were ſcarcely delivered, when the Doctor and a gentlewoman entered. The moment the lady ſaw me, ſhe cried with emotion, That's he, Doctor, I'll take my oath to his curly head, and the likeneſs he has to his father. At this the Doctor winked, and coming up to me with a ſtern countenance, cried, Who are you, Sir, that dare ſay I'm your uncle? I was about to reply when the lady ſaid, Don't you know me, Jack? don't you know your couſin Crofts?—Yes, madam, I remember your name perfectly well.—This is indeed your nephew, Doctor, ſaid ſhe, and no impoſtor; with that ſhe took my hand, and preſented me to him. He embraced me very affectionately, holding me ſome time in his arms, while the tears ſtreamed from his eyes, and he cried, This is all I wiſhed for. He held me faſt by the hand, and turning to the cobler, thanked him for the regard he had ſhewn to his little run-away, preſenting him at the ſame time, a couple of guineas, as a gratuity for his kindneſs. My

uncle's

uncle's coach waited for us at the end of the lane, into which he conducted me, and brought me ſafe to his fire ſide.

An entire new ſcene now opened to me, and, from a ſtate of the moſt abject diſtreſs, I ſaw myſelf in the midſt of friends, who ſeemed ſincerely to regard me. I was received by the Doctor's lady with all imaginable tenderneſs, to whom my uncle introduced me in theſe words: "Here, Kate, I have brought you the prettieſt little vagrant I ever ſaw;—take him and look on him henceforth as my ſon." She affectionately embraced me, aſſuring the Doctor, he could not have aſſigned her a more pleaſing office, ſince love and gratitude taught her to eſteem every one who belonged to him.

At ſupper I was ſo ſmitten with a ſenſe of my happy revolution of fortune, that though I had an excellent appetite at the cobler's, I could not eat a morſel: the Doctor obſerving it, and gueſſing the cauſe, ordered ſome wine-whey to be made for me, and ſent me to bed. The firſt viſit he paid in the morning was to me, and he was delighted to find me very well; as he afterwards told me, that he apprehended ſuch a ſurprize might have occaſioned a fever.—He acquainted me at breakfaſt, that when I ſent the letter, he concluded I was an impoſtor, eſpecially as the meſſenger aſſured him of my exact reſemblance to him, "and egad, added he, I know I'm the ugliеſt of the whole family; nor ſhould I have thought further about it, but that the women importuned me; and Mrs. Crofts aſſured me, ſhe ſhould know your face in any part of Europe." He then demanded every particular of my former life, and of my father's behaviour; at the relation of which he was ſo incenſed, that he ſwore he would go directly to Dublin, and horſewhip the raſcally prieſt, that dared to uſe one of George Vanlewen's family in that manner: nay, I ſeriouſly believe he would have done it, had not female entreaties prevented him. He was glad to find I had ſome ſhare of education, which, ſaid he, as you don't ſeem to be adunce, may be improved here; and I'll ſend

you to the univerſity, and make you a brighter, and, I hope, an honeſter man than your father.

A taylor and ſempſtreſs were employed to equip me for a decent appearance; in ſhort, I had every thing provided, that could anſwer my convenience or flatter my vanity (for, oh! reader, with ſhame do I own, that I had a ſtrong daſh of the coxcomb in my nature) my uncle engaged maſters to teach me muſick, the languages and the ſword; in the acquiſition of which ſciences I did not manifeſt ſo much of the blockhead as the fine gentleman; for while I was ſeemingly applying cloſe to ſtudy, my thoughts were ranging the world. I had ſuch volatility and inattention, that I cannot help admiring, how I ever even learned to read. At my hours of leiſure from buſineſs, my uncle took me amongſt all his friends, where his virtues occaſioned many civilities being ſhewn to me, which I modeſtly imputed to my own merits: nay, I took as cordial and ſincere, all the complimentary profeſſions of friendſhip paid to me on his account. I perceived that my uncle was a good companion wherever he went, and never ſtarted from his bottle till pretty late at night. It generally happened, that at his return he found the ladies at cards, perhaps, with ſome of the neighbours, who were to ſup: he uſed, at his entrance, to ſalute them in a friendly manner, and then taking me on his knee by the fire ſide, behind them, every now and then, he lolled out his tongue at the company, and whiſpered ſoftly to me—Bitches! Bitches!—As I had no conception of this being the effect of drink, I was quite at a loſs what to think of it; nor could I get from him, for he held me faſt, ſaying, now, nephew, you are undoubtedly my fleſh and blood, and I am determined to tell you the whole affair:—— then he'd look at the company and put out his tongue again, in an ironical contemptuous manner, which the homelineſs of his face, and the gravity of his wig, rendered ſo whimſically abſurd, that I could not forbear laughing: this pleaſed the old gentleman infinitely, as he imagined I laughed at the company.—Well, ſaid he, but, nephew, I will now tell you the affair.—What

this

this affair might have been, heaven only knows, but I never could learn a word more about it, tho' the ſame ſcene was acted almoſt every night.

I took an opportunity one morning to aſk my aunt the occaſion of this droll behaviour; for I knew ſhe could not but obſerve it, tho' good manners induced her to take no notice of it. She told me it was his whim, whenever he had drank too freely, but withal, that he meant nothing by it, and gave no offence; and that he was far from having either peeviſhneſs or ill-nature in him. She told me he uſed to teaze my mother in the ſame manner, when ſhe was there; and my uncle Captain Vanlewen, uſed to ſteal off to bed the moment the Doctor came in. In theſe vagaries, ſometimes, ſays ſhe, he takes it into his head to ſing. Words or tune of any thing he has not—except, "Ballo my Boy lie down and ſleep;" which he chaunts ſo loud that you may hear him half-a-mile, and repeats till he has deafned the company, and put himſelf to ſleep;—and yet in the midſt of his humour, if he is ſent for to attend a labour, he becomes in one inſtant as ſober and as clear headed as any man living, and as capable of buſineſs. When your grand-father, ſaid ſhe, the Doctor's brother, had got an accidental wound, that occaſioned his death, my huſband when he heard he was given over, took horſe and rode night and day till he came to his houſe, in Moleſworth's-ſtreet Dublin: your uncle, to fortify his mind againſt ſo affecting a ſight, as a departing brother, took a hearty gla s of Madeira in the morning, before breakfaſt. When he entered the dining-room, he found a conſultation of all the eminent gentlemen of the faculty: he came in with his whip and hunting cap, and without noticing one of the phyſicians, began to eat ſome of a cold rice pudding that lay on a ſide board: then turning about with a large piece in one hand, a knife in the other, and his mouth full, Well, gentlemen, ſaid he, I find you have killed my brother, and I'm much obliged to you for it. The Doctors aſſured him, that they had moſt aſſiduouſly attended their patient, and preſcribed every thing they could poſſibly think would promote his recovery. "You did" ſays the

Doctor, (turning again to the rice pudding) "it's apparent to me you know nothing of the matter": with that he put his tongue out at one ſide (as your mother told me who ſaw it) "well, upon my word, you're a parcel of pretty gentlemen: here are all the great phyſicians in Dublin to kill one poor man, and old George muſt come all the way from Cork to cure him. The gentlemen aſſured the Doctor, they had not the leaſt doubt of his ſuperior abilities, or of his ſucceſs in practice; that they, for their parts, could do nothing farther, and would be glad to improve by his advice. They then related what methods they had proceeded upon, and what medicines they had uſed; at all which, the Doctor ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, put out his tongue, took a pinch of ſnuff, and then turning to your mother, who was ready to ſink with ſhame, repeated "are not theſe a parcel of pretty gentlemen? It's apparent to me they know nothing of the matter." Mr. Nicholls, the ſurgeon-general, who had a great love for your grand-father, earneſtly beſought your uncle to preſcribe ſomething before it was too late. The Doctor aſſured him he did not come there to make them as wiſe as himſelf, and, therefore, when he had made a breakfaſt, he departed, *ſans ceremonie*, having only juſt ſtept into his brother's room, and felt his pulſe, but without ordering any thing for his relief, tho' that was the very motive of his journey to Dublin: ſuch and ſo whimſical is his diſpoſition.

I could not ſuppreſs the curioſity I had to know, why my uncle, who was, from every circumſtance I had heard or ſeen, a humane, benevolent man, ſhould, at ſuch an exigence, behave himſelf in that manner. I therefore took an occaſion one morning at breakfaſt, when there were none preſent but ourſelves, to introduce that topic. He could not even hear of it without tears, but told me the condition he found his brother in, gave him no room to hope that any preſcription could ſerve him; and that as the Dublin phyſicians might poſſibly have a contemptible opinion of him, he was reſolved, by finding thoſe faults, to keep up his dignity in their eſteem; and not to riſque his reputation,

reputation, by attempting impoſſibilities. After ſaying this, he conjured me never to mention my grandfather to him again, which I took care to obſerve.

I had by this time made a tolerable progreſs in my ſtudies, particularly in muſick, having a good voice and an eaſy manner; but tho' this advantage rendered my company deſirable almoſt every where, yet it was attended with many bad conſequences; ſuch as ſitting up at night, which diſqualified me in ſome meaſure for ſchool in the morning, though I never drank. The muſical gentlemen of the city, had formed themſelves into a ſociety, and were all of them to perform at a concert, once a week; the money ariſing from which, was to be applied to the building an hoſpital. Some of them entreated my uncle would permit me to ſing a ſong or two, on the concert night, when I was not otherwiſe engaged. To this he readily conſented, both as it were to promote a good end, and becauſe no hirelings were admitted into the band.

A paſſion for applauſe is predominant in moſt minds, particularly in thoſe of young perſons; and where the object from whence we expect it is truly great, nothing can be more praiſe-worthy. To this ſingle paſſion, is owing the riſe and progreſs of arms and arts: had we no emulation to excel, we ſhould never exert the nobler faculties of the ſoul, that lead us on in the purſuit of fame and glory. I am far from concluding, that every great and good action takes its riſe from a thirſt of applauſe. No, I'm perſuaded, a Legge, a Pitt, and a Boyle are only actuated in the ſervice of their country, by that ſincere pleaſure, that muſt warm a patriot boſom, from a conſciouſneſs of acting rightly; at the ſame time, equally contemning cenſure and commendation.

Now, my Lord, or my Lady, Sir, or Madam, or whoever you are that I have at this moment the honour to converſe with, you'll find that I have made this pompous digreſſion, only to apologize for my honeſtly confeſſing, that I was infinitely delighted when the audience clapped their hands at the end of a ſong:—for whether I pleaſed them or not, by my

ſinging, yet they heartily pleaſed me by giving me room to imagine I had done ſo. At the end of each ſong I went into a ſide box, where I had a thouſand compliments and invitations, to the no ſmall pleaſure of my uncle and the ladies who generally accompanied me there.

One evening in the midſt of the concert, my uncle was called to attend a lady, ſo that we went home without him: about eleven o'clock at night he knocked a thundering taſarara at the door; I flew to open it, and, to my unſpeakable ſurprize, ſaw him with his ſword drawn, and bloody, his wig, with one tye over his face, and his whole frame in the utmoſt agitation. He entered the parlour in this pickle, when my aunt, tho' well uſed to his temper, fainted back in her chair. While we were uſing means to recover her, he ſtrutted about the room like ancient piſtol, crying, "villains! "ſcoundrels! to attack me at my own door; but I "have pink'd one of them: I promiſe you he'll "never face old George again; no, no, he's quiet "if a lunge through the guts could make him ſo." By this time my aunt recovered, and cry'd, ſurely, Doctor, you have killed nobody: no, my dear, ſaid he, but I have certainly killed ſomebody; *ecce ſignum*, look at his blood, the dog! For heaven's ſake, dear Doctor, tell us how or what it was? Why, Kate, you know, I'm as peaceable as the devil, though as croſs as the devil when put upon. Juſt turning Hanover-ſtreet, three fellows ſet upon me, one of them collar'd me, while the two others ſtood behind; ſo I juſt ran him through the body, that's all, child, and he lies now where I left him. The ſervant was immediately ordered to get a light, and we all, except my uncle, precipitately ran to behold this tragick event; but neither man, living or dead was to be found, which was ſome conſolation to my aunt. While the Doctor enjoyed his triumph, and extolled himſelf as a prodigy of ſkill and courage, we were all in the utmoſt panick, leſt he ſhould have killed ſome of his innocent neighbours. Under theſe anxieties we retired to bed, hopeing that morning would afford us ſome knowledge of the affair.

When

When we were ſeated at breakfaſt, one Hignet Keeling, a tavern-keeper, came in, and told us he was in great trouble about his maſtiff-dog, who had followed the Doctor from his houſe laſt night, and came home with a wound of a ſword quite through his neck. It ſeems the dog had a great love for my uncle, and as the tavern was pretty remote from his houſe, uſed to accompany him by way of a ſafe-guard; and of a dark night frequently jumped up to his breaſt, to let him know Pompey was with him: but this fatal night, my uncle being, I ſuppoſe, half ſeas over, and full of the idea of robbers, proved a ſhrewd Cæſar to poor Pompey; ſince it appeared from all circumſtances, that the three robbers were neither more nor leſs than one unfortunate maſtiff. Though my uncle was ſufficiently mortified at the laugh this occaſioned againſt him, yet he immediately went and dreſſed the wounded Pompey, who became his patient till he had made an entire cure;—but Pompey never could be prevailed on to eſcort the Doctor home after that.

I now began to enjoy that ſerenity of mind, which reſults from circumſtances intirely at eaſe; my ſtudies were a pleaſure, rather than a labour to me, and every thing ſeemed to concur to make me extremely happy; but, alas! my felicity was too great to be permanent, as will appear from what follows: I have before obſerved, that my uncle ſupported his wife's two ſiſters, and brought her brother up to his buſineſs: though the obligations they all were under to him, made them treat me with the utmoſt civility; yet they could not avoid ſecretly repining at the ſhare I had in his affection, eſpecially as I ſeemed to attract all his regard; inſomuch, that he took but little notice of my couſin, from the time I came. He was a proud, ſullen young man, who never ſpoke as much as he thought. Though my entertaining faculties afforded them ſome amuſement, yet they were ſuch as made me too much the object of popular regard. My uncle's ſole deſign, in educating me, was to make me one of the faculty, and they juſtly foreſaw, that if I ſettled in Cork, I ſhould be more likely to ſucceed him in his practice,

than a man who had no talents to endear him to ſociety. Theſe conſiderations were too important and intereſting, not firſt to create a jealouſy of me, and afterwards an abſolute hatred; which, in the end, obtained their wiſhes of procuring a ſeparation between my uncle and myſelf.

Amongſt the many invitations that were made me, I had one from ſome officers in the barracks; which I acquainted my uncle with over night, requeſting his permiſſion to go the next morning, and he accordingly gave it to me. As I had a long walk, I roſe betimes, to be there by breakfaſt: there was a very polite ſet of gentlemen to be there at dinner, and they preſſed me to ſpend the day with them. I told them, I ſhould think myſelf happy in their company, but was apprehenſive my uncle might be diſobliged at my ſtaying: one of them promiſed to ſend a ſervant to make an excuſe to him, which quite contented me. We had an elegant dinner, and, after coffee was over, a ball, where there was a number of the firſt-rate beauties. My little heart was ſo elated with muſic and gaiety, that I never obſerved how the hours rolled on; ſo that it was paſt two in the morning before I remembered I was to go home: in ſhort, it was too late, and I had a bed with one of my friends. Though I judged my uncle would not be altogether pleaſed at my ſtaying, yet, as I was in ſome of the genteeleſt company in town, I hoped to find remiſſion of the firſt fault; and the more readily to obtain it, I brought Captain F——r and Captain A——y to apologiſe for me, and take the reproach of my offence on themſelves. My uncle was abroad, but my aunt received them and myſelf with a coolneſs and formality, that expreſſed rather her contempt of me, than care for my welfare. The gentlemen excuſed my miſdemeanour in the beſt terms friendſhip and truth could dictate, aſſuring her my being out was entirely their fault. She told them, ſhe was ſorry they had the trouble of coming; but that, as for me, ſhe was not in the leaſt diſobliged at my conduct, who was really too fine a gentleman to be under her direction, or my uncle's either; and that the Doctor was determined to ſend me back to my father, whoſe family had already been

been too expenſive to him. "My father's family, "madam!" ſaid I, with ſurpriſe. "Yes, ſir; your "mother coſt me fifty-pounds at Mallow: a ſum "which her ſon ſhall never have from us." The gentlemen finding her begin to grow indelicate, took their leave, and promiſed to call ſome other time.

When my uncle came in, he took no other notice of me, than by bidding me get ready to go to Dublin, as he was determined to have no more plague with any of my family. I could make no reply to this injunction, my heart was ſo full of ſorrow; but immediately left the room, and retired to my chamber, to contemplate my unhappy condition. As nothing appeared half ſo dreadful to me as a thought of returning to my father, aſſured that my treatment would there be infinitely more rigorous than in a galley, the more I ſtudied what to do, the more I was perplexed; 'till at length I recollected, that my ſchool-maſter, Doctor Bayley, was very fond of me, and that, perhaps, by applying to him, he might become a mediator with my uncle for our reconcilation. Inſpired with this hope, I went to him; which gave my good-natured aunt and her ſiſters a happy occaſion to obſerve the pride and haughtineſs of my ſpirit; that I was ready to burſt with it, even while I ſtaid in the room; and that, inſtead of falling on my knees to implore forgiveneſs, I flew like a tyger out of the houſe; ſo that, if I was encouraged, I might in another year turn them out of doors.—This diſcourſe I learned after, from my uncle's footman.

My poor uncle, whoſe real good-nature was not accompanied by an equal ſhare of penetration, ſaw things in the manner they were repreſented to him, without giving his underſtanding room to meditate on the real cauſes of them. He inſtantly ſwallowed this palpable bait, and became now earneſtly incenſed againſt my pride and ingratitude. The ladies then ſeemed to plead for me, kindly confeſſing I was a pretty youth, and had great abilities for my years; but withall, that they had never told the Doctor half the *ſtate* I took upon me, or the contemptuous airs I gave myſelf to them and their ſervants: theſe they illuſtrated by many inſtances; but, notwithſtanding, they would

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My poor uncle, whoſe real good-nature was not accompanied by an equal ſhare of penetration, ſaw things in the manner they were repreſented to him, without giving his underſtanding room to meditate on the real cauſes of them. He inſtantly ſwallowed this palpable bait, and became now earneſtly incenſed againſt my pride and ingratitude. The ladies then ſeemed to plead for me, kindly confeſſing I was a pretty youth, and had great abilities for my years; but withall, that they had never told the Doctor half the *ſtate* I took upon me, or the contemptuous airs I gave myſelf to them and their ſervants: theſe they illuſtrated by many inſtances; but, notwithſtanding, they would

than a man who had no talents to endear him to ſociety. Theſe conſiderations were too important and intereſting, not firſt to create a jealouſy of me, and afterwards an abſolute hatred; which, in the end, obtained their wiſhes of procuring a ſeparation between my uncle and myſelf.

Amongſt the many invitations that were made me, I had one from ſome officers in the barracks; which I acquainted my uncle with over night, requeſting his permiſſion to go the next morning, and he accordingly gave it to me. As I had a long walk, I roſe betimes, to be there by breakfaſt: there was a very polite ſet of gentlemen to be there at dinner, and they preſſed me to ſpend the day with them. I told them, I ſhould think myſelf happy in their company, but was apprehenſive my uncle might be diſobliged at my ſtaying: one of them promiſed to ſend a ſervant to make an excuſe to him, which quite contented me. We had an elegant dinner, and, after coffee was over, a ball, where there was a number of the firſt-rate beauties. My little heart was ſo elated with muſic and gaiety, that I never obſerved how the hours rolled on; ſo that it was paſt two in the morning before I remembered I was to go home: in ſhort, it was too late, and I had a bed with one of my friends. Though I judged my uncle would not be altogether pleaſed at my ſtaying, yet, as I was in ſome of the genteeleſt company in town, I hoped to find remiſſion of the firſt fault; and the more readily to obtain it, I brought Captain F——r and Captain A——y to apologiſe for me, and take the reproach of my offence on themſelves. My uncle was abroad, but my aunt received them and myſelf with a coolneſs and formality, that expreſſed rather her contempt of me, than care for my welfare. The gentlemen excuſed my miſdemeanour in the beſt terms friendſhip and truth could dictate, aſſuring her my being out was entirely their fault. She told them, ſhe was ſorry they had the trouble of coming; but that, as for me, ſhe was not in the leaſt diſobliged at my conduct, who was really too fine a gentleman to be under her direction, or my uncle's either; and that the Doctor was determined to ſend me back to my father, whoſe family had already been

been too expenſive to him. "My father's family, "madam!" ſaid I, with ſurpriſe. "Yes, ſir; your "mother coſt me fifty-pounds at Mallow: a ſum "which her ſon ſhall never have from us." The gentlemen finding her begin to grow indelicate, took their leave, and promiſed to call ſome other time.

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by no means adviſe the Doctor to part with me, as I was the only expoſed branch of his family, and might, with proper care and correction, become an honour and comfort to him. All theſe arguments had their deſired effect of putting my uncle into a great rage, in which he ſwore a ſolemn oath, I ſhould never ſleep under his roof. In the mean time I had reached Dr. Bayley's, to whom I ingenuouſly unfolded the anguiſh of my heart, and the unfeigned regret I felt, at having given the ſhadow of an offence to my moſt generous preſerver and benefactor. After he had very warmly remonſtrated on the fault I had committed, and the ill conſequences of keeping too good company, which he ſaid was almoſt equal to keeping too bad, he entered on his office of advocate, and went directly to my uncle, leaving me to drink tea with his wife and family.

I ſincerely believe the good man ſaid and did all that chriſtianity and benevolence could inſpire, to mollify the rigour of the ſentence my uncle had pronounced, of never receiving me again into his family; but, alas! it was vain and fruitleſs, as he told me at his return: my uncle valued himſelf upon being poſitive and unchangeable in his decrees; and the gentlewomen had ſo compleatly fermented that temper which experience had taught them to manage, that the Doctor and he had very high words before they parted, and it occaſioned a mutual coolneſs ever after.

Mr. Bayley had too juſt an idea of my father, from various accounts, as well as the plain ſimple ones he had from myſelf, not ſincerely to lament my adverſity. He aſſured me, that if he was not cramped by a ſmall fortune and large family, from giving ſcope to his inclinations in my favour, he would ſupport me like his ſon, till I was fit for the univerſity, which, he ſaid, I ſhould have been in another year; and where, he was kind enough to add, he made no doubt my genius would be ſufficient to advance my fortune. But in the preſent caſe, added he, I am at a loſs what to do with you; however, you are welcome to remain with us, either till your uncle comes into better temper, or you return to your father.

The

The next morning a ſervant brought me a ſmall trunk, containing my cloaths, linen, and books, with a note from my aunt's ſiſter, encloſing a guinea, which ſhe told me ſhe gave me herſelf, as the Doctor would not beſtow a ſhilling; and likewiſe, that there was a ſloop to ſail for Dublin that afternoon, and ſhe would adviſe me to embark in it, where I might have my paſſage for half a crown; and that if I determined to take her counſel, ſhe would furniſh me with proper ſea-ſtore.

I conſulted M. Bayley, who adviſed me, by all means, to embrace the offer, as it might probably be made to try my temper. I accordingly ſent back word, that I acquieſced with the propoſal. My aunt and couſin, in order to make ſure work of it, came themſelves, and brought a baſket very well filled with neats tongues, wine, rum, tea, ſugar, and bread. They accompanied me to the water ſide, ſhedding tears all the way for my leaving them ſo ſuddenly; but, well I ween they were tears of joy. They adviſed me, as ſoon as I landed, to write a ſubmiſſive letter to my uncle, which they would ſtrenuouſly back with their entreaties for my coming home again, and that they made no doubt of having me with them in leſs than a month. My fooliſh heart believed all this, and my eyes ſincerely overflowed with tears for my thus parting with them, tho' I made no doubt of ſoon returning according to their ſuggeſtions.

As ſoon as I came on board the ſloop, which was the firſt I had ever been in, I delivered my trunk and proviſions to the captain; theſe he promiſed to take good care of, and likewiſe to accommodate me with his own bed. There was nothing I required but he gave me a ſatisfactory promiſe for; how they were fulfilled, will ſhortly appear. There were near fifty paſſengers beſide myſelf on board, men, women, and children; to every one of whom, I dare ſay, the Captain had made the ſame liberal profeſſions of care and attendance he had done to me; but it ſeems he intended we ſhould all fare alike, the veſſel being fully loaded, and the cabbin not capable of containing above three perſons with any tolerable ſatisfaction.

As

As ſoon as night came on, and we got out to ſea, a general ſickneſs prevailed, from which I was not exempted. I then entreated our commander to ſhew me where I was to ſleep: he at firſt laughed at me, but after frequent ſolicitations, he complimented me with this elegant ſea phraſe, '*Damn your eyes, ſtow where "you can.*" I attempted to go to the cabbin, but that was filled with the moſt loathſome and melancholy objects, which may be better conceived, by thoſe who know what ſea-ſickneſs is, than deſcribed: in ſhort, I was glad to get into a ſmall boat that was faſtened on the deck, where I endured cold and diſorder till morning. What would I then have given for a diſh of tea! but, alas! my very honeſt Captain took ſuch care of my ſtores, as never to let me ſee the ſmalleſt particle of them; ſo that, during a paſſage of ſeven days, had it not been for the hoſpitality of ſome of my fellow ſufferers, who were more careful of their ſtores than I was, I muſt have been ſtarved with hunger as well as cold. At the end of that time, on a Sunday afternoon, we came ſafe into Dublin harbour; and after paying my half crown, and a ſhilling for a boat, I was landed with my ſmall cargo at Ringſend.

I immediately looked out for a houſe where there was a large fire; and after having exhaled the friendly heat, I refreſhed myſelf with a change of linen and apparel, which I never more ſtood in need of: I then called for ſome warm punch, and before I had drank two glaſſes, a tall middle-aged gentleman entered, with a bag wig and a ſword on. He began a converſation with me, by aſking if I came from abroad: I told him I came from Cork by ſea, and related the particulars of my paſſage. When I told him who I was, he ſeemed to know me and my family exceedingly well, with which I was not a little pleaſed. In the courſe of ſome general chat I mentioned my ſinging at the concert in Cork; upon this he eagerly ſaid, why, can you ſing? I told him I believed I could: he begged I would juſt hum a tune to give him an idea of my voice and manner; when I did, he cry'd, bravo! bravo! by G—d, I'll make your fortune: I thought this

this an odd adventure, and beſought him to explain himſelf, which he did in this manner.

You muſt know, Sir, that I am a gentleman who have run through a plentiful eſtate in ſchemes for the public good; and tho' ſome of them, thro' the inattention of the great, have miſcarried, yet I have at length hit upon one which will return me ten fold the 4000*l.* a year I have parted with; and that your own judgment will determine, when I explain it to you. In the more gay and happy hours of my life, I ſtudied muſick as an amuſement, and am, perhaps, the beſt maſter of harmony in the known world; of this I will give you an immediate demonſtration: ſaying ſo, he pulled from his ſleeve ſixteen large pins, and from his pocket a ſmall hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and ſome almoſt in as far as the heads: he then took from his ſide pocket two pieces of braſs wire, and demanded what tune I would have: I told him the Black Joke: then lay your ear to the table, ſays he, hear and admire: I did ſo, and, to my infinite amazement, he played it with all its variations, ſo as to ſound ſomewhat like a dulcimer.

Encouraged by the applauſes I gave to this uncommon inſtrument, he took a parcel of drinking glaſſes, and tuned them, by putting different quantities of water in each: upon theſe he played a number of the neweſt tunes in the moſt elegant taſte, giving me delight and ſatisfaction. He then proceeded to inform me, that theſe were but ſketches and outlines of his grand art and diſcovery; for, ſaid he, I have at home, glaſſes as large as bells, of my own invention, that give a ſound as loud as an organ, but more delicate and pleaſing to the ear: now, Sir, as we are both gentlemen, and both poſſeſſed of excellence in the ſcience of muſick, if we unite them together, we muſt make a fortune; for after we have exhibited in Dublin this winter, for which purpoſe I have already taken the Taylors-hall, we may go to Briſtol, Bath, Scotland, and, to crown all, to London; and, in order, at once, to ſhew you how much I prize merit, and how ready I am to encourage it, I will engage to give you a

hundred

hundred pounds the firſt year, beſides your board and lodging, and afterwards encreaſe it, if you chuſe to continue with me.

Such a propoſal to a perſon in my ſituation, could not fail of a ready acceptance: I bleſſed the happy moment I left my uncle, and began to think providence had order'd it for my advantage. I conſider'd myſelf already as a man of an hundred a year, without the pains of ſtudying phyſic; and that for only amuſing myſelf by ſinging, which I thought no manner of trouble. I told the gentleman my opinion, who allowed it was extremely judicious, and added, that if I pleaſed I might go to his lodgings to-night, and that we would to morrow have articles drawn, and ſet about the ſtudy of ſuch ſongs as were beſt adapted to his *Angelic Organ*, as he ſtiled it. He then told me, in an eaſy familiar way, that he had brought out no change with him; but that if I had any, and would lend it to him, he would pay the reckoning, and treat me with a coach. I gave him every penny I poſſeſſed, and ſet out with him to his apartments, which I made no doubt were equal to the appearance he made.

As we went along, he told me that the laſt houſe he lodged in, he paid three guineas a week; but that his muſick, and the concourſe of the virtuoſi who came to ſee him, prevented other lodgers from ſtaying in the houſe; and therefore, as he would rather diſcommode himſelf than others, he had taken rooms at his taylor's; that it was in an obſcure place, but then it was cheap, retired, and commodious for his buſineſs.

We were ſet down at a mean looking houſe in Bride-ſtreet, and the Captain, for ſo he had been formerly called, was ſuffered to go up ſtairs in the dark. He left me at the outſide of the room till he ſtruck a light, which revealed to my eyes the moſt litter'd dirty hole I had ever yet ſeen: the furniture conſiſted of an old taudry bed, one ruſh bottom chair, a frame with a number of large glaſſes ranged on it, and the caſe of a violincello. I believe the Captain obſerved diſappointment and diſmay in my looks; but

but in order to comfort me, he ſaid, that he had made the people take all ſuperfluous things out of the room, and that he never ſuffered a ſervant to clean it, leſt their damn'd mops and bruſhes ſhould break his glaſſes.

He then ſat down and played Handel's water muſick, and ſeveral other pieces, on the glaſſes; which indeed made ſome amends for the wretched appearance of every thing about him. After this he called his landlord to provide a bed for me; this, after numberleſs obſtacles, was done in a miſerable garret, where nothing but the long want of reſt could have lulled me to repoſe.

When I came down in the morning, I found the Captain labouring hard with a broken pair of bellows, to blow about a handful of embers, on which a tin coffee-pot, without a handle, was placed for a tea-kettle; after great induſtry it boiled, and he took from the caſe of the violincello before mentioned, a broken delft baſon, with ſome coarſe brown ſugar, a paper with a little bohea tea, a ſtale loaf, and a crock of ſtinking butter: all theſe appearances of the moſt abject poverty, after the ſcenes of plenty and delight I had juſt left, conſiderably abated the tranſports my hundred a year had given me; and tho' I had no conception of the character of a projector, yet I could not help thinking the man mad, to talk of ſo much money, who did not ſeem worth three-pence. I very modeſtly told him I ſhould be obliged to him for a ſhilling of the change I lent him, to get a better breakfaſt, as I could not poſſibly diſpenſe with ſuch unuſual fare: "Why, there now, child, ſaid he, "that is the very rock I ſplit on: good God! to "what end do we eat? Is it not to ſuſtain nature? "Suppoſe this breakfaſt conſiſted of every thing nice "in its kind, what difference will it make in my "conſtitution to-morrow, nay, an hour hence? Or "when I go abroad in the habit of a gentleman, who "is to know whether I breakfaſted on hyſon-tea or "water-gruel? Indulging the appetite is a mere brutal "cuſtom, beneath the dignity of a prudent man, or a "philoſopher. A young man like you, who has all

"his

" his faculties in the higheſt perfection, ſhould be " quite indifferent about theſe matters. I will let you " have a ſhilling with all my heart, but I would adviſe " you to do as I do, and you'll find the comforts of it " at the year's end."

His argument was enforced with ſuch reaſon and gravity, that I ſo far adopted his ſentiments as to take ſhare, for the preſent, of what was before us; and the more ſo, as (tho' he ſeemed ſo ready to let me have the ſhilling) yet I never obſerved he made the leaſt motion to put his hand in his pocket. After this ſplendid repaſt, we fell to practiſing different ſongs, and the Captain perceived, with great rapture, that my voice accompanied the glaſſes very well.

It may not be improper, before I proceed farther, to give my readers the real ſtory, character, and diſpoſition of this perſon, as far as I have been able to collect from my own knowledge of him, or the accounts of different gentlemen of his acquaintance, particularly Mr. Newburgh, of Ballyhaiſe, in the county of Cavan, who has celebrated this ſecond Quixote in ſeveral humorous poems, particularly one called the Pockiead, * wherein he explains all his numerous, unſucceſsful and impracticable projects; the one o' which may give a ſample of the reſt. This was no leſs than a ſcheme for immortality upon earth, and his manner of obtaining it was this: that when any gentleman or lady came to be about three-ſcore, the blood then grow cold and ſtagnant; occaſioning diſorders, which terminate in death. The Captain, in order to remove theſe obſtacles, propoſed, that perſons at that age ſhould have a vein opened in each arm, and at the ſame time a vein opened in the arm of a ſtrong healthy cook-maid, or country girl; and let an inflex tube be placed in the orifice made in her arm, and the arm of the old perſon; that then as the old decayed blood flowed out at one of the patient's arms, he would receive the young healthy vigorous fluid into the other, which muſt totally aboliſh the effects of age, and cauſe an utter renovation of the animal

* Alluding to the Hero's name, *Po-krich.*

animal ſpirits. But to do juſtice to the Invention, the Captain was not the firſt who thought of the tranſfuſion of blood; for various inſtances of its being practiſed, are recorded in the philoſophical tranſactions of the Royal Society.

The real Hiſtory of Mr. Pockrich is this:

At the age of twenty-five, he found himſelf in the poſſeſſion of an unencumber'd eſtate of four thouſand pounds a year, which was ſo far from anſwering his genius for ſpending, that in the end of a ſmall time he had ſold every foot of it; and what is more ſurprizing, he was never known to give one genteel entertainment, to do one benevolent act, or any thing that could obtain compaſſion at his fall, or friends to commiſerate his diſtreſs. He had plenty without the approbation of a ſingle mortal, and want without the leaſt pity. How he did laviſh ſo handſome a patrimony, has been an equal myſtery and wonder to his moſt intimate friends and acquaintance; as they do him the juſtice to declare, they were never the witneſſes of the leaſt extravagance in his equipage, houſekeeping, or his other expences; nor could he ever be brought to give any account of the ſteps he took ſo ſuddenly, to diveſt himſelf, of all the comforts of life: for my own part, there appeared ſo much meanneſs and low breeding in all his words and actions, that if I had not had it from better authority than his own, I could never have believed that he had received the education of a gentleman, or kept company with any above the degree of a journeyman mechanick.—For during my unhappy reſidence in his abode of famine, he made no ceremony of going to a cook's ſhop, oppoſite to his lodgings, for four pennyworth of meat, and diſputing learnedly with the cook woman for another bit of fat. From this, and ſome other inſtances of the like nature, I have drawn one maxim; That *where a gentleman can deſcend to be a blackguard*, he is always *of the worſt kind*; in ſhort, all ſenſe of ſhame leaves him with his title and fortune, and things that

that a reduced ſervant would bluſh to do, he tranſacts with all imaginable eaſe and ſerenity. *

Colonel

* Since the 4to edition of this book was printed off, poor Mr. Pockrich had the misfortune to periſh by the terrible fire which broke out at Hamlin's coffee-houſe, in Cornhill, Nov. 10th, 1759. He lodged at that coffee-houſe, in which he was burnt to death; and a report for ſome time prevailed, that the fire broke out in his apartment, occaſioned by his being diſguiſed in liquor; tho' this circumſtance has been publickly denied. The following account of him was at this time printed in the news-papers; and I now inſert it as a proof of my candor; and this the rather, as it is poſſible the writer of it might have been acquainted with ſome particulars concerning him, which never came to my knowledge before.

Mr. Richard Pockrich, whoſe muſical performances on glaſſes have been ſo much talked of, was a native of Ireland, but of a family originally from England, from a village of his own name in Surry: they ſettled in the north of Ireland; and the anceſtors of this ingenious, but unfortunate man, ſignalized themſelves in ſupporting K. William againſt K. James.

Richard, of whom we now ſpeak, had a conſiderable eſtate left him, which, like Sir Hugh Middleton, he ſpent in projecting the inland navigation between the Shannon and Liffy in Ireland; ſince ſo happily completed by the worthy patriots of that kingdom. The reſt was fruitleſsly waſted in draining bogs and lakes.

Amidſt theſe ſeeming reveries, he amuſed himſelf with a diſcovery of making glaſs melodious. He firſt began with ſmall glaſſes and plectrums, or ſticks, much like the dulcimer, with which he played light airy tunes. He improved theſe into larger ones, and being a perfect maſter of muſic, performed moſt of Handel's fineſt compoſitions.

He was ſet up as one of the candidates to repreſent the city of Dublin, rather to oppoſe others, than for any importance of his own; at the time that James Digges Latouche, Eſq; and Mr. Charles Lucas, were can-

Colonel Newburgh, whom I have before named, and with whom I had the pleaſure to commence an acquaintance, thro' my connection with the Captain, told me, that he was endeavouring to give Baron Dawſon, a gentleman of true wit and humour, an idea of Pockrich's inſtrument, by telling him he run two ſticks along the glaſſes, and by that means played diſtinct tunes; but, ſays the Colonel, except you were to ſee and hear it, you can have but little conception of its excellence: Oh! but I have, ſaid the Baron, 'tis like a blackguard boy trailing a ſtick along iron rails.

If the readers, from the foregoing pages, are in the leaſt acquainted with me, they will judge how tedious and diſagreeable a life of this kind muſt have been. The firſt ſtep I took to the advancement of a better, was writing as pathetic a letter to my uncle as poſſible, entreating his forgiveneſs and permiſſion to return; to which I never received an anſwer, or indeed to many others, written to the ſame purpoſe: In the mean time, the Captain and myſelf laboured hard at our muſick. The ſongs I was to ſing at my firſt appearance were fixed upon, and every thing got in readineſs for the important event; when I hoped my patience and long ſuffering would meet ſome reward; for by this time

candidates, in oppoſition to the aldermen; and probably he might have been choſen, had he had any fortune remaining.

He came over to Bath the laſt winter, and was admired for his uncommon knack at playing upon glaſſes, which he called the Angelic Organ. From Bath he came to London the ſucceeding ſummer, and lived in Litchfield-ſtreet, near Newport-Market. There he ſpent the money he had got at Bath, in fruitleſs expectation of company; believing his fame at Bath would reach London. He afterwards removed to Hamlin's coffee-houſe, where he was followed and admired by the principal perſons in the city, and where he would probably have acquired a fortune, having taken above 6*l.* a day for the ſpace of nine weeks, preceding this unfortunate fire: of being the cauſe of which, however, his landlord evidently acquits him.

time two months had ſneaked away. At length the hour arrived. The taylor's hall was finely illuminated, the news-papers filled with encomiums on the angelick organ; every publick corner was covered with large bills, and tickets diſperſed amongſt the nobility. About three hours before the concert was to begin, the Captain went to range and tune his glaſſes, when unfortunately ſtepping out for ſome water, a large unmannerly ſow entered, and oh! gueſs the reſt! ——threw down the whole machine, and covered the ground with glittering fragments; deſtroying not only the hopes of the publick, but ours of a preſent and future ſubſiſtence.

When the Captain returned, and found his loſty caſtles in the air reduced to an heap of rubbiſh, he looked juſt like Mark Antony, when he beholds the body of Julius Cæſar on the earth, and ſays:

Oh! Mighty Cæſar, doſt thou lie ſo low!

He, however, ſupported the cataſtrophe with a dignity and heroiſm peculiar to great minds; and without ſtaying for the company, deſired the door-keepers would inform the world of this melancholy event: retiring himſelf once more to his gloomy abode.

As ſoon as we came home, I made, I think, the only prudent ſpeech that ever flowed from my lips; namely, that I found in his preſent condition I could not be an aſſiſtant to him, and that I, therefore, thought it a pity to put him to an additional expence in houſe-keeping; that I was in hopes my uncle would receive me, if I returned to Cork; and, therefore, beſought him, if poſſible to let me have at leaſt a part of the money I formerly lent him, to pay my paſſage there in a ſloop. He ſaid the firſt part of my ſpeech ſpoke me a youth of good parts, which made him lament his not being able to comply with the latter, becauſe, child, ſaid he, I am not maſter of a ſingle penny. I recollected that I had ſome ſuperfluous apparel, which I the next morning diſpoſed of to a broker for half value, and took my voyage in the ſame veſſel, to the place from whence I came.

Tho' I had now brought no proviſions with me, made but a ſhabby appearance, and had conſiderably

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leſs money than when I entered his ſloop before, yet the Captain's behaviour was totally different: he gave me his own cabbin, made tea for me morning and afternoon, treated me with punch every night; and, in ſhort, by his kindneſs, endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of his former uſage of me, which he told me, had I been his ſon, he could not have avoided, when he had ſuch a number of paſſengers: but the true reaſon of all this civility was, his knowing my uncle, and dreading, that if I related the manner of his firſt behaviour, he ſhould not go unpuniſhed. When I came on ſhore, he would accept no gratuity for my paſſage, but brought me to his houſe, and made ſo much of me, that I concluded he was one of the honeſteſt fellows I had ever ſeen.

From the intimacy I had, thro' the intereſt of my uncle, with all the perſons of conſequence in this city, I imagined myſelf ſurrounded with friends, with any of whom I might have had a twelvemonth's board and lodging, if the worſt came to the worſt: this I had alſo ſtrong reaſon to judge from the ardent deſire they all expreſſed for my company, and the unwillingneſs they ſtill ſhewed to part with me, as well as the moſt laviſh profeſſions of friendſhip made to me at a time when I needed not their ſervice. The Captain recommended me to a cheap little lodging, where I ſat down for the preſent to ſtudy the plan of my future operations, which I did not doubt would be attended with all the ſucceſs I could wiſh. The firſt viſit I made, was to a Roman Catholick widow, whom my uncle called couſin; a lady who had a good fortune, and who ſeemed, by the hoſpitality of her table, to live to the top of it. Here at leaſt, I promiſed myſelf a hearty welcome, and elegant entertainment: indeed, conſidering how extremely cheap all kinds of proviſions are in Cork, what one moderate man can eat or drink in a family, becomes ſo ſmall an expence, that any good-natured perſon might afford it, without incommoding themſelves.

On my firſt entrance the whole family ſeemed agreeably ſurprized at the interview, and congratulated me

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on my return to my uncle, who, they ſaid, would never be happy without me. They were juſt going to dinner, and begged the favour of my company, an invitation very acceptable at that time; but as ſoon as I had let them know I had undertaken this journey without my uncle's knowledge, and that I was not yet certain of a reception, I perceived a viſible alteration in every countenance, particularly two Jeſuits, who were the widow's domeſtick chaplains: the one of whom began a very elaborate diſcourſe, upon the ill conſequences of children flying in the face of their parents, which was as impious as flying in the face of God; that the curſe of diſobedience attended not only the offender, but a curſe was likewiſe entailed on all who afforded them harbour or refuge. I am not ſaying, ſaid he, Maſter Pilkington's caſe is ſuch, tho' I cannot but conclude, he has committed ſome extraordinary crime, to turn ſo good a man as the Doctor againſt him; and while he continues unreconciled to him, he is doubtleſs unreconciled to heaven; and under thoſe circumſtances a bleſſing will not attend thoſe who harbour or entertain him.

This was the ſtrangeſt and the neweſt doctrine I had ever heard; in anſwer to which I related the whole ſtory of my offence; but the pious zealot inſiſted, that my endeavouring to defend my innocence, was a proof of incorrigible guilt, and that he had now a worſe opinion of me than before: this Jeſuitical manner of arguing put me entirely out of countenance, and made me look upon myſelf in a very deſpicable light.

The lady of the houſe told me, that ſhe ſhould ſee the Doctor the next day; and that both herſelf and thoſe worthy gentlemen would uſe their endeavours to obtain my forgiveneſs; with which aſſurance I left them.

As I returned to my lodging, I met a young gentleman I had formerly known in the univerſity of Dublin, who was extremely glad to ſee me: he told me, that he had diſobliged his friends, and had betaken himſelf to the ſtage for a livelihood; that he had acted in Dublin with great applauſe, and was now come to

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ſpend the Summer, ſtrolling with the Cork-company. After telling him how I was ſituated, he aſked me if I had lodging? Upon my anſwering in the affirmative, he told me that he would be obliged to me for a part of it, and that in return I might ſee a play as often as I choſe. I was glad to meet with a genteel companion in my adverſity, and to have ſo high an entertainment as a play, which I then looked on as the greateſt enjoyment in life. I have no money, ſaid my friend, but I have good credit, of which you ſhall immediately have proof; ſaying this, he led me to a tavern, where moſt of the comedians reſorted. I found the converſation of theſe men made up of buffoonery, effrontery and quotations from plays; for all which I was ſo much at a loſs, that I appeared a mere novice amongſt them. At length one of them was requeſted by the reſt of the company to ſing a ſong; which, after numberleſs entreaties, and apologies for a cold and hoarſeneſs, he was prevailed on to do; but indeed his performance needed more excuſes than he had offered for it, being intolerably bad. After having received the thanks and compliments of the company, for his maſterly execution and judgment, my friend deſired I would favour the gentlemen with a ſpecimen of my ſinging, which I readily did, and was repaid by a thundering clap of approbation. The maſter of the Theatre, who was preſent, told me, that if I would join the company, I ſhould have all ſuitable encouragement; to which my acquaintance earneſtly preſſed me, by way of ſhewing the old rogue, my uncle how little I valued him.

Whatever reluctance my pride felt at entertaining a thought of appearing in the deſpicable light of a ſtrolling player; yet, when I reflected on my neceſſitous condition, I could not but be almoſt tempted to embrace the offer; nay, I was determined to embrace the offer; nay, I was determined to have done it, if I found my uncle perſiſt in his reſolution: and therefore told the manager, that I would conſider of his propoſal, and give him an anſwer in a few days. After having ſupped and drank very hearty, my friend

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and I retired to our lodgings, he firſt having anſwered the reckoning.

As I determined in the interim, not to neglect the main chance, I went to the widow's the next afternoon; but had no admittance farther than a back parlour, where one of the prieſts came to acquaint me that my uncle had been there; and that as ſoon as he was informed of my being in town, he flew into a great rage, ſolemnly proteſting he would never be reconciled to me by any intreaties; and moreover, that he would break off all friendſhip and connection with any of his acquaintance who received me. "You "know, Sir, ſaid the prieſt, what a mutual regard "and intimacy has long ſubſiſted between the Doctor's "family and this. You likewiſe know, that you are "utterly a ſtranger to us, and were only acceptable "as his relation. You cannot poſſibly ſuppoſe, that "a family breach will at this time of day be made upon "your account. When you conſider all this, you "cannot be diſpleaſed, or think it unreaſonable in the "lady, to deſire you not to come here again. She "wiſhes you very well, and you have the prayers "of the family for your better fortune, but that is the "moſt you can expect." I told him I could not blame Mrs. ****, or my uncle, and only hoped they would retain the ſame charitable opinion of me, if I made uſe of means for my own ſupport, without being a burthen to any one. He aſſured me, they always would, and earneſtly recommended to me to purſue ſuch meaſures as I thought moſt conducive to it; concluding with "Your moſt humble ſervant, Sir."

When I returned to my lodgings I found my friend preparing to go to the play; I went with him behind the ſcenes, and either as good or ill fortune would have it, the Doctor and his family were in the pit, and ſaw me. When the play was over, the company went to their uſual rendezvous, where my friend brought me to ſupper. I told the manager I was now ready to embrace his offer, ſince I had no longer the hopes of being a *gentleman*. A gentleman! Sir, ſaid he: why, what do you take me for? there is not a man in the company, who is not a gentleman by birth and education

education. If we were not men of learning and parts, we ſhould be badly qualified to repreſent the human paſſions; but you are too young to make proper diſtinctions, therefore ſhould be forgiven for a ſarcaſm otherwiſe inexcuſable.

This leſſon had a proper effect on me, and perſuaded me that players were gentlemen, eſpecially as by their dreſs and expences they aſſumed the character as much as could be; ſo that I was quite reconciled to be a gentleman player; upon which I received the congratulations of the company, and was to have ſung between the acts the Monday following.

The next morning after breakfaſt, ſomebody rapp'd very hard at our door; my companion, who was apprehenſive of a bailiff, betook himſelf to a cloſet, for concealment. When I opened the door, I diſcovered the manager and ſome other of the principal actors: they aſked for my friend, who knowing their voices, ventured to make his appearance. So, ſays the manager, I have brought an old houſe over my head, thro' your acquaintance here; the mayor of the town has ſhut up the playhouſe, and we may now go and threſh in a barn for our maintenance. How ſo, ſaid my companion? Why, Sir, it ſeems, this young man is Doctor Vanlewen's nephew, and the Doctor having ſeen him at the houſe laſt night, and judging we were going to entertain him, has made intereſt to deprive us of bread, until I was obliged to give very great ſecurity that maſter Pilkington ſhould never appear on our ſtage; I am very ſorry for it, as I know it would have been mutually ſerviceable; but ſuch is the caſe, and there is no help for it.

My companion and myſelf were thunder-ſtruck with this relation, which utterly diſconcerted all the plans we had laid; but to give me what comfort my condition would admit of, my friend aſſured me, that if I could not adjuſt matters with my uncle, he would ſhare the laſt ſhilling with me; and therefore entreated I would keep up my ſpirits.

How inconſiſtent this part of my uncle's behaviour was with the reſt of his character, may ſeem extraor-

dinary, to a reader, who does not conſider, that with all his good qualities, he was haughty, poſitive, and inflexible. He would, perhaps, have as willingly beheld me going to make a hempen exit, as entering on the ſtage; and indeed I do not now wonder at it, as it certainly would have made him look very contemptible in the eyes of a people, to whom he had himſelf ſo warmly recommended me; beſides that, the diſſolute lives and idle diſpoſitions of thoſe men, their abſurd compoſition of pride and meanneſs, their impertinence and preſumption in all companies where they have the leaſt countenance ſhewn them, render them but too juſtly the objects of univerſal deriſion; neither did I ever know a ſingle one of them, except the perſon above-named, who was not laviſh, oſtentatious, ignorant and ungrateful; whoſe vanity did not exempt him from all feeling of obligations, thro' an opinion that whatever favour could poſſibly be ſhewn him, was a tribute juſtly paid to his diſtinguiſhed merit.

The generous offer of aſſiſtance, made me by my friend, by no means afforded me a quiet mind. To drag a dependent exiſtence from the labours of a diſtreſſed gentleman, did not tally with my ſentiments of life; I therefore went every day amongſt my former acquaintances, in the behaviour of whom I found all the coolneſs and reſerve that could poſſibly diſcourage me from viſiting one place a ſecond time; and diſcovered that the true characteriſtick of the people of this country *, is to make extravagant profeſſions of regard to all thoſe who want no favours, and to treat with the utmoſt indifference all thoſe who do; for this they are indeed remarkable thro' the known world.

My

* The province of Munſter: if the criticks ſhould ſay here, that I contradict myſelf in the characteriſticks of the people of Ireland, I anſwer there is no general rule without an exception; 'tis the genius of the province alluded to, to behave as I have deſcribed, and I copy nature.

My apparel, which was but tolerable at my arrival here, daily grew more weather-beaten; ſo that at length I was aſhamed to walk out, except at night. I began now to experience the pinching effects of want, in the midſt of which my ſpirit kept me from complaining, even to my bedfellow. I have frequently been a whole day without food of any kind, and wandered in the fields to conceal my diſtreſs. One evening about duſk I paſſed by the place where the concert was held, and concluding, from a number of chairs and coaches about the houſe, that there muſt be a great audience, I begged leave of the ſtage door keeper, who knew me, to let me go behind the ſcenes, which favour I obtained. The firſt act of the muſick was then playing, and I obſerved that the boxes were fuller than uſual. When the act was over the gentlemen came out to take a glaſs of wine, and as ſoon as they ſaw me, unanimouſly deſired I would ſing a ſong in the next act: I excuſed myſelf on account of my dreſs. "Oh! ſaid one of them, your ſinging will "make amends for that defect:" in ſhort, I found it impoſſible to refuſe them, and accordingly I began the ſecond act with a ſong. I had the pleaſure to be highly applauded, and encored; I ſung it a ſecond time, and after ſaluting the company, made my exit. As ſoon as I retired behind the ſcenes, a gentleman came and acquainted me, that Charles Oneile, Eſq; and ſome ladies, who were with him, deſired the favour of my company to ſupper at the Cork arms tavern: I ſaid, I did not know the gentleman: yes, Sir, ſaid he, but he knows you, and your family, and your going will be to your advantage. He has heard, ſaid he, of your affair with your uncle, and therefore you need not be uneaſy about your appearance. I promiſed to wait on Mr. Oneile, and in the mean time flew to inform my friend of my adventure. He was ſincerely rejoiced at it; and as he had no clean ſhirt but that on his back, even ſtripp'd it off, and lent it to me. By the time I had put myſelf in order, the hour arrived for my repairing to the tavern: I was ſhewn up ſtairs directly, where the cloth was laid, and I found the gentleman with two ladies: he immediately

ately aroſe and ſaluted me, introducing me firſt to Lady Freke, and then to Miſs Broderick; both of whom were his wife's ſiſters.

After an elegant ſupper was over, Mr. Oneile entered into a very ſerious diſcourſe with me, about my uncle's diſpleaſure, and the cauſes of it: I told him candidly the whole ſtory, gave my uncle an admirable character, and imputed the blame of it to my unguarded conduct. He confeſſed my ſincerity gave him as much ſatisfaction as my ſinging had done, and that he thought it a pity the doctor could not be mollified; "But that, Sir, added he, by all accounts he never "will: however, child, don't deſpair, for providence "may raiſe you ſome other friend." After having drank a glaſs or two of wine, he humm'd a tune himſelf, and then requeſted a ſong from Lady Freke, who excuſed herſelf by ſaying, ſhe would prevail on Maſter Pilkington to do it for her, and ſhe would, in return, play him a tune on the harpſichord, whenever he did her the honour to pay her a viſit. This polite manner of treating a perſon in my circumſtances, appeared the higheſt pitch of good breeding and delicacy. There is no merit in being complaiſant to thoſe who are upon an equality with us in fortune and ſtation; none but truly refined ſpirits are capable of making the diſtinction, or of beſtowing their favours with that becoming dignity, which leaves the moſt grateful impreſſion on a ſenſible mind. This perfection of ſoul eminently adorns the admirable lady to whom I have inſcribed this work; every mark of whoſe friendſhip is accompanied by a mark of her good ſenſe, condeſcenſion, and unlimited benevolence.

I readily complied with Lady Freke's requeſt, and ſung for her Ladyſhip and Miſs Broderick; withal declaring, that I found ſo much pleaſure in the hope of pleaſing, that I ſhould never be tired of ſinging, till they were weary of indulging my vanity, by attending to it. Mr. Oneile remarked, that I was the firſt obliging good ſinger he had ever met with; for pox on them, ſaid he, one has ſo much trouble in perſuading them to open their mouths, that when they do comply, it is not worth a farthing.

After

After entertaining them with all the ſongs I could recollect, and receiving all the compliments uſual among the muſical connoiſſeurs, they deſired I would come and breakfaſt with them next morning. Mr. Oneile aſked me where I lodged, and with whom: this gave an opportunity to introduce the obligations I lay under to my friend, and to picture him in the moſt amiable light, in hopes to procure him ſome recompence for his readineſs upon all occaſions to ſerve me. Mr. Oneile was pleaſed to find the ardent expreſſions of gratitude I made uſe of on this ſubject; and while I endeavoured to promote the welfare of another, I actually promoted my own, by confirming in this inſtance, the good opinion that had been conceived of me in other reſpects.

The reader will judge in what raptures I returned to communicate my good tidings. I found my friend amongſt the comedians, whom I now beheld in their proper light, and could not be prevailed on even to ſit down amongſt them. The young fellow, who was impatient to know the event of my ſupping with theſe great folks, preſently quitted his company, and went with me home: I related every circumſtance to him, which he heard with equal rapture, attention, and aſtoniſhment. You muſt know, ſaid he, that Charles Oneile is poſſeſſed of five thouſand a year; he is a perſon of extreme good ſenſe, penetration and judgment; tho' I only conceived he had ſent for you to ſing a ſong or two, and to give you a few guineas; yet I was very uneaſy, leſt you ſhould have ſaid or done any thing amiſs. By the manner in which you have been received, and his inviting you to his lodgings, I conclude, he intends you for his companion: which, if you make a proper uſe of, will be the eſtabliſhment of your fortune: I believe, my dear Jack, continued he, 'tis needleſs to remind you of my ſituation; no, I am perſuaded you'll think of me, when you are incircled with ſplendor and happineſs, which I plainly foreſee will be ſhortly your lot. I told him I never made proteſtations, it was ſo like the Munſter-men, but he would find his expectations more than anſwered, in my friendſhip, if his prophecy was fulfilled.

I waited on Mr. Oneile the next morning, at the hour appointed, and found the ladies with him at breakfaſt; after tea was over, he aſked me how I ſhould like to go to the North? I anſwered, I would with pleaſure accompany him any where. Well then, ſaid he, you ſhall go with me, if you pleaſe, to Shane's caſtle; and though your uncle ſhould never come into terms with you, I have a fortune ſufficient to make you happy; but I hope you will not take offence at one requeſt I ſhall make to you, and that is, as you are too young to borrow money, and yet have occaſions for the uſe of it, that you will permit me to ſupply you for the preſent with ſuch things as you ſtand moſt in need of. My taylor is to be here preſently, and you may chuſe whatever dreſs is beſt ſuited to your fancy; in the mean time, as I have but a ſhort ſtay to make in town, theſe ladies have themſelves undertaken to make a few ſhirts for you. So much generoſity left me rather ſtupified, than able to ſpeak what I thought of it: all I could ſay, was, with tears in my eyes, that I ſubmitted every thing to his and the Ladies goodneſs. After this Mr. Oneile went out, and left me with the ladies, who, in his abſence, congratulated me on my good fortune, in being known to their brother, who, they ſaid, was ſo much taken with me, that I might date my future happineſs from the hour I met with him.

Preſently the taylor came, with an unlimited order to equip me; but, to his entire diſappointment, I beſpoke no more than a ſuit of fuſtian, in which dreſs I perceived Mr. Oneile generally choſe to appear himſelf. After having been taken meaſure of, I again returned to my friend, who told me, that his benefit play was to be the Thurſday ſe'night following; that he hoped I would be preſent at it, as he was to perform his favourite character that night. I took a bill and ſome tickets from him, which I brought with me when I went to dinner; I ſhould have obſerved, that I received a general invitation in the morning.

Mr. Oneile aſked what cloaths I had ordered? I anſwered, that having no emulation but that of reſembling him, I had deſired the taylor to make a ſuit in the manner of his: this pleaſed him extremely, and he aſſured

aſſured me, that modeſty laid more claim to his friendſhip, than even the title I had to it from my converſation and condition; promiſing that as ſoon as we went to Dublin, I ſhould have an elegant wardrobe, and every encouragement that could moſt conduce to my felicity.

After dinner I took occaſion to introduce one of my friend's play-bills, and again to enumerate his good qualities; relating without diſguiſe, all our paſt converſation on the happy omens of my better fate; not omitting the character he had given me of Mr. Oneile: this ſucceeded to my wiſh. Mr. Oneile ſent for him, and after taking about ten pounds worth of his tickets, "Now, Sir, ſaid he, as neither myſelf, or any of my "family, can poſſibly have the pleaſure to ſee this "play, being obliged before the time mentioned to "be out of town; whether will it oblige you moſt "to give theſe papers away, or put them into the fire? "But, added he, I need not aſk, becauſe, from what "Maſter Pilkington has told me of your theatrical, "abilities, you will undoubtedly have a full houſe, "excluſive of this trifling number! therefore, Sir "ſaid he, to the flames they go." My friend, at his departure, returned Mr. Oneile many thanks. Who very politely replied, "That if therewasany obligati-"on, it muſt lie between himſelf and Mr. Pilkington." My friend was too much confuſed, and overjoyed, to ſay much on the ſubject, and therefore ſilently retired with a moſt reſpectful bow.

Had Mr. Oneile put me in poſſeſſion of his whole fortune, it could not have given me more rapture, than this inſtance of his humanity inſpired. Debts of honour are a moſt painful burthen to a heart abſtracted from the ſordid ſelf-devoted principles that actuate the generality of mortals. Favours conferred without a view of recompence, demand of themſelves the fulleſt return. Good God! how often in the tranſient ſpan of my life, have I prayed for an opportunity like this, of demonſtrating what an unlimited aſcendency gratitude has in my boſom? How often wiſhed, that inſtead of ſoliciting one favour for myſelf, I

could beſtow fifty on others! But, alas! I was born to be ſtill a poor dependent; in which light, all that even the muſe inſpires with truth, is looked on as venial; and tho' I endeavour that way to expreſs the ſenſe I have of the goodneſs of my benefactors, yet I am apprized that my poverty makes many juſt commendations of virtue and merit, falling from my pen, but too liable to be thought flattery; even by ſuch as are conſcious in themſelves, that much more might be ſaid on the ſubject by a man of fortune, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of it.

If my reader finds this work interſperſed with ſome paneegyricks, they muſt do me the juſtice to own, they are addreſſed to ſuch as are unexceptionably diſtinguiſhed for the qualities I have aſſigned to them: that my pen, whether good or bad, has never been the proſtitute of party or the preſs: that I never wrote a ſingle ſyllable in verſe, that was not literally true in proſe; and which, from the ſincerity of my heart, I did not believe: but 'tis time enough to talk of that when we come to recite the verſes.

Our continuation in Cork, which was but a few days longer, afforded nothing but repeated marks of Mr. Oneile's regard to me, in equipping me with all the abſolute neceſſaries for our intended journey; ſuch as boots, whip, hunting-cap, and riding coat, together with ſome very fine linen. He paid my lodging for the whole time I had been in it; and the next morning, about eight o'clock we ſet out in a Phaeton drawn by ſix duns, and a numerous retinue of ſervants in ſilver laced liveries, for Ballyannon, near Middleton, the ſeat of Mrs. Broderick, mother-in-law to Mr. Oneile.

As we paſſed thro' the town I eſpied my old cobler, formerly mentioned, in the ſpot, and about the ſame employment, I had firſt diſcovered him: this brought a long train of reflections to my mind, and made me for ſome time grave and ſilent. When we got into the clear air, upon a fine turnpike road, Mr. Oneile requeſted to know the ſubject of my contemplations. I related to him the particulars of my journey from Dublin, my adventure with the cobler, my reception with my uncle,

uncle, and every thing I thought would entertain him, at which he expreſſed much ſatisfaction. "You muſt "know, ſaid he, the moment you came upon the ſtage, "I diſcovered ſomething of a *je ne ſçai quoi* about you, "that convinced me you were above your preſent ap- "pearance. I enquired of the gentleman whom I "ſent to you, who you were? he told me your ſtory "in a few words; upon which I offered to hold Lady "Freke a wager, I would bring you to Shane's-caſtle; "having conceived pity for your diſtreſſes, and regard "for your accompliſhments. I have three children of "my own, but they are as yet too young to make "companions, the eldeſt being only ſix years old. The "inſincerity of the world makes me avoid intimate "connections with any, ſince I was deprived, by "death, of a faithful, moſt endearing, and moſt ſen- "ſible wife; who had variety of charms in her perſon, "converſation, and ſkill in muſick; being ſuperior in "the laſt reſpect to any I have ever known. You "will find that Lady Freke and Miſs Broderick play "exquiſitely on the harpſichord, but they are by no "means equal to her. When we arrive at Shane's- "caſtle, you will find there a library of books, the beſt "calculated to improve the underſtanding of a young "ſtudent. I ſhould think myſelf rather your enemy "than your friend, if I retained you merely for any "gratification of myſelf, or my acquaintance. It is "now the time for you to enrich your mind with thoſe "qualities, that will render you fit for any employment, "your friends or your talents may procure you. It is "only with this view I have determined to aſſiſt you; "and be aſſured, that while you perſevere in virtue, "humility, and obliging behaviour, I will make it "my ſtudy to promote both your preſent and future "happineſs."

By the time he had made an end of this diſcourſe, which manifeſtly ſpoke the excellency of his diſpoſition, and awakened in my ſoul the moſt inexpreſſible ve- neration and tranſport, we arrived, juſt before dinner, at Ballyannon; a place where every thing ſeemed to conſpire to make ſolitude truly delightful. It is ſitu- ated on an arm of the ſea, which waters it's verdant

bank, ſhaded with lofty limes, elms, and oak; whoſe ſhrubs are every where intermingled with honeyſuckle and other odoriferous flowers; extenſive pleaſure and fruit gardens; fine ſummer houſes; turrets crown'd with ivy; and all the irregular beauties that charm the fancy and delight the ſenſe. It was about the end of July when we came to this terreſtrial paradiſe, when the blooming ſeaſon added all her ſweets to render it worthy of that name; and the worthy inhabitants were ſo richly endowed with good ſenſe, hoſpitality, learning, and ſkill in the poliſhed arts which ſoften life, that I could ſcarce believe this terrene ſpot had been productive of ſuch home-felt bliſs, as was here enjoyed from roſy morn to dewy eve, without the leaſt interruption: I might truly have ſaid with poor Othello.

If I were now to die, 'twere now to be moſt happy,
For here my ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another pleaſure like to this
Remains in unknown fate.

Lady Freke and Miſs Broderick, the two amiable daughters of Mrs. Broderick, obligingly introduced me to that Lady, in whoſe countenance appeared the tender mother and the ſenſible friend.

Soon after our arrival, Lady Freke and Miſs brought me to a drawing room, where there were a fine chamber organ, a harpſichord, and ſeveral muſical inſtruments. You know, ſaid my Lady, I promiſed to play for Maſter Pilkington, which ſhe accordingly did, in the moſt maſterly manner; while her fingers flew like lightning over the chords, diſplaying all the extatic ſweets of divine harmony, with the peculiar embelliſhments reſulting from an admirable taſte, and a fine ear.

When her Ladyſhip reſigned the chair, Miſs Broderick aſſumed it, bringing from the awful organ, moſt angelick ſounds, fit to enwrap the ſoul in heavenly contemplation: in ſhort, I had here an Epicurean

curean feaſt of muſick, that might elevate the heart of a monarch*.

Mr. Oneile in the mean time, went to take care that juſtice was done to his cattle, an office which he never neglected, or would entruſt to the moſt careful ſervants he had, without being himſelf a witneſs that his orders were duly executed.

When he returned to us, Miſs Broderick accompanied me on the organ with two or three ſongs, and an anthem, at which alſo Mrs Broderick was preſent; who being unaffectedly religious, was particularly pleaſed with this part of our entertainment, which ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould frequently trouble us for, during our ſtay at Balyannon.

From this delicate repaſt of the mind we were called to the neceſſary one of the body, to dine: 'tis needleſs to recount the number of diſhes or œconomy of the table; all who had the happineſs to know Mrs. Broderick, willjudge there was genteel plenty, without ridiculous ſuperfluity and oſtentation; which, in the opinion of the judicious, ſerves rather to diſguſt the appetite, and emaciate the conſtitution, than to yield any ſatisfaction to a perſon of true taſte.

When dinner was over, Mr. Oneile intreated I would entertain the ladies with the account of my adventures, which, as he expreſſed it, I had favoured him with on the road. Happy in any occaſion of ſhewing a willingneſs to do all I could to oblige him, I began it, and though a twice told tale is ſeldom pleaſing, I obſerved he particularly attended to every occurence, as if he had never heard it before; and whether it is owing to the unſtudied manner of my rehearſing it, or the infinite good manners of the company, I had as much audience, as if Cæſar had been relating ſome of his great exploits, or Cicero haranguing the Roman ſenate.

When

* Leſt the lovely lady of my eſteemed friend, Colonel Newburgh, ſhould be jealous of theſe juſt commendations of the two ladies ſkill on the harpſichord, I acknowledge, that next to Lady Freke, ſhe is the beſt female performer I ever had the happineſs to hear.

When I had made an end, Mr. Oneile complimented me on the ſimplicity of my ſtile, and the veracity to which I ſo minutely adhered: for, ſaid he, you have not differed in a ſingle point from what you told me in the morning; which evinces the truth of your relation to me, more than if a train of witneſſes had atteſted every fact.

Mrs. Broderick, who made no comment at any pauſe, but ſeemed deſirous I ſhould proceed till ſhe had learned the whole of my life, even as I have heretofore written it, deſired I would take a walk with her in the garden in the afternoon. As ſoon as we were there alone, ſhe addreſſed me in this manner:

"You ſee, my poor child, how infinitely good the "Almighty has been to you; permitting his provi- "dence to guard you in the midſt of dangers and "diſtreſſes; reſcuing you out of the hands of an ob- "durate father; giving you an opportunity of cul- "tivating your natural underſtanding, by an educa- "tion he would never have beſtowed on you, of re- "compencing your want of real fortune, by endow- "ments that, properly applied, will, probably, pro- "cure you one. Theſe are miraculous proofs, that "the father of all things has exerted his providence "in your behalf, and inſpired Mr. Oneile with that "pity and eſteem which I hope your conduct will "merit; I don't ſay, I hope it from any doubts I en- "tertain of your diſpoſition, but from a knowledge I "have of the perverſeneſs of human nature, and the "long train of ſnares and allurements to be met with "in a bad world, to deſtroy both ſoul and body. I "would, therefore, my dear child, recommend it to "you, with a mother's ardour, firſt to ſeek the king- "dom of God, and all things will be added to it. "Let no proſperity that may hereafter attend you, "make you forget the hour of adverſity, in which the "Almighty ſtretched forth his arm to ſave you. "When you behold the poor and wretched, conſider "with yourſelf that their caſe might now be yours; "but for the peculiar bleſſings conferred upon you, "treat your ſuperiors with reſpect, your equals with "civility, and your inferiors with mildneſs and hu-

"manity.

"manity. I thought it my duty, continued ſhe, to "make theſe obſervations to you, and to aſk you "a few material queſtions, which the courſe of your "ſtory gave me no inſight into; and theſe are re-"lating to your conceptions of religion, and whether "your father has taken any pains to make you a good "chriſtian; theſe I expect you will anſwer me with "the utmoſt truth and ſincerity."

Such precepts, delivered with a meekneſs and affability entirely ſuited to the purpoſe, and becoming the perſon by whom they were dictated, could not but affect me in the deepeſt manner. I told the Lady, that though my ideas of religion were but imperfect, being ſuch as I retained from the inſtruction of my mother, who was too early ſeparated from me to have left thoſe ſtrong impreſſions that might otherwiſe have been made, I was yet perſuaded, that every comfort I enjoyed here, or might hope hereafter, muſt proceed from the ſame hand who created me; that I ſincerely adhered to the doctrines of chriſtianity, as taught by the eſtabliſhed church, of which I gave as full an account as I was capable of doing, and endeavoured to apologize for my father's neglecting me in this point.

Though my diſcourſe on this ſerious topic was far from being what I could have wiſhed it, yet I could perceive a ſmile of chriſtian benevolence diffuſe itſelf over her countenance, expreſſive of her ſatisfaction to find I was not totally ignorant of the ſubject; and the little I did advance, I believe, gave her a tolerable opinion of my morals.

When we returned into the houſe, we found Mr. Oneile and the Ladies, in company with his three lovely children, and Madamoiſelle, the French Governante. I could not help admiring the beauty of theſe little emblems of their father; the manly graceſulneſs of the two boys, and the feminine ſweetneſs of their ſiſter. *They too had loſt a mother*, but they had a *father*, whoſe tenderneſs was dealt in a double portion to them; alas! I had both, and yet neither; being miles and ſeas divided from the one; and aſſured the account of my de-

parture

parture from life would be moſt acceptable news to the other. Filled with this thought, together with the diſcourſe I had juſt been attending to, a ſilent tear irreſiſtably fell from my eyes, which Mr. Oneile taking notice of, earneſtly preſſed me to explain the cauſe of it to him. As it would have been ungrateful to conceal any thing from ſuch a benefactor, I confeſſed I was thinking of my poor mother, whoſe tenderneſs and affection to me, this ſcene had repreſented to my imagination in full view; and that I was, moreover, lamenting the uncertainty I was under about her fate, whether ſhe ſtill exiſted, or was now no more. Mr. Oneile comforted me with a promiſe, that as ſoon as we arrived in Dublin, he would himſelf make the ſtricteſt enquiry into that matter; and that if he diſcovered my mother was in being, he would put it in my power to ſhew the duty and regard I had for her. This was too delicate a point to dwell long upon, and the converſation was waved by Mrs. Broderick's calling Mr. Oneile into another apartment till ſupper-time. The interim I employed in amuſing the children with little ſtories, which ſo much endeared me to them, that they reluctantly permitted my departure from amongſt them, on any terms.

I was now about fourteen, and tho' that is a time of life when lads are moſt diſagreeable to the ſociety of men, and grave perſons in general, yet I had nothing of the ſchool-boy in my behaviour. I affected the man as much as poſſible in every ſerious reſpect, particularly attending to the converſation of ſuch as might improve my own, and always preſerving ſilence where I was not equal to the ſubject: by this means I conſiderably improved my intellects, and became ſufferable in the community. Tho' I was infinitely delighted with the addreſs and delivery of every perſon about me, yet I found a peculiar charm in the converſation of Miſs Broderick; a young Lady, whoſe age might have been twenty, and whoſe extreme good ſenſe was unequall'd by her every other accompliſhment, except her good nature and politeneſs. She was not what the world calls a beauty, the ſmall-pox having

having enviouſly ſtolen from her face ſome charms which might allure the eye; yet not in ſuch a manner, but that there ſtill remained an ineffable ſweetneſs and grandeur of aſpect, blended with condeſcenſion, modeſty and penetration.

The frequent opportunities I had of being alone with this young lady, from our mutual fondneſs of muſick and poetry, gave me more and more occaſion to admire her. The compaſſionate regard with which ſhe attended to the many affecting paſſages of my former life, that oft-times made a part of our diſcourſe, and the ardent deſire ſhe ſeemed to have for my future welfare, together with her ſtill out-ſtripping my wiſhes in any thing ſhe imagined might oblige me, created that kind of eſteem, which time or abſence can never remove; and, ſurely, at this diſtance of years the world and ſhe will forgive me, if I confeſs, that love, moſt ſincere love, was the conſequence on my part. How it was on the Lady's ſhe only knows, nor dare I preſume to flatter myſelf that ſhe entertained a thought of that kind.

A day or two after we were ſetled here, another daughter of Mrs. Broderick's paid her a viſit. This lady was the widow of Colonel Jefferys, of Blarney caſtle, in this county; who had two ſons with her, the eldeſt of whom was about twelve years old, and had a great ſhare of knowledge for his years. With this young gentleman I contracted a ſtrict friendſhip, and ran into all the boyiſh frolicks that could be thought of. The children in general were ſe fond of my company, that it frequently debarred me of converſation much more deſireable; however, there was no getting rid of them without offence, when Miſs Broderick made one of our party, which frequently happened, in plundering the cherry orchard, gathering wood-ſtrawberries, or collecting beautiful ſhells on the ſtrand; in awakening the ſilent eccho with a ſong, or beguiling the tedious hours with a Fairy or Peruvian tale, I knew not how the ſmiling moments waſted; all was joy, tranſport, and unſpeakable delight.

In order to give my readers an idea of this family, and the harmony that univerſally reigned in it, I will,

as well as I can recollect, tell them the manner in which every day was paſſed, that we were not viſiting abroad. At nine o'clock in the morning, there was a table ſpread, in a large room that commanded a delightful proſpect of the ſea, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, Mr. Oneile drank balm tea always, which I firſt, through good manners, brought myſelf to, and afterwards really preferred to any other, from it's high balſamic flavour, and medicinal qualities. It raiſes the ſpirits to the greateſt pitch, ſweetens the blood, and invigorates the nerves; in ſhort, if it came from Canton, and was twenty ſhillings a pound, I am perſuaded it would be univerſally in vogue.

Any of the family who did not chuſe to be at this general breakfaſt, might have whatever beſt pleaſed them in their own apartment; but as there were no invalids amongſt us, it rarely happened we were not all preſent. From this till twelve we diſperſed in parties to walk, to read, ſing, play or dreſs, without the leaſt formality or reſtraint; at that hour the bell tolled for prayers, which were read by Mrs. Broderick's chaplain, and at which the whole family, ſervants and all, commonly appeared.

At three, dinner was on table, to which we were ſummon'd by a bell for half an hour; where the relation of our different amuſements, the planning of ſucceeding ones, wit and repartee, blended with ſtrict politeneſs and good manners, commonly formed the table converſation.

The firſt party of pleaſure we embarked in, was an expedition to Ballycotton; an exploit that was near coſting me my life. This place is a fine harbour for ſhipping, and a large extenſive bay, covered by exceſſive high mountains on every ſide; but it is ſo little uſed, that I could perceive no town or village near it; nor had a numerous company of us any place to be entertained, but in a cottage thatched with ſtraw. However, we brought all kinds of proviſion, wine and conveniencies with us, and likewiſe Mrs. Broderick's cook to dreſs ſome fiſh, which was here in it's higheſt purity.

While

While the company and ſervants were employed in breaking down fences, to make a road for carriages to this identical cabbin, myſelf, who was mounted on a very ſorry palfrey, endeavoured to find a ſhorter way; and having obſerved a path down a monſtrous promontory, whoſe ſide was covered with ſharp, craggy and dangerous rocks, juſt wide enough for one perſon to go down on foot to the ſtrand, I, with my uſual diſcretion, let my Roſinante ſaunter along this dreadful paſſage, which I believe the immortal Don Quixote himſelf would have endeavoured to ſhun, except he was certain to find Dulcinea at the bo tom. Mr. Oneile, when he had compleated the road, at which he himſelf worked, turned round to look for me, but I was no where above ground to be ſeen: at length he caſt his eye down the mountain, and behold, I appeared to him like one on horſeback, ſurveyed from ſome lofty ſteeple, as they after told me, ſcarce diſcernable. Mr. Oneile, not in the leaſt expecting my deliverance from this moſt perilous ſituation, threw himſelf on his breaſt upon the earth, ſaying, "Lord, have mercy "on him! I can behold no more!" By this time I ſaw myſelf ſuſpended between earth and air, heard the wide billows burſting on the rocks beneath, and ſaw nothing but the overwhelming ocean before me. I began now to be frightened, and with a preſence of mind unaccountable indeed, got firſt on the horſe's neck, and then over his head; which was no ſooner done, and my hand happily diſengaged from the bridle, than the poor creature made a falſe ſtep, and fell, precipitately, down a thouſand and a thouſand fathoms; by which he was inſtantly daſh'd to pieces, ſmall enough for the ravens and gulls that ſcreech'd theomens of his downfall.

Hearkye, criticks, if this ſtile diſpleaſes you, or is inconſiſtent with your pragmatical rules, know, ye growling mungrels! that I will write as I think proper; 'tis the ſenſible and elegant I addreſs myſelf to; nor do I regard the formal pedantick maxims you lay down, to confine every one within the ſmall dull circle wherein ye move yourſelves.

Contrary

Contrary to the expectation of every one who beheld me, I deſcended, ſafe and ſound, to the bottom; to the agreeable ſurprize of my friends, who all came to wiſh me joy, and join with me in thanks to Providence for ſo unexpected a deliverance.

It may be aſked, why Mr. Oneile, who is known to poſſeſs ſome of the fineſt cattle in Europe, ſhould mount me on ſo ſorry a nag? The truth is, I am the worſt rider, perhaps, that ever croſſed a horſe, and would not have ventured myſelf on the back of one, whole value exceeded forty ſhillings.

Give me leave, indulgent reader, to digreſs one moment from the paſt to the preſent time, leſt I ſhould forget a circumſtance that hath juſt now, at this preſent writing, happened to me; and which will certainly produce admiration. There are, in this opulent city of London, a ſet of men, who hang out the ſign of the Three Blue Balls at their door, and who are the readieſt perſons in the world at an emergency. They indeed take *ſome* gratuity for their trouble, but it is ſo inconſiderable, that any man of ſpirit would far more willingly pay it, than be indebted to his acquaintance. I know one of theſe ſons of benevolence in particular, who, my ſervant-maid frequently told me, was certainly a gentleman by his behaviour; nay, the other day, ſhe peremptorily inſiſted, that ſhe was ſure he would ſubſcribe to my book, if I was to aſk him: I laughed heartily at the abſurdity of the propoſition, and gave it as my opinion, that a pawn-broker would as ſoon give me ten of his teeth, as ten and ſix-pence for one of my Quartos. The girl, however, did not diſcontinue her importunities; and to get rid of them, and, for once, to make an extraordinary experiment, I wrote the following lines:

To Mr. ———.

TO the higheſt and beſt, in each different ſtation,
For ſubſcription, we ſcriblers do make application:
By the dull, or the envious, it can't be deny'd,
That you at the head of your ſcience preſide;

Beſides,

Beſides, 'tis from frequent experience confeſs'd,
That of all the fraternity, G——'s is the beſt.
To write is my trade, to take moveables thine,
As I help you in your's, give aſſiſtance in mine;
Then to ages remote, I'll with wonder tranſmit,
That a pawn-broker lent ten and ſix-pence on wit.

P. S. The bearer perſuades me, that you will ſubſcribe to the encloſed propoſal; for my own part, I confeſs, I want faith to believe it: your anſwer is to determine, which of us has the moſt ſagacity.

J. C. P.

The manner of the above will ſhew, how little I expected a compliance with my requeſt, tho' I abſolutely never ſtood more in need of half a guinea. The girl told me that the inſtant Mr. G —— read it, he put his hand in his pocket, and gave her that ſum; ſaying, he was glad of an opportunity to ſerve the ſon of the celebrated Mrs. Pilkington; with many other civil things, too much in praiſe of myſelf to be properly repeated here.

I leave my readers to comment on ſo marvellous a paſſage in my hiſtory, and now return to Ballycotton; from whence I have rambled all the way to London, in leſs than half an hour, becauſe I would ſhew a kind of analogy between one miracle and another.

After having recovered from my ſurprize, we came along a beautiful level ſtrand, to the houſe of entertainment before mentioned, where we had indeed a moſt delightful repaſt. After which the converſation turning on accidents, reſulting from pleaſure and gaiety, Miſs Broderick entertained us with the following ſtory, which ſhe aſſured us was a fact, and which I have ſince heard confirmed by ſeveral perſons of equal veracity.

Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, of Old Bridge-town, near Drogheda, who had a liberal fortune and fine eſtate, ſituated on the Boyne water, juſt at the place where King William's army croſſed it, were patterns of hoſpitality, virtue, and conjugal affection. Their houſe was the continual reſort of both the indigent and the gay;

gay; the firſt found relief, and the latter pleaſure and entertainment: they were therefore venerated by all beneath them, and beloved as well by their equals, as their ſuperiors.

Heaven bleſſed them with one ſon, who ſeemed, from his infancy, born to inherit their mutual good qualities, as well as their fortune: as this young gentleman grew towards manhood, he advanced in all the politer arts that finiſh that character; but as this cannot be completely done by meer precept or ſpeculation, it was neceſſary he ſhould take the tour of Europe, in order to know men as well as books.

So exceſſively fond were this happy couple of this their beloved and only offspring, that they imagined it not ſafe for him to go abroad without their accompaning him; ſo that if any accident happened at ſea, as their whole comfort was centered in his life, they might all periſh together.

After having made all the preparations requiſite for ſuch an undertaking, the whole family ſet out for Paris, at which place they arrived ſafe, and in full health and ſpirits. After they had been there ſome time, they had an invitation to a ſplendid ball; upon which occaſion the young gentleman, very lovely in his perſon, was ſo elegantly dreſſed, that he attracted the eyes of the whole company. A young lady, whom he approved more than any other preſent, he ſelected out to dance with him; but ſhe at firſt modeſtly declined it, and upon his further intreaties, abſolutely refuſed him. While yuung Mr. C——tt—n walked to the other end of the room, his mother, whom the young lady did not know, and a gentlewoman whom ſhe was acquainted with, came to her and aſked, Why ſhe, being the brighteſt female in the place, could refuſe her hand to ſo handſome a young gentleman? She anſwered, that ſhe had her own reaſons, gave a deep ſigh, and endeavoured to avoid more converſation. This awakened all the curioſity of an affectionate mother, who concluded, that the young Lady was in love with her ſon; ſhe therefore eagerly preſſed her to explain that ſigh, and likewiſe her previous behaviour.

Madam,

Madam, replied the lady, I think, in my life, I never beheld ſo many unſtudied charms, as appear in that amiable foreigner; nor did I ever behold a youth my heart would ſooner incline me to give my hand to, if it were conſiſtent with the will of our parents. After telling you this ſo candidly, you will judge my refuſing to dance with him proceeded from no diſlike, either to his country, perſon or breeding; but, alas! Madam, I ſee with grief and horror, that, before this day twelve months, that amiable bloſſom of youth and comelineſs will die an untimely death.

Judge what an alarm was this prognoſtication to the attentive parent! who, though ſhe had a great ſhare of good ſenſe, could not be unalarmed at the dreadful preſage. However, ſhe paſſed it off with a becoming decency, and did not interrupt the pleaſures of the company or the night, which ended in great harmony.

When the old gentleman and his lady retired to their apartment, ſhe acquainted him with what had paſſed, in a very ſerious and pathetick manner. After having gravely attended to her, he burſt out a laughing, and told her he minded no ſuch fancies, and entreated ſhe would think no more of it: ſhe told him, he knew her too well to ſuppoſe her ſuperſtitious, but at the ſame time they could not be too careful in watching againſt accidents, where they had ſuch a warning given them; therefore, my dear, ſaid ſhe, as you never refuſed any favour requeſted by me, I hope you will now oblige me by returning with our ſon to Ireland, where there is ſcarce a danger but we may be guarded againſt. The good man, already weary of travelling, was pleaſed with the motion, gave his conſent and without letting the young gentleman know their motive embarked in a few weeks for Ireland; where, after a ſhort paſſage, they landed ſafe, and again took poſſeſſion of their own fire ſide.

They continued in their uſual tranquillity eleven months, at which time Mr. C ——— n began to banter his wife in private, about her Joan la Pucelle's prophecy, as he term'd it; nay, the young man was well and ſafe till the night before the predicted time was to expire;

expire; which night ſhe ordered the ſervants to lock every door in the houſe, and bring her the keys: ſhe then went and ſaw every bit of fire and candle in the houſe extinguiſhed; after doing this, ſhe retired to repoſe, and faſtened her bed-chamber door. Young Mr. C——n was a keen ſportſman, and had made an appointment to go a hunting the ſucceeding morning, of which his mother had no knowledge: when he aroſe and found all the doors faſt, he demanded of the ſervants the meaning of it? They informed him it was done by his mother's command: Oh! very well, ſaid he, then I'll get out at the window, which he accordingly did. As ſoon as he came to the water ſide, he found the dogs and horſes were gone acroſs the river; therefore determining not to loſe game for a little obſtacle, he put himſelf from the ſhore in a ſmall cot or canoe. This was carried down by the ſtrong current for half a mile, when it overſet, and the youth was unfortunately drowned, in the preſence of his friends and ſervants, who, for want of a boat, could afford him no aſſiſtance: ſo that the firſt object which ſtruck the afflicted mother's eye, when ſhe aroſe in the morning to look out of the window, and thought her fears were over, was the corpſe of her ſon carried on a board by ſome of the ſervants. The lamenting father on hearing the news, inſtantly became a lunatick, and died raving mad in a few weeks after. The poor mother, unable to ſurvive the loſs of all that was dear to her, broke her heart with grief; ſo that a whole family, who might have promiſed themſelves years of comfort, were extinguiſhed by one fatal event in leſs than three months.

When the Lady had finiſhed this tragick narration, with infinitely greater perſpicuity than I have repeated it, we returned home. Some days after we went to the races of Carricktohill, accompanied by Lady Freke, Miſs Broderick, Lord Buttevant, and ſome others: as I ſat in a high phaeton with Mr. Oneile, I commanded a fine proſpect of the ground, and had another advantage I did not then think of, of being ſeen *par tout le monde*. Before the races began, we went into a tent,

tent, where as the ladies were the majority of the company, they inſiſted on treating us with the beſt entertainment the place afforded. Mr. Oneile, who is a known lover of horſeracing, was not content to continue in one ſpot, but having fixed Miſs Broderick and myſelf in the moſt advantageous ſituation, he mounted his horſe and rode up and down the field. During his abſence, a gentleman came up and ſaluted me by name, aſſuring me that he was extremely glad to ſee me well; that he and his two ſiſters were come to ſee the races, and he intreated the favour of my company to the little iſland where his houſe was. I could not but be amazed at this flow of compliments, from one of thoſe lukewarm friends, who had lately looked ſo coolly on my adverſity. This gentleman's name was H——y; he was one of thoſe, who, whilſt I continued with my uncle, was ready to devour me with careſſes and proteſtations; and, who, upon my reverſe of fortune, was as careful to avoid me as a peſtilence. Though he was a man of ſome fortune, and a ſtudent in the temple, yet I knew he was not equal to the company I then was in, or the acquaintances I had now made; therefore I looked as indifferently on him and his invitation at this time, as I ſhould in my diſtreſſes have been proud to accept it: but yet my vanity and reſentment were equally gratified, by his ſeeing me ſo happily circumſtanced, and the more ſo, as Mr. Oneile, Lord Buttevant, and ſeveral of the firſt rank in that part of the world, ſoon after came up and joined us. I told Mr. Oneile of the invitation I had from Mr. H———y, and, as he was ſtill preſent, aſked if Mr. Oneile would permit me to go. This Mr. H——y backed, by deſiring the favour of Mr. Oneile to let me go for that night with him and his ſiſters, and he would himſelf ſee me ſafe to Ballyannon the next day. Mr. Oneile, who did not know how much I was averſe to accept this offered civility, told Mr. H——y, that though he deprived himſelf and his friends of much pleaſure by it, he could not refuſe to acquieſce with any deſire of mine. Mr. H——y returned him many thanks, and took me off quite enraptured to his ſiſters, who were in a coach

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waiting for us, and who expreſſed as much ſatisfaction at my preſence as poſſible.

In the afternoon we arrived at the little iſland, which is very pleaſant, and romantically ſituated, being ſurrounded by the river, except in one paſſage, wide enough for a coach. Though Mr. H——'s ſiſters were tolerably handſome, and played well on the harpſichord; and tho' they exerted all their ſkill to pleaſe and entertain me, yet when I reflected on Mr. H——'s former behaviour, I could not bring my ſpirits into a right flow. The image of the lady I had parted from was dearer to me, even in idea, than beholding in reality all the finiſhed beauties of chriſtendom: all my converſation was in praiſe of her ſenſe, beauty and merit, particularly in muſick, which could not be very pleaſing to ladies, who were emulous to excel in thoſe points themſelves; but one of them, in order at once to put me in temper, and to ſecure my good opinion, pulled a handſome diamond ring from her finger, and placed it on mine, aſking me at the ſame time, if Miſs Broderick had ever done ſo much for me? Her brother and ſiſter were preſent, and as I obſerved they looked gravely at her, I was for returning it, but ſhe abſolutely inſiſted on my keeping it, and wearing it for her ſake. I confeſs it had an inſtantaneous effect on my ſpirits; I then began to ſing, dance, and enjoy the company. When all our paſtimes were over, and I retired to bed, I could not reſt for the thoughts of my ring. I knew it was valuable and ornamental, and imagined it would do me great honour at my return; but ſtill I was perplexed, leſt the lady ſhould repent of her liberality, and take it from me in the morning. No miſer who ſuſpected any one had watched him to his hidden treaſure, ever ſpent a night with greater anxiety or leſs repoſe. Though I had taken care to lock myſelf into my bed-chamber, yet, whenever I dozed, I imagined the lady came to demand the ring: in ſhort, finding all my efforts to ſleep ineffectual, I aroſe by day-break, and wandered about the iſland till the family were up. They were much ſurprized when I acquainted them I had enjoyed no reſt, and more ſo to find I looked quite ſtupid. I was glad to take the hint of feigning myſelf unwell, to

depart

depart as ſoon as poſſible with my prize, for this reaſon: no perſuaſions tho' many were made uſe of, could prevail with me to ſtay any longer; therefore, to get rid of my importunities, they found it neceſſary to let me obey the impulſe of my mind, and they accordingly ordered a one horſe chaiſe and footman to conduct me: Mr. H——— making many excuſes for his not waiting on me himſelf, and I as readily accepting them, as I did not covet his company. After I had ſaluted all the family, and was juſt going into the carriage, the lady beſought me to return the ring, as it was a family trinket, and could be of no uſe to a young gentleman. I complied with her requeſt, but ſo covered with ſhame diſappointment and reſentment, as muſt have been perceived by my countenance. I had ſome miles to travel, and amuſed myſelf with the gloom of my own thoughts; one time blaming myſelf for being ſo great a fool to imagine the lady intended me ſuch a favour; another, curſing my ſtars for not leaving the houſe when I firſt awoke. That again appeared too mercenary: upon the whole, I never met any one circumſtance that made me ſo completely miſerable for two or three days.

When I returned to my friends, they perceived a viſible alteration in my countenance, which they humourouſly attributed to my being in love with Miſs H——y; whereas I might juſtly have ſaid with Mr. Bays, I was the fartheſt from it of any man in the world, and all that. I did not, however, ſubject myſelf to a ſeverer ridicule, by telling the occaſion of my dejection; but I tell it to my readers as an inſtance of my credulous folly, at which they will frequently find occaſion to laugh.

And now drew on the melancholy period wherein I was to leave this dear ſpot, which contained all that I prized upon earth, in the perſon of Miſs Broderick. We ſet out from Ballyannon for the North, after I had obtained a promiſe from the Lady, that ſhe would honour me with a literary correſpondence as ſoon as we were ſettled in any place. As Mr. Oneile intended to pay a viſit to Sir Charles Moore on our way, Sir John Freke accompanied us. The firſt inn we ſet up as on the

road the converſation turned on the family we had left, and, to my no ſmall ſurprize, I found the worthy Baronet traduce almoſt every one of them, without being oppoſed by Mr. Oneile: this was the firſt inſtance I had ſeen of the inſincerity of the great, I wiſh to God it had been the laſt.

Sir Charles Moore had a moſt elegant houſe, at which we arrived the next day, and were indeed ſplendidly entertained; nor was there any thing mean or contemptible about the place, except the little worthleſs poſſeſſor of it, who reluctantly forced me to be an eye-witneſs of one of the greateſt pieces of brutality I ever beheld. There was a poor woman came to aſk charity from him, and beſought his honour very earneſtly to beſtow ſomething for the ſupport of her family. On pretence of enquiring into the reality of her diſtreſs, he brought her into a garden: now, ſaid he, here is a couple of guineas, which I'll give you, but not for God's ſake; no, you muſt gratify my curioſity in one reſpect, which is that of letting me ſee you quite naked; I'll give you my word and honour added he, I will not touch you. The moment I heard the propoſition I would have retired, but he abſolutely inſiſted on my ſtaying. The poor creature made all the apologies modeſty and decency could ſuggeſt, but it was to no purpoſe, he would give the money on no terms but thoſe of her compliance. Two guineas ſeemed two thouſand to a perſon in her ſituation, and at laſt got the better of her ſcruples, and ſhe did what he deſired, tho' I aſſure my readers I turned my eyes a different way. The moment ſhe had ſuffered herſelf to be ſo impoſed on, inſtead of giving her the money, he called all his footmen, and deſired them to turn the whore out of the garden.

This he thought a finiſhed piece of wit, and repeated it as ſuch at ſupper; but he could find none to join him in the laugh. The company, except himſelf, were lovers of women, and his untimely fate has ſince proved his paſſion was for a different ſex. I was quite impatient, and perfectly teazed Mr. Oneile to leave this place, where nothing prevailed but drinking debauched

debauched toaſts, and all the vices that poiſon the mind.

Soon after we ſet out for Dublin, where Mr. Oneile's gentleman had taken for us very grand lodgings, and Mr. Oneile, according to his promiſe, provided me with the means of making an appearance ſuitable to the company he did me the honour to bring me amongſt, which were the firſt perſons in the kingdom.

Shakeſpear obſerves, that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
But ſlighted, the reſidue of their lives,
Is bound in ſhallows and in miſery.

I believe my tide was then in the flood; and if I had ſenſe enough to make a proper uſe of it, I might have arrived at a better fortune, than the tagging rhimes, or writing adventures, will procure for me: but alas! I wanted the principal ingredients of a great man's dependent: I could not flatter, nor could I ſpeak in any matter contrary to my own judgment; not conſidering that a poor man never has any ſuch thing as judgment: in ſhort, as I was quite ſincere in every thing I ſpoke, I imagined every one I converſed with, equally ſo. I looked on myſelf as a man of fortune and independency, from Mr. Oneile's friendſhip, which I imagined no time could alter; therefore I made no advantages of the frequent interviews I had with the great and powerful, all my hopes were centered in that one point of preſerving his good opinion.

I ſhould have obſerved, that before we left Ballyannon, Mr. Oneile addreſſed me one morning after breakfaſt to this effect: That as the diſpoſitions of men were as variable as the winds, and that the object they moſt delighted in at one time, might be diſpleaſing to them at another, it was poſſible, that though he now had ſo thorough an eſteem for me, he might hereafter be tired of my company; and that, in order to ſecure me from any diſtreſs, he thought it the beſt way, while he found his heart warm in my cauſe, to

make a ſettlement on me for life, that would put it out of the power of himſelf or the world to hurt me. I think, ſaid he, two hundred pounds a year will do that; and if you chuſe, you ſhall have it not only while you continue with me, but even if ever we ſhould part, you may make yourſelf happy. Would any but the moſt infatuated dunce have rejected this as I did? I told him, that while I was his companion, I wanted no money; and, beſides, a ſalary of that kind, would make me a ſervant; that I hoped we never ſhould part; but that if we did, I ſhould be very indifferent whether I lived or died; as I could not think Mr. Oneile would ever part with me except I tranſgreſſed in ſome ſhape, and that if I was capable of doing that, I was unfit to live. He liked my argument and my ſpirit, and told me I ſhould not repent the confidence I had placed in his generoſity.

When we had been ſome time in Dublin, I took an opportunity to remind Mr. Oneile of his promiſe, with regard to my mother, whoſe abſence from me was ever a pang to my heart, and an anxiety for whoſe welfare was ever foremoſt in my thoughts. He told me he would endeavour to find out where ſhe was, and how ſituated; and if he found that ſhe had occaſion for money, would give me a handſome ſum for her uſe. He likewiſe adviſed me to take his equipage, to pay my reſpects to my father, and invite him and my brother to dine with us.

Accordingly the next morning, I dreſſed myſelf very fine, and went in great ſtate to Lazer's hill: the footman knocked a loud peal at the door, and my father opened it himſelf: as ſoon as he ſaw me deſcend from the coach, he ran up ſtairs; upon which I walked into a ſtreet parlour and rang the bell. The ſervants, it ſeems, were out, ſo that my brother was obliged to come to me. As I had never wrote a word to him about my condition, to which he was entirely a ſtranger, as well as my being in town, it appeared like magick to him, to ſee me come in a flaming coach, and the ſervants with laced liveries. He ſtood ſilent ſome time, till I ſaid, What, brother, don't you know me? Know

you,

you, ſaid he, I know Jack Pilkington very well, but I can hardly think he is ſo grand a gentleman; but yet I'm glad to ſee you with all my heart, and I wiſh you would unriddle yourſelf a little. I told him I was come with Mr. Oneile's compliments, to deſire my father and himſelf would do us the favour to come and dine, and to appoint the day. He ſaid, that my father was out of town, (tho' I had ſeen him) but for himſelf, if it would be agreeable he would come. I preſſed him to uſe his intreaties with my father to accompany him; but he gave me a ſign that he was liſtening, and then aſſured me loudly he was out of town. I took the hint, and departed extremely ſatisfied at my adventure.

At my return, M. Oneile was impatient to know the event: I told him all the particulars: he ſaid, that if my father had condeſcended to come, it would have been both to his and my advantage; but that as he thought ſuch an offer beneath his acceptance, I might order what I pleaſed to entertain my brother, but he would not ſee him. I was confounded at this, and ſaid, Sir, I thought you knew my father before; am I accountable for his diſpoſition? No, Sir, ſaid he, nor am I for my own, ſometimes; I cannot be pleaſed at this treatment.

The entrance of a very ſilly baronet, who is a relation to Mr. Oneile broke our further diſcourſe. He entertained us with all the nonſenſe of the town, at which he himſelf laughed very heartily; and any one diſpoſed for mirth, would have found him a ſufficient ſubject for laughter. When he heard me ſing, he was quite captivated with it, which did not make me in the leaſt vain, as I would even then rather have had the ſerious attention of one true connoiſſeur, than all the fulſome compliments of a coxcomb. This gentleman was with us every morning, and uſed frequently to take me out with him: theſe opportunities he embraced to endeavour to perſuade me to leave Mr. Oneile, and go abroad with him. I aſked how he thought my friend would like to be uſed ſo? or whether it was conſiſtent with his regard for Mr. Oneile to make ſuch a propoſal? Damn regard, ſaid he, every man is to do

what pleaſes him beſt; and if you go with me, I'll make your fortune. I told him, if he gave me his title and eſtate, I would not part from Mr. Oneile, whom I held in greater eſteem than any one upon earth.

Though Mr. Oneile perſevered, or rather increaſed, in his politeneſs to me, yet I could plainly perceive there did not ſubſiſt the ſame cordial and eaſy regard I had formerly experienced, in his words and actions, ſince that unlucky invitation; however, I was ſtill extremely happy: and though Mr. Oneile was not at home when my brother came, yet every thing was carried on with equal decorum, and nothing wanting to give him the higheſt idea of my felicity. After dinner I related my whole ſtory to my brother; and after diſplaying all my eloquence on Mr. Oneile's goodneſs, generoſity and affability, I told him how much he was diſpleaſed at my father's not coming; and likewiſe, that it was for that reaſon, I could not have the pleaſure to introduce him to my benefactor. He was juſtly concerned, but told me he had ſaid ſo much to my father upon it, that he had not ſpoke to him for three days; and were I, ſaid he, as happy as you, I did not care if he never ſpoke to me more, for it is an Herculean labour to humour the caprice and peeviſhneſs of his diſp ſition. He would have been glad to have ſeen Mr. Oneile on his own account, but could not think of making an acquaintance thro' your means. This, my dear Jack, is the honeſt truth, and you, who know him ſo well, muſt pity my condition.

My brother and I parted, after mutual aſſurances of inviolable affection, and a promiſe to correſpond with each other. Mr. Oneile now prepared for our Northern expedition, and we were accompanied out of town by Arthur Hill, Eſq; brother to the Earl of Hillſborough, who is, perhaps, the moſt accompliſhed gentleman in Europe. There is in his converſation, eaſe, accuracy, and true humour, blended with a moſt refined delicacy, and all the ornaments of education. A perſon of the ſmalleſt capacity might, from one twelve-month's converſation with Mr. Hill, be made acquainted with all that is neceſſary to conſtitute a great

great and good character. I can never ſufficiently thank Mr. Oneile for introducing me to this excellent man; and to another whom I ſhall hereafter mention, whoſe friendſhip I have carried through all the rubbiſh of my misfortunes, which I eſteem as great an honour as I can poſſibly boaſt of.

The roads all thro' Ireland are extremely good, which makes travelling there very pleaſant; but I obſerved, that the further North we went, the worſe our accomodations at the inns were; but this was amply recompenced by the ingenious converſation of our fellow traveller, who had ſomething peculiarly good to ſay upon every ſubject, and would make even his talk to the landlord, or the oſtler, a ſcene of humour and entertainment. The ſecond day we were upon the road, I made choice to go in a one-horſe Dutch chaiſe with Mr. Hill's ſteward, to enjoy the fine air and proſpect. We had a footman to lead the chaiſe, as the horſe who drew us was an old offender, and apt to do miſchief when he conveniently could: but Mr. Hill's ſteward, juſt as we came to the top of a very ſteep mountain, ordered the footman to fall back, and undertook to manage the chaiſe himſelf. The moment the horſe found himſelf free from reſtraint, he ſet out in a full gallop down the hill, ſo that nothing could ſtop him till he had dragged the carriage after him for a mile and a half; and at laſt leaping over a large ditch of water, left the chaiſe behind him in it, with one of the ſhafts above a foot driven into the oppoſite bank, within a few inches of where my body fell, almoſt without life. The ſervants, who had all purſued us, by this time came and found me in a moſt diſaſtrous plight, up to my waſte in water and mud, pale and trembling.

As ſoon as the two gentlemen came up, they ſaid and did every thing to comfort me: but as there was no inn for ſome miles, I was put into the chariot with Mr. Hill; and Mr. Oneile rode on horſeback till we came to Hillſborough, and there ſtopt at Lord Hillſborough's houſe. The gentlemen would have perſuaded me to go to bed, but as I found that after taking

a glaſs or two of wine I was as well as ever; I juſt comforted myſelf with change of cloaths, and was fit to travel. I enquired ſeveral times what became of the ſteward who was with me, and how he had eſcaped; but received ſuch ambiguous anſwers, as gave me reaſon to conclude that his brains were daſhed out.

Certainly no perſon living had ever two more extraordinary eſcapes from ſudden death than I, in this, and the Ballycotton affair before mentioned; and yet there are two ſubſequent ones equally wonderful, the reflecting on which is ſometimes the moſt cordial antidote againſt deſpair.

For ſurely as inconſiderable an atom as I am in the work of creation, I am, nevertheleſs, under the ſpecial protection of an Almighty God, the ſole diſpoſer of all events; and I cannot help perſuading myſelf, that unleſs he deſigned me for ſome better fate than I have hitherto enjoyed, it would have been more conſiſtent with mercy and juſtice to have let me have found mortality then, than to prolong a life of pain, ſickneſs, and adverſity. Perhaps divines may cavil at this manner of arguing; if they do I cannot poſſibly help it.

From Hillſborough, we went directly to Mr. Hill's country ſeat, where we continued ſome days; and where painting, ſculpture, architecture, books, muſick, converſation, with the moſt hoſpitable treatment, conſpired to ſhew the exalted character and circumſtances of the gentleman whoſe gueſts we had the honour to be.

From hence, without meeting any thing remarkable, we came to Shanes-caſtle, a moſt dreary old manſion, ſituated on the banks of * Lough Neagh. The town or village about it is compoſed of miſerable little cottages, chiefly inhabited by fiſhermen, who make a livelihood

* To explain the word Lough to my readers, I believe it ſignifies a Lake, or large body of ſtanding water, without any communication with the ſea. This lough is remarkable for it's petrifying quality, and will turn wood into hard ſtone, as I have been told, but never ſaw a proof of it

livelihood of the ſalmon, which is taken here in great plenty. In the inſide of this caſtle, which formerly belonged to the famous Shane Oneile, and which might in thoſe days have been a ſtrong fortified place, the rooms are moſtly hung with old faſhioned tapeſtry, and the ſtairs and floors built of black Iriſh oak, which the ſervants keep clean by rubbing with bees wax and a hard bruſh; ſo that it reflects a gloomy gloſs, and is not altogether ſafe to walk upon: in ſhort, the whole ſcene brought Mr. Pope's lines to my memory.

She went to rivers and to purling brooks,
Old faſhioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.

Shanes Caſtle might inſpire veneration, like Henry the VIIth's chapel in Weſtminſter abbey; but was by no means calculated to inſpire delight. Upon our coming here, we were viſited by the Earl of Antrim, and Lord Maſſareen, with their ladies; and whether the compliment of their approving me, and my ſinging, was paid to Mr. Oneile's judgment, or to any real merit they found in it, I know not, but certain it is I had great encomiums.

Mr. Oneile had been at conſiderable expence to have a pleaſure boat built to ſail upon the Lough; which, tho' it is all freſh water, is as rough a ſea, at ſometimes as the Bay of Biſcay, being near fifty miles in circumference, interſperſed with many ſmall uninhabited iſlands. I am to inform my readers, that, from my infancy I have been of a timid temper, and delicate conſtitution, unfitted by form or abilities, for any athletic undertakings; and the dread I had of a ſea ſickneſs, from my former experience of it, made me have no gouſt for maritime expeditions.

Notwithſtanding the boat, as ſhe lay at an anchor oppoſite to Mr. Oneile's dreſſing-room window, with her ſtreamers flying, looked very pretty, yet I ſaw no neceſſity for truſting the precarious element of water, more than I did for mounting one of Mr. Oneile's running horſes. Therefore when a conſiderable party was made to go and take a few days recreation on the Lough, I heartily begged I might not be of the number, and gave my reaſons why I objected to it; but theſe had ſo little weight with the polite Mr. Oneile, that

he abſolutely uſed force to bring me, and compleatly pulled off the maſk of good manners, ſo long worn with conſtraint. As ſoon as the ſmall boat brought us on board, he obliged a contrivance to be made to haul me up to the top of the maſt, while four and twenty patteraroes were diſcharged. 'Tis true, I ſuſtained no damage by it, except the horror of my ſituation, and the vexation of being ſo contemptuouſly treated, joined to my being extremely ſick. The moment the boat was unmoored, was ſufficient to take from me any pleaſure I could poſſibly afterwards enjoy. When we caſt anchor before a beautiful iſland, and went aſhore, there were tents pitched for us, and we had ſeveral ſalmon taken, and roaſted whole on wooden ſpits before a large fire of wood, beſides all ſorts of cold proviſion and wine. To complete this entertainment, Mr. Oneile would have had me ſing, but I abſolutely refuſed to do it; telling him, that if he brought me here for a buffoon and a laughing-ſtock, he ſhould never have made me his companion. He then paſſed a good many ironical ſneers on my greatneſs and dignity, which he was very ſorry to have offended. 'Tis true, Sir, ſaid I, I am neither great, nor dignified by title or eſtate, but I am the ſon of a gentleman, and my diſtreſſes have brought me under your protection. Every inſtance of your friendſhip to me is gratefully regiſtered in my heart, but a few inſtances of this kind would be ſufficient to eraze them from it.

Whether Mr. Oneile was really aſhamed of what he had done, or only affected to be ſo, is hard to ſay; but I had reaſon to believe he was, from his very ſeriouſly aſking my pardon, and aſſuring me if I was his own ſon he would have done the ſame, ſince nothing was ſo unbecoming in a young gentleman as cowardiſe; and as you know, Jack, I have ever behaved to you like a father, and ever mean to do ſo, it is my duty, when I ſee a weakneſs in you, to endeavour to remove it. After I had given eaſe to my heart by a few tears, I accepted the treaty of peace, ſincerely forgot what had paſſed, and voluntarily offered to ſing. Upon this occaſion Mr. Oneile expreſſed great ſatisfaction; for, ſaid he, Jack, I find you have a proper degree of reſentment,

reſentment, and a ſuperlative degree of good nature.

Mr. Oneile is a gentleman of what the world calls extreme good ſenſe; he has learning enough to give him an inſight into all things requiſite for a man of five thouſand pounds a year to know, and prudence enough to manage both his fortune and knowledge, in ſuch a manner, as never to ſuffer either to be called in queſtion or impaired: for inſtance, when he is in company, where topicks ariſe that ſeem difficult to him, he either acknowledges his deficiency, and deſires information; or elſe is intirely ſilent. Upon the other hand, with regard to his fortune, he pays all his tradeſmen himſelf; and as he conſtantly pays ready money for every article the moment it comes home, he has things conſiderably cheaper than moſt other gentlemen, and has beſides an unblemiſhed reputation.

I obſerved, that whilſt I was at Shanes Caſtle no man ever more zealouſly ſtrove to make his company *drink too much* than Mr. Oneile, yet no man living was more careful to *avoid doing ſo himſelf*; for this reaſon, he always took care to have variety of bottles and glaſſes on the table: and perhaps, while the company were drinking deep of claret, he, under pretence of drinking champaigne, had a bottle of Briſtol water. He frequently endeavoured to faſten an extraordinary glaſs upon me, but without the leaſt ſucceſs; as I not only was averſe to all ſorts of liquor, but likewiſe knew the remarks he had made on others, who had ſuffered themſelves to be over-perſuaded in that reſpect. From this and what I have formerly ſaid, I fancy the general character of this gentleman may be gueſſed at by the diſcerning part of my readers. Mr. Oneile is rather a ſportſman than a man of taſte; rather a juſt, than a generous man; and rather a man of ſenſe than a man of letters.

There is one thing I am highly emulous to do in the courſe of my deſcriptions, and that is, to take my reader by the hand, and introduce him into the company and intimate converſation of the perſon I would have them acquainted with. There are ſome authors, who have wrote volumes, called *Lives*; the only information we receive from whom, is, that they were

born

born at ſuch a time, lived at ſuch a place, and died at laſt; all which common reaſon lets us know, and as Shakeſpear obſerves,

" There needs no ghoſt come from the grave
" To tell us this."

I would rather hear one hour of a great man's unreſerved converſation with a friend, and ſhould be more capable to form an idea of him from thence, than from fifty pages penn'd in the Ordinary of Newgate's ſtile, about his life, parentage, and education. Without a compliment to the memory of my mother, I think her bringing her readers to dinner with Dean Swift, has made them more intimate with the caſt of that great man's temper, than other *noble* efforts that have been made to give him to the world in a proper light.

As I never diſguiſed any part of my ſtory from Mr. Oneile, I was one afternoon giving him a humourous deſcription of Captain Pockrich, the glaſs projector, and likewiſe what hardſhips I had undergone with him. Mr. Oneile knew the man, and told me, that if he was to come down to Shanes Caſtle, he would get him a large benefit at Antrim, entertain him at his own houſe, and withal, that he would be glad if I wrote to him to that effect. Tho' I had no regard for the Captain, I was fond of his performances; and as I knew his coming would occaſion a publick meeting, and likewiſe ſhew the Captain the influence I had here, I wrote him word what Mr. Oneile mentioned, but did not receive an anſwer, as we the next day ſet out for Dawſon's bridge, in the county of Derry, the ſeat of Arthur Dawſon, Eſq; one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, and brother-in-law to Mr. Oneile. On our way hither we ſtayed one night at a place called the Ferry, where there is a ſmall river, and where fine large eels are in ſuch plenty, that any quantity of them may be caught at half an hour's warning. As the place afforded nothing but this fiſh, and ſome coarſe bread, we had ſome taken for us; they were very delicate in their kind, and we made a hearty ſupper of them, drinking ſome whiſky punch to waſh it down, the only liquor that could be had.

I found

I found my condition at Dawſon's bridge much happier than it had been at Shanes Caſtle; not only as both the Baron and his Lady received me with the tendereſt regard, but likewiſe, becauſe they had a ſon about my age, in whom I found a very agreeable companion. The Baron's manſion-houſe was then out of repair, and going to be rebuilt; but his diſcourſe was a perpetual feaſt of nectared ſweets, thro' which were conveyed to his auditors, with modeſty, affability and manly grace, the abſtract of all human knowledge. The Baron had known my mother and her family in happier hours; and was ſo kind to repreſent her and them in ſuch an amiable light to Mr. Oneile, and to expreſs ſo much regret for the injuries which had been done her in fortune and fame, that Mr. Oneile, who only knew her ſtory from general report, which is ſeldom partial to the unhappy, began to look on me in a different light from what he had heretofore done; and to complete the whole, he aſſured Mr. Oneile, that my mother was deſcended from as noble a family as any in Ireland; but the adherence of her anceſtor, Patrick Sarsfield (Lord Lucan ſon to the Earl of Killmallock) to King James the ſecond, whoſe general he was, during the wars in Ireland, and who accompanied him to France, and afterwards loſt his life in Flanders, had impaired the fortune of the family; but not in ſuch a manner as to deprive thoſe who conformed to the preſent eſtabliſhment of eſtate and dignity.

The Baron was a gentleman of a grave, reſerved and penetrating aſpect, tho' extremely handſome both in his perſon and countenance; but he had ſuch an unbounded flow of real wit and true humour, that he ſaid more good things in half an hour, and forgot them the next, than half the comick writers in the world have introduced into their plays; and what added to the delight ſuch an entertainment muſt afford, was, that it was all genuine, unſtudied and conciſe; ſo that while he ſat,

Laughter holding both her ſides:

He appeared himſelf with the ſame ſtedfaſtneſs that accompanied him on the bench as a judge: and ſo happy was this great man in the talent of unbend-

in

ing his mind, that he could even make companions of his ſon and myſelf, tho' both ſo young and giddy; nay, he would adapt his diſcourſe exactly to our degree of comprehenſion, and by that means become maſter of our minuteſt thoughts. He has wander'd with us for hours thro' his wide domains, leaped over ditches, looked for birds neſts, flown a kite, and played at marbles: he might in this reſpect be compared to that great Roman, who, when called on to ſerve the ſenate, was found toying amongſt his children.

I remember one day after dinner, when the company were inclined to be grave, he looked very earneſtly at me, and then addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Oneile; "I'm ſorry, dear brother, that my ſkill in aſtrology has led me into one ſecret of the events of time; and that is, that Jack Pilkington will come before me to be tried for his life; the particular fact I am not acquainted with, but it will probably be for ſheep-ſtealing: very well, Sir, ſaid he to me, when you hold up your hand at the bar, hold two fingers up and two down, in token of the promiſe I now make you, in regard to your family and Mr. Oneile; though the proof ſhould be ever ſo home againſt you, ſuch as your having ſold the ſkin, made broth of the head, and candles of the tallow, yet have a good heart, I'll bring you ſafely off for that time. Since ever I was a judge, I never ſaved a criminal at one aſſize, that I had not the trouble to condemn the next; and as you ſeem of an aſpiring temper, 'tis moſt likely the ſecond effort of your genius will be made in horſe-ſtealing: very well, Sir, upon this occaſion hold but one finger up, I'll ſave you: but the third time hold up your whole hand, for I cannot wrong my conſcience any further; hanged you muſt be, till you are dead; dead; dead! and the Lord have mercy on your ſoul.

I returned the Baron many thanks, and told him the only perſon I would wiſh to rob, would be himſelf.—Hold there, Sir, ſaid he, I am exempted; what, rob a judge? if you begin that way I'll take you up on ſuſpicion. I mean only to take that from you,

Sir,

Sir, which you can ſpare without even miſſing, learning, taſte and eloquence. Upon my word, ſaid Mr. Oneile, I never heard Jack make ſuch a ſpeech before.—I'll tell you, Sir, ſaid the Baron, he's flattering for a reprieve the third time; but he muſt uſe your intereſt for that, I have done for him all I can do.

The Baron told us, that, when he was a templar in London, he uſed ſometimes to dine at an ordinary, frequented by a Scotſman, who wore very dirty linen. He was one day, after dinner, leaning on his elbow, and informing a French barber, who ſat next him, of what an illuſtrious pedigree he was deſcended: in the mean time, ſaid the Baron, a great black louſe frequently ſaunter'd out of the wriſt of his ſhirt along his hand; and the Scotſman ſlily looking round to ſee that none obſerved him, inſtead of throwing it away or deſtroying it, as I expected, put it with his finger and thumb very tenderly up again. The barber, who had obſerved him, cried, *le diable! mon amies*, why you not kill de louſe who plaga you ſo? "Damn your ſaul, ſaid the Caledonian, he's the heed "of a clon, and if I moleſt him, they'll come down "by ten thouſands, for revenge." I thought, ſaid the Baron, it was full time for me to make my eſcape, and I took care how I dined with a Scotſman ever after.

Talking of the Scots brought another ſtory on the tapis, but by whom related I don't remember. The biſhop of Cork, agreat virtuoſo, and a learned and hoſpitable man, whenever he ſaw a ſtranger at church, who bore the appearance of a gentleman, uſed to invite him home to dinner. There happened a regiment to be quartered in Cork, ſeveral of whom were of that nation. An Engliſh gentleman, who was likewiſe an officer, but extremely fond of a jeſt, aſked a North Britiſh commander to go to church with him one Sunday morning, well knowing the Biſhop would invite them both: They accordingly went, and as they came out, the Biſhop, who knew the Engliſh gentleman, ſent his compliments to him, and if he and his friend were not engaged, ſhould be glad of their company to dinner. The Engliſhman preſſed the other to go, tho' he made

made ſeveral objections; at laſt he prevailed by telling him the Biſhop was a perſon of great intereſt, and might be very ſerviceable to him. When arrived within a quarter of a mile of the houſe, Gads ſo! ſaid the Engliſhman, I forgot to aſk you one very material queſtion, and that is, whether you have your catechiſe by heart? for it is his Lordſhip's cuſtom after dinner to examine the company round. "Deel rive my ſaul, quo he, gin I kin a word ont." Well, well, returned his friend, he always begins with the greateſt ſtranger, and if you can anſwer the firſt queſtion, it will hardly come to your turn again. Upon examining the prayer-book, he found it was only to tell his chriſtian name; but to make ſure work of it, he got the ſecond alſo, and was conning it in his mind till they arrived at the houſe; where his Lordſhip received them with all imaginable politeneſs, ſhewing them his ſtudy, his cabinet of curioſities, his gardens, improvements, and, in ſhort, every thing that could manifeſt his own judgment and give them pleaſure. At length the bell rung for dinner; and after it was over the Ladies retired, and bottles and glaſſes were placed on the table. The Biſhop, who had a mind to drink the ſtranger's health, ſaid, Captain, may I crave your name? The Scotſman inſtantly ſtood up, and anſwered, "William, my Lord;" and, without giving the Biſhop time to ſay any more, ran on with "my godefathers and godemothers, in my baptiſm, wherein I was made a member of Chreeſt, a cheeld of Gode, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heeaven," &c.

The biſhop, who had not a grain of fanaticiſm in him, ſtood amazed, and ſaid, Sir, I hope you think I'm too much a gentleman to catechiſe any one at my own table. The Engliſhman and the reſt of the company laughed immoderately, which completely put the captain out of countenance. The other, who, was known to be a wag, honeſtly owned he had done it for a joke; but the Scot told him he forgot the motto of the thiſtle, when he attempted to play upon him; however, there was no more

ſaid

ſaid about it, the evening was ſpent in great harmony, and the two officers went home together: But the Scotſman was ſo far from forgiving his acquaintance, that he challenged him to fight the next day, in ſpight of all the conceſſions a man of honour could make, and terminated his revenge by running him thro' the body, of which he died, leaving a diſtreſſed family behind him.

This, ſaid the Baron, is a comi-tragedy, and would have made a good ſtory, but for the cataſtrophe. I wiſh the Scot had adher'd to his motto, and only prick'd him, inſtead of running him thro' the guts.

Some days after this, to the great ſurpriſe of the Baron and all the family, who never ſuſpected I had the leaſt turn for ſcribbling, I produced at breakfaſt the following paraphraſe on Mr. Dawſon's ſtory, viz.

The Cautious Caledonian.

A Scotſman once in converſation
Was in a dreadful conſternation;
A louſe that brous'd about his neck,
Travell'd abroad in ſearch of peck;
Down his gigantic arm he ſtray'd,
And on his wriſt appearance made,
The prudent Scot, tho' fill'd with ſhame,
Still puſh'd him back from whence he came;
And talk'd as careleſs, gay and free,
Of his illuſtrious pedigree,
As if no ſorrow could invade
The brawny Caledonian blade.
A French monſieur, who next him ſat,
Preſum'd to give his friend a pat;
And ſaid, *mon bien amis*, pray kill
A louſe who bears you ſuch ill will.
The wary Scot, cry'd, "ſilence mon,
"He is the chieftain of a clon,
"Wha in ten thouſands would deſcend,
"Should I deſtroy their foremoſt friend."

The undeſerved applauſes this eſſay obtained from one of the moſt competent judges of poetry in Europe,

rope, was, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate circumſtance that could have befallen me, as it has ſet me a rhyming from that day to this. The compliment Mr. Dawſon paid me on it was: It's a wiſe ſon that knows his own father, nor could I myſelf ſwear you were Matt. Pilkington's; but any who ſaw even this, would declare you the ſon of Letty Pilkington, which is, by the bye, a much greater honour to you.

It was cuſtomary in this family, inſtead of puſhing the bottle about after dinner, (which is indeed too much practiſed in Ireland, ſo that a man, without keeping himſelf in a perpetual fever, by drinking to oblige his friends, is not thought a tolerable companion) inſtead of ſo deſtructive a method of at once killing time, reaſon, and ourſelves, we found the agreeable ſcheme of ſtory-telling, in a rainy afternoon, as high an entertainment as Bacchus in the houſe, or Ceres and Pomona in the groves, could poſſibly have afforded to us.

Tho' I never was capable of being more than an humble auditor, yet, by ſtrict obſervance, and a good memory, I have brought off one, beſides what has already been repeated, which, tho' generally known to my noble Hibernian ſubſcribers, may not be ſo to my illuſtrious Engliſh ones; ſo down it goes, and, as Falſtaff ſays, 'twill fill a page as well as better matter. That it is authentically true, may be depended on by all.

The late Earl of Roſs was, in character and diſpoſition, like the humourous Earl of Rocheſter; he had an infinite fund of wit, great ſpirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau-monde call pleaſures, and by thoſe means firſt impaired his fortune, as much as he poſſibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impoſſible, tho' I have heard much of it, but as it either tended to blaſphemy, or at the beſt obſcenity, it is better where it is. A nobleman could not, in ſo cenſorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confuſion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thouſand faults invented to complete

+ Richard Parſons, Earl Roſs, died June 26. 1741

plete the number of thoſe he had: nay, ſome aſſerted, that he dealt with the devil; eſtabliſhed a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork-hill; and that one W——m, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned; but what won't malicious folks ſay? Be it as it will, his Lordſhip's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the groom-porter's, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none ſurpaſſed him in generoſity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Reverend Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordſhip was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his paſt life; the particulars of which he mentioned, ſuch as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaſpheming his maker, and, in ſhort, all manner of wickedneſs; and exhorting him in the tendereſt manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confeſſing his manifold tranſgreſſions, and ſoliciting his pardon from an offended deity, before whom he was ſhortly to appear.

It is neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that the late †Earl of Kildare was one of the moſt pious noblemen of the age, and in every reſpect a contraſt in character to Lord Roſs. When the latter, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of ſpirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, ſealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e: he likewiſe prevailed on the Dean's ſervant to carry it, and to ſay it came from his maſter, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny little man, extremely formal and delicate, inſomuch, that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the moſt ſhining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this ſingle inſtance may be judged with what ſurprize and indignation he read over the

† Robert Earl of Kildare: married Lady Mary O'Brien March 1700. Died Feb. 20. 1743 aged 69

the Dean's letter, containing ſo many accuſations for crimes he knew himſelf entirely innocent of. He firſt ran to his Lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epiſtle he had juſt received. Her ladyſhip was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could poſſibly be, but withal, obſerved the letter was not written in the ſtile of a madman, and adviſed him to go to the Archbiſhop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordſhip ordered his coach, and went to the epiſcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accoſted him in this manner; "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blaſphemer, a whore-monger, a gameſter, a rioter, and every thing that's baſe and infamous? You, my Lord, ſaid the Biſhop, every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godlineſs and virtue. Well, my Lord, what ſatisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge. Surely, anſwered his Grace, no man in his ſenſes, that knew your Lordſhip, would preſume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of ſuch an offence, your Lordſhip will have ſatisfaction from the ſpiritual court. Upon this Lord K—e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning deliver'd, by the Dean's ſervant, and which both the Archbiſhop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand writing. The Archbiſhop immediately ſent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons. Before he entered the room, his Grace adviſed Lord K—e to walk into another apartment, while he diſcourſed the Gentleman about it, which his Lordſhip accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looking very ſternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean anſwered, I did, my Lord. Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of ſenſe and prudence, but this unguarded action muſt leſſen you in the eſteem of all good men; to throw out ſo many cauſeleſs invectives againſt the moſt unblemiſhed nobleman in Europe, and accuſe him of crimes to which he and his family

mily have ever been ſtrangers, muſt certainly be the effect of a diſtempered brain: beſides, Sir, you have by this means laid yourſelf open to a proſecution in the eccleſiaſtical court, which will either oblige you publickly to recant what you have ſaid, or to give up your poſſeſſions in the church. My Lord, anſwered the Dean, I never either think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be proſecuted for diſcharging the duties of my function, I will ſuffer patiently the ſevereſt penalties in juſtification of it. And ſo ſaying the Dean retired with ſome emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord K——e went home, and ſent for a proctor of the ſpiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be ſent to him as ſoon as poſſible. In the mean time the Archbiſhop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foreſaw that ruin muſt attend his entering into a ſuit with ſo powerful a perſon, went to his houſe, and recommended to him to aſk my Lord's pardon, before the matter became publick. Aſk his pardon, ſaid the Dean, why the man is dead! What! Lord K——e dead! No, Lord Roſs. Good God, ſaid the Archbiſhop, did not you ſend a letter yeſterday to Lord K——e? No truly, my Lord, but I ſent one to the unhappy Earl of Roſs, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did. Upon examining the ſervant, the whole miſtake was rectified, and the Dean ſaw with real regret, that Lord Roſs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he ſent off the letter. The poor footman loſt his place by the jeſt, and was indeed the only ſufferer for my Lord's laſt piece of humour.

Some ſtrange gentlemen arriving at Dawſon's-bridge, there was a hunting match propoſed, to which we all repaired by day-break the next morning, and very ſhortly ſtarted a hare. When it was almoſt run down, Mr. Oneile, who had a fowling-piece charged with bullets in his hand, and who perceived, by the courſe

courſe the hare took, that ſhe would come within ſhot of him, aſked me if he ſhould let fly at her? I adviſed him to do it by all means. He therefore ſtood cocked and primed, and juſt as madam puſs came near enough for her approaching fate, I ran acroſs the piece, at the inſtant it went off, and only had a little breach made in my coat at the hip, and a ſlight graze of a ball. Mr. Oneile, who knew the danger I had expoſed myſelf to much better than I did myſelf, was very much frighted, and proteſted I ſhould never run any more riſques of my life with him, in purſuit of pleaſure. This was the firſt of the eſcapes from death I formerly mentioned; the other is rather more ſurpriſing.

At our return to Shanes-Caſtle I found a very thankful letter from Captain Pockrich, with a promiſe that he would immediately ſet out for this place. When I ſhewed it to Mr. Oneile he ſeemed ſurprized, and aſked me by what authority I had given ſuch an invitation? I reminded him of our converſation on that head, and ſaid I ſhould never have taken ſuch a liberty without his abſolute order. He proteſted he remembered nothing of it; and added, that he thought one encumbrance ſufficient. This was an unexpected ſtab, which I plainly underſtood, and warmly replied to, by telling him, his preſent incumbrance, if he meant me, was eaſily got rid of; that my misfortunes had not got the better of that decent degree of pride which every rational creature ought to have. But the truth was this, my voice now began to break into a hoarſe diſagreeable tenor, and I being no longer the object of amuſement, was likely to become the object of contempt. All the fine promiſes formerly made to me were intirely forgotten, and young as I was, I could not but feel reſentment at this behaviour, and penetrate into its cauſes. However, Mr. Oneile, who had ſo recently recommended me to all his acquaintances, and told them his intentions were to provide handſomely for me, wanted a more plauſible pretext for an open breach than had hitherto preſented itſelf from the courſe of my behaviour.

As

As a mutual coolneſs from this day took place in us both, we ſeldom met, except at meal times, and then diſcourſed of nothing but the weather; and, in ſhort, began as politely to deteſt one another, as any well-bred Lord and Lady in the world could poſſibly do; and that is ſpeaking largely, in an age where every refined paſſion of the ſoul, every beauteous idea of the mind, every generous ſentiment of the heart are ſhuffled up in a pack of cards; where the dupe who looſes, or the ſharper who wins, is the only reſpected creature in ſociety. Tell a fine lady that Shakeſpear wrote like an angel; ſhe anſwers, How did he play at whiſt? Nay, the name of *Pope* would have been inſipid, only that the Rape of the Lock ſhews how eminent a maſter of gaming he was. In ſhort, I take it for granted, that no ſubject will now pleaſe, but cards, cards, cards; and therefore I humbly propoſe to write a paraphraſe upon *Hoyle*, as ſoon as I have finiſhed this; which, neatly bound in Turkey, a lady may read at church inſtead of her prayer-book; and it will prove of more ſervice to her in the buſineſs of the afternoon, namely, cards, than getting a whole ſermon by rote. The next puſh I intend to make for public favour, is to write the pedigree of all the running horſes that ever exiſted, and their peculiar qualities, in heroic verſe, which will not make a larger volume than the profound Blackmore's Prince Arthur. 'Tis with the ſincereſt regret I confeſs, that I am at preſent unequal to ſo glorious, uſeful, and profitable an undertaking; tho' I might have had a ſufficient knowledge of it, could I have reliſhed the company of grooms and poſtilions at Shanes Caſtle, or indeed given a proper attention to the Squire himſelf, whoſe favourite ſubjects thoſe things were; but I don't deſpair, by drinking a butt or two of porter, and exhaling the aromatic flavour of a pound or two of tobacco, at ſome livery ſtable, to be an accompliſhed maſter of the ſubject in a year or two: if then I can cloſe the whole with an elegant eſſay on cock-fighting, I ſhall at leaſt be eſteemed the maſter-piece of the preſent age, tho' I fail to tranſmit my fame to future ones. If I ſhould not

ſucceed

ſucceed in theſe laudable attempts as a writer, my familiarity with thoſe important affairs, will enable me to get my livelihood as a *Sharper*; many of whom are admitted into the beſt companies, and regaled on Ortolans and Champaigne, while the ſons of Apollo are left to drink the Helicon ſtream, or ditch-water, if they pleaſe.

After modeſtly aſking, "Are not theſe things ſo?" I'll return from this digreſſion to finiſh my adventures at Shanes-Caſtle, wherein I ſhall be very conciſe, being already tired of the ſubject, and fearing my readers are ſo too. My life here began to be very inſipid, I had no company or books; for though Mr. Oneile had promiſed acceſs to his library, yet I never even ſaw a book in the houſe, and therefore have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect there were none.

One very calm ſerene morning I got up ſooner than any of the family, and taking a ſolitary walk by the Lough, that now appeared like a looking-glaſs, in which the fair face of the riſing day was reflected with bewitching lovelineſs, I took the ſmall boat that lay near the ſhore, and thought to have paddled myſelf on board the large one, about a quarter of a mile off. The boat was no ſooner adrift than I perceived my own want of ſkill to pilot her, and began to endeavour to get on ſhore, but theſe efforts were unſucceſsful: a ſmall breeze from the land ariſing the boat drove before it in ſpight of all my attempts, the wind encreaſed, and the water beginning to ſwell, I was obliged to relinquiſh my oar, and leave myſelf to the mercy of the waves, expecting every moment to meet that fate which ſo apparently threatened me. I continued in this dreadful ſituation till about ten o'clock, when Mr. Oneile was going to breakfaſt and made enquiry after me; every place was ſearched, but poor Jack was not to be found. On ſome of the ſervants going to the pier, where the boat had been faſtened, they diſcovered it was gone: Mr. Oneile immediately went up to a room which commanded an extenſive proſpect of the water, and with a teleſcope diſcovered ſomething juſt diſcernable, a conſiderable diſtance from land.

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He immediately ordered the fiſhing boats out, and promiſed a handſome reward to the firſt who found the boat, though he was not ſure I was in it. Accordingly ſix or ſeven boats ſet ſail, but it was paſt three in the afternoon before they overtook me, being by that time in the middle of the Lough: they found me lying flat at the bottom of the veſſel, and almoſt dead with fear, wet, cold and hunger. The appearance of my deliverers, ſoon recalled my exhauſted ſpirits, nor could crowns, ſceptres or all the riches of the Eaſt, inſpire a greater tranſport in my breaſt than did the ſight of theſe honeſt fiſhermen. I embraced them with extaſy, and beſought them, for heaven's ſake, to put me any where on ſhore; if it was fifty miles from Shane's Caſtle I care not. The fellows tugged luſtily at their oars, and by the time it was near dark, brought me ſafely to the pier, where Mr. Oneile and all the family were aſſembled to meet us. The rapture I was in at finding myſelf once more on *terra firma*, prevented my taking much notice of the reproaches thrown on me by Mr. Oneile for my indiſcretion. I made the beſt of my way to the kitchen fire, where I had ſome comfortable things given me, and immediately went to bed. The next morning when I came to breakfaſt, Mr. Oneile told me, that this was the fourth eſcape, I had had from a ſudden death within twelve months; and that, as my family might impute any accident that happened to me, to his negligence, he thought it was high time to reſign his charge, and ſend me home to my father. As this was a ſtroke I had for ſome time expected, it did not much alarm me; nor did I indeed take any methods to evade it, being heartily tired of an indolent, inactive, and unimproving life; I therefore told him, that as I always had been ready to obey him in every reſpect, he would find me ſo in this, except that I abſolutely would not return to my father, let my fate be what it would. I thought, Jack, ſaid he, you would have expreſſed more concern for parting with me? In ſhort, Sir, ſaid I, it has long been beyond a doubt, that you will feel no concern for parting with me, otherwiſe this decla-

ration of yours would have been more dreadful to me than was the accident of yeſterday. There is not a man in the world I honour or eſteem half ſo much as Mr. Oneile, and conſequently I cannot wiſh to make him uneaſy for the ſake of a dependent ſubſiſtance; beſides, Sir, as you never ſaw any thing immoral or indecent in my conduct, I can't but know, that if you had the ſmalleſt eſteem for me, this accident would rather exite your pity than reſentment; becauſe it was ſuch as might have befallen a perſon of more years and diſcretion than myſelf: and I have moreover ſuffered ſeverely for it.

As my arguments did not tend to promote my longer continuance here, but rather to ſhew that this ſeparation was more his will, than my fault, he told me, that as he found I was weary of him, the ſtage-coach would leave Belfaſt in a day or two, and I might take my paſſage in it to Dublin, if I choſe; but, ſaid he, Jack, if you have a mind to ſtay, you are ſtill welcome, provided you will be a little more careful of yourſelf. I told him a hint to me was ſufficient, and without prolonging the diſcourſe, went and packed up all my things, which his valet, a moſt inſinuating deceitful fellow, took care to give him ſpeedy information of. When I came to dinner Mr. Oneile again acquainted me, that what he ſpoke of my going away was rather done to ſound my inclination, than with any ſerious intention that I ſhould quit him; but he could not, upon mature deliberation, but expreſs his wonder at my forwardneſs to do it, when my own ſenſe muſt acquaint me how deſtitute I was of friends, and picture to me the diſtreſs ſuch a ſtep muſt involve me in; for believe me, Jack, ſaid he, I will vindicate myſelf, by aſſuring every body, your going, if you do go, was the reſult of your own pride and obſtinacy; and that when I only gently chid you for expoſing your life to danger, and my mind to a whole day's pain and anxiety, you went and prepared for a journey, inſtead of endeavouring to palliate your fault, and promiſing a future amendment. I told him I could not look on what had happened to me as a crime; nor could I,

thro'

thro' the fear of any impending diſtreſs, deſcend to be a beggar for a maintainance. Well, Jack, ſaid he, this ſpirit may be brought down, and you may again wiſh you had continued with me at any rate: I ſhall not further oppoſe your deſire of going, and hope you may never find cauſe to repent it; ſo, ſaid he, I'll order a ſervant and a couple of horſes to convey you to Belfaſt to-morrow, from whence you may take the ſtage home; and if it will not be too great a piece of condeſcenſion, pray write to me when you get there, and let me know what you farther propoſe to do. I replied, he did me much honour in permitting me to be his correſpondent, but added, that I ſhould certainly do myſelf the honour of writing to him.

Early the ſucceeding morning a footman came to tell me every thing was ready, and Mr. Oneile waited breakfaſt for me. When I came down I found him reclined in a penſive manner, with his elbow on the table, and his hand ſupporting his head: he continued for ſome time ſilent, which made me enquire if he was unwell? He ſaid he had ſlept none all night, he was ſo much concerned for my future happineſs. I then gently reminded him how much it was in his power to promote it, by even doing what himſelf generouſly offered to me at Middleton. Jack, ſaid he, you ſhould have embraced it then; I told you my temper was changeable, and you now experience it, I anſwered, with tears in my eyes, it was but too apparent. I have, ſaid he, paid for your place in the coach, your expences on the road will not be great, and, therefore, I believe the ſum I ſhall give you will be ſufficient to anſwer the end: ſaying this, he ſlipt four half guineas into my hand, which I careleſsly threw into my coat pocket, and mounting my horſe, was ſoon out of ſight.

Reſentment for ſome time kept up my ſpirits, but when I beheld myſelf in a bleak loneſome country, without a friend near me, or the hope of meeting one where I was going, and then my not having money ſufficient, as I thought, to pay my travelling expences, ſunk me into the deepeſt melancholy, which could only find relief from a flood of tears: they continued plen-

tifully to flow till I came to Belfaſt, where Mr. Oneile's ſervant left me. Being called up before day-break in the morning to take my place, the dawning light diſcovered me in company with two clergymen and two ladies, one of whom appeared a perfect beauty. The ſight of the lovely charmer, and the hope of being her companion for two or three days, diſſipated, for the preſent, all my gloomy reflections; and my having been ſo long converſant with perſons of fortune, made me talk ſo much in their ſtile, that I believe the company took me for ſuch, at leaſt the conſequence ſtrongly indicated it; for when we ſtop'd to breakfaſt, one of the Levites, who I afterwards learned was Archdeacon Hutcheſon, now a prelate, ſaid, that it was cuſtomary, where there were more gentlemen than ladies in a coach, to treat them. To this, indeed, nothing but the narrowneſs of my purſe could make me have the leaſt objection, nor did I offer to do it publickly, whatever panicks I felt about it; but the other man, who was a diſſenting parſon, and as formal as a full-dreſſed old maid, or a methodiſt weaver in Spital-fields, warmly oppoſed it, and ſaid, let every one pay their own quota, I will pay for no one but myſelf. This ſet us all on bantering the old gentleman, and the amiable and lovely Miſs Molly Wier began now to court him. He was greatly enraged at being made the ſubject of our ridicule, and neither liking the company or the expence, took his leave of us the next afternoon.

Miſs Wier had a fine voice, and ſung very well, and very freely for us. I had now but the ruins of my former voice, which made mine a foil to her admirable one. The Arch-deacon was fond of poetry, and repeated ſeveral beautiful pieces to us, which, with other chat, made our journey very agreeable: but, as we ſtill continued to pay for the ladies, my poor ſum was quite exhauſted before I came within a few miles of Dublin; and I ſhould certainly have been put to the bluſh on this occaſion, but that, as our laſt ſtage was at the man of war, an excellent inn about twelve miles from our journey's end, the ladies inſiſted on their turn to treat; and accordingly they ordered an entainment

tertainment more elegant than they had ever received from us, and more expenſive, I am certain, than our coſt upon the whole. We here revealed ourſelves to each other, and reciprocal invitations were paſſed and received for our future better acquaintance.

I was ſet down in Dublin with about eighteen pence in my pocket, moſt of which I had to pay for a coach to carry my baggage ſomewhere, but the deſtination of it, or myſelf, was undetermined till I was in it. My grand-mother being then alive, and lodging within a few doors of my father, I deſired to be ſet down there, as I knew I might depoſite my portmantua with her, tho' I could not hope for a night's lodging. That permiſſion I found; but indeed that was all, for ſhe ſeemed in pain the few moments I ſtayed, leſt I ſhould eat any thing; but under pretence, that if my father knew ſhe received me, ſhe might loſe a little allowance ſhe had from him for her ſupport. My brother, who then lived with her, received me more cordially, and procured me a bed with a ſchool-fellow of ours, then a ſtudent in Trinity-college. He was a ſenſible good-natured lad, and as he became my bedfellow, I told him all my affairs. He ſaid, I ſhould be welcome not only to ſhare his bed, but his commons, which he would have brought to his chamber while I continued with him. This he accordingly did, and though I had not an elegant life, I had a very happy one, as my companion was greatly beloved by all the young gentlemen that knew him, and received frequent invitations, always to bring me with him wherever he went.

My brother, likewiſe, was frequently a ſharer in our little parties of recreation and entertainment; and my being qualified to dreſs extremely well, was far from making my company the leſs agreeable. My ſinging, which had hitherto rendered me an idler as to my reading, being now quite ſpoiled, I applied all my leiſure hours to ſuch books as my companion ſtudied. I know the critick will ſay here, "This young man's leiſure hours in the univerſity muſt have been very few." I tell you, Sir, legebam, I read or did read. If I did not improve, ſo as to pleaſe you, a pox of my bringing up; and upon my bad memory, for not re-

taining ſome ſcraps of Latin, to lugg in by head and ſhoulders, and make my female readers want an interpreter.

My friend had a levee of young gentlemen every morning, who entertained us with an account of all their adventures, and different ſchemes to raiſe money. There was one of them in particular, who did not belong to the college, as he had been educated in the Romiſh religion, but was a complete maſter of low humour, which will amuſe young hearers, though not create eſteem; he had frequently breakfaſted and dined with us, and as frequently promiſed that he would one day or other give us a grand entertainment at a tavern. We looked on him as a rattler, and had no hopes of his keeping his word; but one evening, that three or four of us were really at a loſs how to compaſs a ſupper, he thundered at the door, and jumping in, in full ſpirits, cry'd, come lads, come to Reileys, I've money enough. Without ſaying more he flew for a coach, and hurrying us all into it, ordered to drive to the tavern. My dear lads, ſaid he, how I bleſs the occaſion that brings us together! Nectar, Ambroſia, Champaign, Burgundy, Turtles and Ortolans, are at your ſervice. Now regale, my boys; I have, beſides, the moſt extraordinary ſtory to tell you, that you muſt laugh at in ſpite of your teeth: any man that can hear it, and not burſt his ſides, will abſolutely give me offence. No, I'm determined to kill you firſt with good eating and drinking, and bring you alive with laughter.

By this time we were ſet down, and Willy, for ſo the lads called him, ſtept majeſtically up to the bar, and ordered the coach to be paid for. Now, gentlemen, ſaid he, walk to the larder, and let every man fix on what he likes beſt: the place being well ſtocked with fiſh, fowl, beef, mutton, ham and tongues. A ſupper was ſoon concluded on, but when he heard there could no ortolans be had, he was quite out of temper with the waiter; not, fellow, ſaid he, that I ever eat one, but that I'm told they are damn'd expenſive. Can't you let us have a pheaſant or a turtle? He aſſured him they could not be had. Well then, ſaid

he,

he, bring up Burgundy, Champaigne, Claret, Port, Mountain and Sack.

It may be ſuppoſed his talking at this rate procured us the beſt room in the houſe, where we were no ſooner ſeated than the waiter brought a bottle of each of the wines that he had ordered. Go, fetch them by dozens, you raſcal, ſaid he, and in the mean time order your maſter to make an inundation of rum, and a ſea of rack punch. He had talked all this without permitting us to utter our aſtoniſhment. We all knew he was kept very poorly as to his pocket, very ſeldom having two ſhillings to command; which made us quite impatient to know on what foundation this mighty fabrick was erected. He beſought us to ſuſpend our curioſity till we had drank one bottle a-piece, which was done before ſupper was ready. In the mean time he exerted all his humour to divert us from coming to his fifth act, as he termed it, before we had attended to the firſt; ſo that other converſation ariſing, the bottle moving briſkly about, and the entrance of ſupper, a moſt welcome ſight to a parcel of hungry ſophiſters, kept us from further enquiry.

Before ſupper was well over, a fidler, a harper, and a piper, came to know if our honours wanted muſick; and as the wine put our ſpirits a little more upon a par with Willy's, we unanimouſly voted the band of muſick into the room, where they ſtruck up immediately, and added much to our enjoyment, as they were ordered not to play but ſuch tunes as were demanded. This mirth kept us awake till near four in the morning; at which time having all drank too freely, it was neceſſary to come to an eclairciſſement about the reckoning. Willy called the waiter, who had made out the bill upwards of 12 pounds. After he had received this, he inſiſted on our drinking the parting bottle, and hearing the hiſtory of his acquiſition.

"You muſt know, ſaid he, my mother is the moſt egregious old hypocrite this day upon earth. She has money hid in every hole and corner of the houſe: ſometimes ſhe lends it out to uſe; and frequently in a morning, when ſhe is in the midſt of her devotion over her beads, ſhe calls my brother to be ſure to ar-

reſt ſuch a man, and take care that the intereſt is paid for ſuch and ſuch ſums. She does not allow me a ſhilling from year to year, nor have I any comfort but what I induſtriouſly procure by ſtealing from her. She generally keeps her caſh in a Chriſtmas-box, which ſhe guards like the apple of her eye, and which I have made a thouſand unſucceſsful attempts to ſteal. Laſt night my better genius inſpired me with a ſtratagem, which, not to anticipate your pleaſure, you ſhall particularly hear: ſhe has a long time been teazing me to go to confeſſion, and to make my ſoul, as ſhe terms it, with father Murphy;—and when I have refuſed her, ſhe cried, "Jeſus, Mary "and Joſeph, take you out of my ſight; if you were "but with Mary and Joſeph, my cares would be all "over." I went home laſt night, and ſhe was juſt lain down in bed. I entered the chamber, and falling on my knees, beſought her bleſſing, and forgiveneſs of all my crimes, as if I had been with father Murphy, and he had enjoined me firſt to do that, and then faſt for three days, inceſſantly praying to Mary and Joſeph. The old woman was ſo delighted with this account, that ſhe ſat up in the bed, and beſought Mary and Joſeph to take me into their ſpecial protection. In the mean time, ſaid he, I loſt not the fair opportunity of diving into the pocket under her head for the Chriſtmas box, which I have triumphantly brought off without the leaſt ſuſpicion, and my dear mother has had a peaceable night's reſt through my deception. The moment I got the prize I flew to you, my dear boys, without ever examining the contents; ſo ſaying, he pulled out the box, threw it on the table, and deſired one who ſat next to him to count it out, *pro bono publico*. The lad found it weighty, and concluded it contained at leaſt twenty pieces; but upon unſcrewing it there appeared, to our mutual confuſion, the lead of a woman's ſleeve, and about a dozen of large black patches. By G—d, ſaid Willy we are totally ruined; the old woman has loſt her noſe, and theſe are the patches ſhe puts on it, which I have miſtaken for a box of the ſame ſize that ſhe keeps her caſh in."

How the reckoning was to be paid became now ſeriouſly

ſeriouſly the queſtion, for five ſhillings was not in the company. Some of the lads took their hats, and made the beſt of their way out, ſo that only myſelf and two others remained to ſee the cataſtrophe. He beſought us to go and leave him to his meditations, for I know, ſaid he, if the worſt comes to the worſt, the old woman will redeem me: But damn it, ſaid he, I'll try another ſtratagem. Upon this he called the waiter, and aſked where his maſter was? The boy told him in bed. Well, ſaid he, go aſk him if he can change me a fifty pound bank note. The boy brought word he could not, but if his honour would ſign the bill, and leave his direction, it was the ſame thing. This he readily did, and departed in high ſpirits. He came to us the next evening, and told us his mother had paid the bill upon ſight, without the leaſt heſitation; from whence, ſaid he, "I conclude ſhe is "either gone mad, or elſe very near her end."

In my walks thro' the city, I met the unfortunate Captain Pockrich, who told me he was juſt returned from Shanes Caſtle, which journey he took at my inſtigation, and had not got as much by it as paid his expences; however, he ſaid, Mr. Oneile had entertained him, and ſpoke very kindly of me. Well, Captain, ſaid I, I am ſorry you had no better ſucceſs, but your diſappointment there, was not more intolerable than mine in the hundred a year.

During my reſidence in the college I became acquainted with an agreeable ſet of people, ſome of whom it may not be improper to name. Colonel Newburgh, whom I have formerly mentioned, is both a lover and profeſſor of muſick and poetry. He was intimate with Mr. Burroughs, then a Maſter of Arts in the College, and introduced me to that gentleman, who was upon many occaſions very kind to me. He has a fine poetical genius, and has publiſhed ſome ſpecimens of it. Upon the death of Mr. Pope, one Dalicourt, a clergyman, and an indifferent poet, wrote an elegy, in which he repreſented death in a charnel houſe, feeding his ravenous jaws on departed merit. Upon this occaſion Mr. Burroughs wrote the following epigram:

When Dalicourt ſhall yield to fate,
And death the hapleſs poet eat;
If merit be his chief regale,
Poor death will have a ſorry meal.

Amongſt this company I met with Mr. The. Cibber, whoſe late untimely end may render ſome anecdotes of him now the more acceptable to my reader; and as I ſtudy their entertainment more than regularity, I hope they will pardon my digreſſions.

Old Mr. Cibber, who knew the precarious life of a player, determined, by giving his ſon a good education, to qualify him for a better ſtate; and to this end he ſent him to an univerſity, and intended him for the law or phyſick; but Theophilus had ſo ſtrong a propenſity to the ſtage, that the firſt thing he ever diſobliged his father in, was becoming a player. That he excelled in ſeveral comick parts has never been diſputed, even by his numerous enemies, and I believe no man ever had more. The Mock Doctor and Scrub he was inimitable in, even to the laſt. Sir Courtly Nice, Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Novelty Faſhion, and Lord Foppington, were parts in which he was generally applauded; and his being ſo ſeam'd with the ſmall-pox, made the coxcomb more ridiculous by his playing it. The Laureat frequently declared to my mother, that he would never have believed Theophilus was his ſon, but that he knew the mother of him was too proud to be a whore.

On his firſt arrival in Dublin he was very well received, and entertained in ſome of the beſt families, as I myſelf have been witneſs. The ſtory of his domeſtick infelicity was little known in Ireland; and his being rather the gentleman than the comedian in private converſation, made him doubly acceptable. Mr. Sheridan had then lately made his appearance, who being the ſon of a clergyman, educated in their own univerſity, and having a pretty knack at ſpouting, became the favourite of the town in tragedy; nor was Mr. Cibber leſs ſo in his comick capacity. But Mr. Sheridan, being of a proud aſpiring temper, took offence that any one ſhould be applauded but himſelf;

in

in conſequence of which, he picked a quarrel with Theophilus, about a tragedy robe, that he was to have worn in the part of Cato, and made this pretence to diſmiſs a numerous and polite audience. Cibber, who knew the nature of an audience much better than Sheridan, when he found they murmured about being treated in this manner, came from behind the ſcenes in the dreſs of Syphax, and offered to read the part of Cato, if they would permit the play to proceed. The audience accepted of him, and he acquitted himſelf to their ſatisfaction. In the mean time, Sheridan goes to the college, and acquaints the lads there that Cibber had uſed him extremely ill, and had the impudence to attempt Cato, and to keep the company after he had warned them to depart. This he alleged was done to undermine his intereſt with the public, and to prepoſſeſs them in Cibber's favour, who wanted to have the management of the Theatre in his own hands. The young gentlemen, irritated by theſe inſinuations, went in a conſiderable body to the Theatre, the next night that Cibber appeared, bred a great diſturbance, broke up the company, and obliged Theophilus to procure the ſafety of his life, by making his eſcape through a window.

Upon this a literary diſpute commenced between Theophilus Cibber, comedian, and Thomas Sheridan, tragedian; which, on Cibber's part, was ſupported with true wit and humour, wherein he expoſed his antagoniſt, and fairly confuted all his arguments. Sheridan who had neither wit, candour or juſtice on his ſide, had recourſe to malignity and dirt, bringing over in a cruel manner Mr. Cibber's family affairs, which, admitting the worſt, had no connection with the preſent conteſt. However, Cibber rallied him very genteelly on this head; and tho' Sheridan was then perfectly idolized, Cibber got the laugh againſt him thro' the whole diſpute, as may be ſeen by looking over a pamphlet publiſhed in Dublin, called Cibber and Sheridan, or the Dublin Miſcellany.

But the many diſturbances Mr. Sheridan's capricious, ſplenetick and haughty temper has ſince occaſioned in

in Dublin, and his frequently affronting perſons ſuperior to him in birth and fortune, as if he ſupported the town, inſtead of the town ſupporting him, at length cured them of their partiality to this theatrical baſhaw, and encouraged them to take arms and tear the houſe down about his ears. Upon this he came to London, and practiſed all the arts of *puffing himſelf off* that had proved ſo beneficial to him in Ireland; but played a whole ſeaſon at Covent-Garden, with univerſal diſapprobation. He again returned to Dublin, and upon a proper ſubmiſſion *to the publick*, was again permitted to play; but his ambition and envy made him decline admitting any one into the company, whereof he was manager, whoſe merits could ſtand in any degree of competition with his own, or who could at any time eclipſe his glory. This he endeavoured to gloſs over, by decorating the play-houſe with ſilver branches and new ſcenes; but as the nobility and gentry had too long indulged his vanity, they at once forſook him, and ſubſcribed to an entire new play-houſe, which is now under the management of Sprainger Barry and Henry Woodward, Eſqrs; who have each of them merit to deſerve encouragement, and modeſty enough to make a proper uſe of it.

Poor Theophilus, after encountering a thouſand difficulties here, in endeavouring to eſtabliſh himſelf at the theatre in the Hay-market, was going over to Dublin, to recruit the then almoſt deſerted theatre in Smock-alley, together with the ſurpriſing wire-dancer, Mr. Maddox; alſo, the Earl of Drogheda, and others, who were altogether ſhipwrecked, and every ſoul periſhed on the coaſt of Scotland,* 1758.

Mr.

* With Mr. Cibber alſo periſhed the widow Pockrich, formerly of Dublin; a woman poſſeſſed of many accompliſhments, and ſome fortune. She had unaccountably attach'd herſelf to this unhappy man, who often acknowledged himſelf highly oblig'd to her excellent counſels, and unalterable affection for him; declaring, that ſhe had, by her ſuperior good ſenſe, and amiable prudence,

Mr. Sheridan, ſince his laſt defeat, is again returned here, and very modeſtly propoſes to talk four times in publick, on the ſubject of elocution, for which every hearer is to pay one guinea. Orator Henly would have

prudence, reclaimed him from many of his irregularities. And in truth, poor TUR, was greatly reformed, before he made his final exit from off this tranſitory ſtage of mortality.

Perhaps it may afford ſome amuſement to my readers, if I here inſert an authentic copy of Mrs. Pockrich's letter to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, faithfully tranſcribed from the original, in her own hand-writing.

Copy of a Letter to his Grace the Archbiſhop, &c.

My Lord,

HOwever uncommon addreſſes of this ſort may be, to perſons of your Grace's eminence, I hope the occaſion will plead my excuſe.

My mind, for ſome time paſt, has laboured under doubts, which, by their continuance, are become intolerably painful to me: To whom then can I more properly apply for ſpiritual advice and comfort? Your Grace's unaffected piety, unbounded charity, and conſummate wiſdom, embolden me to hope, that I ſhall be conſidered as one of the flock which heaven has conſigned to your care; and to convince your Lordſhip that I am not quite unworthy of that bleſſing, give me leave to lay before you a brief account of my former life, and preſent condition: in which (by all my hopes of happineſs here or hereafter) I will neither gloſs, diſguiſe or conceal, a ſingle thought or action.

I am the daughter of a man and woman whoſe anceſtors never contracted a diſhonourable ſtain; my father's family were poſſeſſed of a genteel antient family eſtate in England, in the reign of King Charles I. but loſt that, and many of their lives, in the revolution

which

have talked on the ſame ſubject four hundred times for as many ſixpences, and he was a parſon, and at leaſt as good a ſcholar as Mr. Sheridan.

I can-

which followed. My mother's family underwent the ſame misfortunes in Ireland; but ſtill the ſurvivors retained that gentleneſs of ſpirit, and purity of manners, which was inherent to them: Their genteel accompliſhments procured them a genteel ſubſiſtence, which was all their children's Inheritance. My father made no bad figure in a ſcience which he profeſſed; but, the moſt eſtimable part of his character, his chriſtian piety, his benevolence of heart, his goodneſs, and charity, exalted him much above the rank in which fortune had placed him.—So eſteemed and loved, he lived and died; and left me, an only child, with a very ſmall fortune; no mother to adviſe and comfort me (ſhe died when I was very young;) thus, without any knowledge of the world, with a large heart, and a ſmall purſe, was I left to take care of myſelf. In theſe circumſtances I married the ſon of an unfortunate gentleman (who had run through a large fortune in what are called genteel extravagances:) This ſon had a little place in a publick office, with the income of which, and ſome Oeconomy, we managed to appear decently while he lived, which was not much above four years: Then I was again plunged in ſorrow and diſtreſs,—About four months after his death I was delivered of a girl, which is now alive and my only child,*—As ſoon as I was able to look into my accounts, I had the mortification to find my little fortune rather leſſened than increaſed.—At this time I was very near ſinking under the weight of anguiſh which lay heavy on my heart; but the exceſſive goodneſs of three or four families of diſtinction (who honoured me with an intimacy; and to whom my Father was well known)

* *This child died ſoon after this paper was written, at about the age of five years. It was an amiable little creature, and poor Cibber was inexpreſſibly fond of it.*

practiſed

I cannot help taking notice here of a ſpeech made by Peter Daly, an excellent Hibernian lawyer, who values himſelf on ſpeaking with the accent of his native country. He was employed for the defendant, in a ſuit

practiſed all the heavenly arts of polite charity, and delicate kindneſs, to ſooth my ſorrows; and they ſucceeded: May eternal ſucceſs and happineſs attend them! — My mind, by degrees, recovered ſomething like eaſe;——but my ſtars, it ſeems, had determined that I ſhould not have too much tranquillity.

In the ſecond year of my widowhood I became acquainted with a gentleman whoſe life had been marked with ſome very extraordinary misfortunes:— In his happy days, blinded by paſſion, he married a wife literally (in every ſenſe of the word) not worth a groat; he laid a foundation for making her fortune; which ſhe has ſince uſed to his ruin: ſhe committed adultery, eloped from him, plagued him with law-ſuits, notwithſtanding her guilt was fully and publickly proved in a court of juſtice; nor has ſhe ſince ſcrupled to live publickly with her adulterer.

The unfortunate injured man, with an uncommon genius and ruined fortune, naturally excited pity: Being perfectly acquainted with every circumſtance of his misfortunes, and knowing him, my thoughts ſoon turned towards finding out a remedy for, or at leaſt ſome alleviation of his diſtreſs. I found his mind diſſipated and broken; his health in a bad way, and his proſpect of eaſe in his latter days, almoſt deſtroyed. I ſoon diſcovered that he thought me not diſagreeable; which could not ſlacken my zeal to ſerve him: in ſhort, I ſtudied him, and myſelf, and began to fancy that I alone was made to give him relief and comfort. Full of the hopes of contributing to ſave an injured man from ruin, I ſat about reconciling my mind to ſharing his heart and fortune, (misfortunes I ſhould have ſaid.) I knew I muſt firſt unite our intereſts, before I could do him any eſſential ſervice; but, the grand bar to my favourite enterprize, the wicked

woman,

ſuit which Mr. Sheridan had commenced againſt Mr. Kelly, a gentleman of fortune, for kicking him behind the ſcenes, and pulling his noſe (treatment indeed a little too ſevere.) As ſoon as the cauſe was read over, Mr.

woman, who was once his wife, was not yet divorced in form, nor was there the leaſt probability of his being able to ſpare a ſum ſufficient to bring a bill into the houſe againſt her. Then I called my reaſon and my religion to my aſſiſtance, to examine the weight of that dreadful bar; I endeavoured to remove all prejudice from my mind, to attend to their dictates, and be governed by them.

Reaſon told me that all laws, human and divine, were made for the good of ſociety; that they were formed for the puniſhment of the guilty, not the unfortunate; which latter muſt evidently be the caſe, if they condemn a man, in the prime of life, to a melancholy, unſocial, uncomfortable ſtate of celibacy, only becauſe he had the misfortune to marry a wicked woman, who made no ſcruple of breaking the ſacred knot which joined them.——Sure, it is hardly poſſible a law ſhould ſubſiſt among us, ſo very unjuſt in its own nature, ſo injurious to ſociety, and ſo contrary to that religious and political liberty, by which our conſtitution is ſo happily and glorioufly diſtinguiſhed.

The Jewiſh Laws condemned the adultreſs to death, and the executioner performed the act of divorce; our laws only reprobate the adultreſs, which is a kind of civil death, and of courſe, ſhould diſſolve the marriage: or elſe, an act of lenity to a criminal, becomes a cruel act of oppreſſion to the innocent: This ſeems ſo plainly the caſe, and ſo well underſtood, that in the church of England, there is no form of divorce preſcribed, to intitle the injured party to marry again: but ſure it is a moſt abſurd and unjuſt concluſion, that our church, which breathes the pureſt ſpirit of truth, juſtice, liberty and lenity, ſhould impoſe a tyrannical law, which is, in effect, tying (ſomething worſe than) a putrid dead body to an injured man.

I ſhall

Mr. Daly ſtood up and ſaid, "My lord, I am employed as Counſhil for —— Kelly, Eſquire; but I don't underſhtand who thiſh Thomas Sheridan, Gentleman, is." Mr. Sheridan's council anſwered, he was patentee of

I ſhall always have too high an opinion of the religion and laws of my country, to believe either capable of ſo groſs an act of injuſtice, as would diſhonour both. It is true where eſtates and intereſts of great families were depending, as is too often the caſe, the parliament have reſerved to themſelves the power of hearing and deciding ſuch cauſes; not with the pontifical air, I ſuppoſe, of ſaying, "we give you a diſpenſation, or leave to marry again:"—— For if marrying a ſecond is a ſin, can any power on earth give me leave to commit it?——The expence that attends ſuch a bill is a ſufficient proof that the parliament never intended to meddle in ordinary caſes, or where there was no fortune depending; conſequently ſuch divorce, diſpenſation, or leave to marry again, cannot be deemed eſſential either to the ſupport of honour or religion; for if that was the caſe, would not our wiſe legiſlature have provided ſome cheap market, where the poor might purchaſe a ſalve for a tender conſcience.

In popiſh countries, where the prieſts traffick in ſuch Tricks, the poor are not ſo hardly dealt with; there, if a man can produce proper proofs of his wife's committing adultery, and finds it neceſſary to his happineſs to part with her, a prieſt will take only as much as he can get, procure him a divorce, and perhaps marry him into the bargain; ſo a poor man, for a ſmall matter, is guiltleſs, irreproachable and happy: Such, my lord, were the arguments my reaſon and religion furniſhed me with.

I had nothing but the world's opinion againſt me; the thoughts of giving up any part of that was very mortifying to me: however, the reflection, that truth, reaſon, religion, and the meaning of the laws were on my ſide, gave me ſome eaſe;—In ſhort, my reaſon quell'd

of the theatre-royal in Smock-alley. "Oh! ſays he, "I underſtand tiſh Mr. Sheridan the actor: well, I "have heard of gentlemen ſhaylors, and gentlemen "taylors; but it's the firſht time I heard of gentle-"men actors, or gentlemen merry-andrews."

Some

quell'd all the monſters my imaginations had armed againſt my wiſhes; and from that time to this hour, which is not leſs than three years and a half, the pleaſing ſtudy and buſineſs of my life, has been to ſerve, aſſiſt, and comfort this injured man: and I have the happineſs to find I have not ſucceeded ill.

Now, my lord, tho' I have an upright judge in my own breaſt, that approves my actions, yet weak minds, that never ſee farther than the outſide of any thing, and are carried away by vulgar opinions, may be offended, and ſin againſt charity in their thoughts of me: I therefore humbly beg you'll be graciouſly pleaſed to favour me with your opinion,—Whether it is a fault to give the ſhadow of a cauſe for cenſure? Or, if it is a fault, whether removing the cauſe would not do honour to a Britiſh parliament, who are the political fathers of the people, and the only emblem the world can now produce of that once glorious body, a Roman ſenate? which, while they gave laws to the world, were, at the ſame time ſo tenderly careful of the happineſs of the people, that no citizen of Rome, of what degree ſoever, was ſuffered to languiſh under any diſtreſs that could be relieved by an act of theirs.

As you, my Lord, have a ſeat in our illuſtrious ſenate, I humbly hope from your grace's piety and wiſdom, ſome redreſs of this Grievance, which is not only a temporal but a ſpiritual evil.

I am,

With the moſt profound reſpect,

Your Grace's, &c.

Some ſcribblers employed like me, in writing their own commentaries, would ſwell their pages with the moſt pompous characters of themſelves, and endeavour to make matter of the moſt trivial circumſtances of their lives: nay, there are ſuch as have drawn fictitious, menial, and inſignificant perſons, and made their hours of riſing, going to bed, and recreations, ſubjects for the pen. For my own part, being ſtrictly confined within the limits of truth, from which nothing can induce me to deviate; I will rather paſs over ſuch paſſages of my ſtory, as ſeem dull to myſelf, than impoſe ſtupidity on my readers, meerly becauſe it is a part of my adventures. For this reaſon I ſhall briefly declare, that after I had been near half a year with my friends in Trinity College, I received a ſum of money from a Lady formerly mentioned herein, to whom I communicated my then preſent ſtate by letter, with a particular detail of what had befallen me at Shanes Caſtle; but as the Lady conjured me never to mention it, I have ſo much regard to her memory, that I ſhall ever be obedient to her commands; tho' I fancy any one who has read the foregoing part of this work will be able, thro' the characters I have drawn, to trace the ſtream from whence this bounty flowed.

It behoved me to conſider, upon the receipt of this ſupply, that it was my all, and that, therefore I was to make the moſt provident uſe of it. I conſulted my brother on this head, and told him at the ſame time, that I had a great deſire to ſee Scotland, where I was told proviſions and learning were exceeding cheap. He aſſured me, that if I could retire any where, till it was in his power to provide for me, he would then demonſtrate the ſincerity of his affection towards me: that it was very ſhocking to him to ſee his family ſo cruelly ſeparated, and to find my father deaf to all his intreaties in my favour. In a ſtrange kingdom, ſaid he, you may poſſibly meet with ſomething to make you happy; in the mean time, what conſolation a correſpondence with me can afford you, you ſhall conſtantly have; and, my deareſt Jack, I will

will ſtrennouſly exert all my faculties in the college, which I ſhall enter in a few days, to obtain ſome proviſion, that may enable me to lighten your diſtreſſes by an allowance.

Upon this I determined to viſit that kingdom, and in a few days after, taking leave of my worthy friends, and returning them thanks for my paſt ſubſiſtance, over a little entertainment I had provided, they accompanied me on board a Scotch collier, wherein I took my paſſage to a ſea port of Scotland, and arrived there the next day.

Though the North of Ireland, which is ſaid to reſemble this kingdom very much, afforded a moſt gloomy picture of miſerable cottages, and hungry inhabitants, yet I now beheld a country which ſurpaſs'd it, in that reſpect, to the higheſt degree; beſides, the ſharp biting air from the ſea procured a keen appetite, and the place afforded little or nothing to allay it. The Captain with whom I came, brought me to the beſt inn in the town (though the worſt in reality I had ever ſeen.) A Mountebank Doctor happened to be there at the ſame time, with whom I dined, and whoſe ignorance afforded me much entertainment. But I confeſs he made one remark that was not altogether abſurd; for, ſaid he, "people may think me "a fool, for expoſing the perſon of a gentleman on "a public ſtage to a rabble; but I have this day "picked up five pounds amongſt them for medicines, "that never ſtood me in ten ſhillings. Now, Sir, "am I, who receive money in this manner, more "guilty of folly than thoſe who pay it to me?" I could not but acknowledge the ballance of folly due to the people, which greatly pleaſed the empiric.

The firſt ſight of perſons, places or things, is apt to impreſs a laſting like or diſlike to them on the mind; and ſo little did I reliſh North-Britain, from its preſent appearance of poverty, formality and hypocriſy, that when I retired at night to reſt I reſolved to go back to Dublin with the firſt ſhip; but providence, the ſole director of all events, ordered it otherwiſe. I had in my portmantua, which was under my bed, ſome tolerable cloaths, about a dozen

of

of fine ſhirts, and ſeveral pair of ſhoes, ſtockings and breeches, a little collection of the Engliſh claſſics, and ſome other books; at the bottom of all which I had depoſited my caſh, having only in my pocket about one pound fifteen ſhillings. I went to bed at eleven o'clock at night, and at two in the morning was awaked by a terrible voice, crying, "The houſe is on fire, make the beſt of your way." My cloaths and breeches lying on a chair beſide me, I had preſence of mind enough to gather in my arms, and running down ſtairs, had no occaſion for a candle, the flames of the adjacent buildings ſupplying ſufficient light; and though I was almoſt ſuffocated with ſmoke, I made my way into the ſtreet, naked as I was, where I beheld a great crowd, amongſt whom I mixed, and turning my eyes towards the inn, beheld it all in a flame. I thanked God for the preſervation of my life, and put on my cloaths, but my ſhoes and ſtockings were conſumed with the reſt of my baggage; nor did I grieve much at the accident, as I found enough in my pocket to keep me from ſtarving in a ſtrange country, till I could hear from Ireland. I got into a miſerable ale-houſe, where I was glad to find admittance into a dirty bed, being almoſt dead with ſtanding in the cold barefooted. I could not, however, compoſe myſelf to ſleep, but lay in the utmoſt pain and ſorrow, eagerly wiſhing for the morning.

When I had lain about an hour in this condition, the houſe quite ſtill, and no creature near me, I felt ſomething come like a man's hand, as I thought, on my breaſt, and then alternately over every part of my body. The melancholy frame of my mind made this more terrible than can be imagined: I covered my head, thought over my prayers, but had not power to utter a ſyllable, or to put out my hand to feel. Sometimes I conjectured it was a robber, other times I thought it was a witch; at length I concluded it was the devil, and continued watching, ſweating and praying till day-break; for this ſupernatural being laid itſelf all along behind me on the bed, and ſo continued till returning light gave me courage to undeceive

deceive myſelf, and behold it was a large greyhound that belonged to the houſe.

As ſoon as I had purchaſed a pair of ſhoes, ſtockings, and a hat, I went to enquire for my hoſt at the inn, and to pay my reckoning: I found the poor family in the ruins of their houſe, in the extremeſt confuſion. It ſeems a ſervant, who attended the ſtables, had dropped a candle in the hay-loft, and being afraid to mention it, after doing all he could to extinguiſh the fire, made his eſcape, and in his fright took the key of the ſtable door with him, by which means ſome horſes were burnt alive. The fellow returned when the fire had ſpread too far to be put out; and by his candid confeſſion, and aſſiduity to ſave what could be preſerved, removed any ſuſpicions that might ariſe of his having done it wilfully. The people of the inn ſaved moſt of their valuable effects, and were juſt going to abandon the houſe to the flames, when their daughter, a girl about nineteen, recollected me, and endangered her own life to preſerve mine, otherwiſe I muſt have periſhed in the fire. —I thanked my fair deliverer, whoſe comelineſs I had before admired, and to whoſe reſolution and good nature I ſtood indebted for life.

The family enquired what loſs I had ſuſtained; but as mentioning money, they had not ſeen, might only induce them to think I boaſted of more than I poſſeſſed, I anſwered, I had in my portmantua ſome cloaths and books of no great value. They would accept no payment for my entertainment the preceding day, and made many tenders of ſervice, which, not knowing how to return, I declined accepting of. The young girl ſeemed more intent on my welfare than even the father and mother; and as I was obliged to continue in my bunting lodging, came in the afternoon and brought ſome tea to me, of which I told her I was very fond, and could get none in in the town. She begged I would tell her if I had loſt my money with my cloaths, or had any about me. This led me to own to her, that I really had a trifle in my portmantua, which as I knew my ſpeaking of would nothing avail, and make me liable

ble to be thought a deceiver, I imagined it moſt prudent to be ſilent about; eſpecially as I had, after buying the things I wanted, enough to ſuſtain nature till I heard from my friends. Then, ſaid ſhe, with ſome emotion, you'll continue in town. I told her I would not; for having had two ſuch terrible diſaſters, the very firſt night of my landing in a ſtrange kingdom, I was determined to go to Glaſgow, a city about thirty Scots miles from thence, and wait there in ſome obſcure place till I could make an appearance. She took her leave with looks that I was unwilling to underſtand, and promiſed to come in the morning with ſome tea to me.

After her departure I ſat like a forlorn pilgrim in the chimney corner, there being no converſable creature near me, nor had I even a book to make company of. I could not drink their ale, which is only bottled ſmall beer, that, when it is uncorked, flies a foot or two out of the bottle: but my landlord, unwilling that I ſhould take up his houſe for nothing, told me, he had *gid brandy, if my honour would hau ſome.* In compliance with my condition I called for half a pint, which coſt but two-pence half-penny, and which was indeed genuine. Having treated the family with the beſt part of it, I mixed the remainder with ſome water and ſugar, which I found a moſt comfortable cordial to my afflictions; and was enjoying myſelf with it by the fire ſide, when two brawny Highland-men entered, and called plentifully for ale and brandy. They ſeated themſelves next to me, and talked Erſe, or Iriſh, which I no more underſtood than Arabic; nor indeed was I leſs at a loſs when they attempted to ſpeak Engliſh, their language abounding with ſo many quaint expreſſions, that it requires ſome time to comprehend it.

As I ſat with my drink beſide me, more to entitle me to houſe-room than from any fondneſs to it, I happened, unguardedly, to ſpurt a little through my teeth upon the floor. The fellow who ſat next me, conceiving I had done it in deriſion to him and his friend, cried, *damn your Eriſh ſaul, die blaw i' my lugg.* My not underſtanding him, and knowing I meant

meant no offence, made me burſt into laughter. Upon which, ſeeing him put his hand in his pocket, and draw out a large claſp knife, I ran to the other ſide of the houſe; and well I did, or I had been dead that inſtant, for he threw it after me with ſuch violence, that had it met with my body inſtead of a ſettle-bed, wherein it quivered for ſome time, I had fallen the innocent victim of a proud ignorant fool. His friend, and all the people of the houſe got between me and him, and, I ſuppoſe, pleaded for me in his own damn'd jargon.

When he was ſo far pacified as to hearken to reaſon, the man of the houſe told me he was a great Laird, and that blowing in a man's ear was, amongſt the Highlanders, the greateſt affront that could be offered; that when I ſpit out, his Lairdſhip imagined I had blown in his ear; and therefore would certainly have put me to death, but that they aſſured him I was a ſtranger, and an unfortunate young gentleman, who had loſt his baggage in the late fire. This I was obliged to confirm myſelf in the moſt ſubmiſſive and reſpectful manner, calling him my Lord at every word, though all his apparel was not worth a crown. He would then fain have had me drink with him, and told me, as I was a gentleman, he would permit me to keep him company, but I had too much terror on my ſpirits to reliſh the great honour he offered me, and therefore pleading incapacity to drink, and long want of reſt, I begged leave to retire to bed; but leſt I ſhould be again tormented with a ſuppoſed apparition, I beſought my landlord to let his ſon ſleep with me, which he obligingly did; and, to compleat my misfortunes, I got the Scotch fiddle, which I continued to play moſt harmoniouſly, while I remained in that kingdom.

My fair friend failed not in her appointment the ſucceeding morning; ſhe brought with her a quantity of fine tea and ſugar, which ſhe inſiſted on my accepting of, and ſtayed to breakfaſt with me. In the mean time I told her the narrow eſcape I had from the Highlander's vengeance. She ſeemed much affected at it, and ſaid, "I would I were a mon for

his

his ſake." Then, madam, ſaid I, I ſhould loſe the pleaſure of your being a woman. At this a modeſt bluſh ſpread itſelf over her cheek. Alas! Sir, ſaid ſhe, I fear that can be no pleaſure to you. Do you fear it, Madam? then may I hope you wiſh it were? She anſwered me with tears that deeply touched me, and made me apprehenſive ſhe would think me ſerious, whereas what I ſpoke was meerly words of courſe; but as I could neither think of marrying her, or taking any ungenerous advantage of a paſſion that I had unwillingly inſpired, I told her I was determined the next day to leave town. At this ſhe renewed her tears, which ſo effectually unmanned me, that though I knew not why, I could not avoid mingling mine with hers; and, for the firſt time, I tenderly embraced her, deſiring to know the occaſion of her ſorrows? You go away to-morrow, ſaid ſhe, and I ſhall never ſee you more; I wiſh I never had ſeen you. It became now no longer a myſtery, that my departue was repugnant to her wiſhes; and willing at once to cure her of all her regard, I told her the unhappy circumſtances I was in, the uncertainty I had of receiving ſupplies from Ireland, and the certain ruin that muſt attend my ſtaying here; all which afforded her but a more ample ſcope to ſhew her diſintereſted regard. She ſaid ſhe was her parents only child, and they were able to give her a handſome fortune, that they had each of them taken a liking to me, and as they had now removed into another houſe, I might have all accommodations there till I was better provided for. In the mean time, ſaid ſhe, whether you do or do not ſtay, I inſiſt on your receiving a ſmall token of my good wiſhes for you; ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out a wrought purſe with ſome money, and preſented it to me. I abſolutely refuſed to accept of it, as I aſſured her I ſhould never have it in my power to repay what it might contain; that perhaps it might be her father's property; and to conſider that I was a ſtranger, and a vagabond for any thing ſhe could know to the contrav. She aſſured me, that ſhe was convinced I was what my looks and behaviour

ſpoke me, and therefore made no doubt I would return the trifle ſhe then lent me, when it was convenient; that it was really her own, which ſhe had been ſaving for ſome years, and was happy in an opportunity of diſpoſing of it to ſuch advantage. Upon this I accepted it, and found it contained two guineas and ſome ſilver, which I promiſed to repay, but told her I muſt go to Glaſgow the next day. To this ſhe very reluctantly conſented, conjuring me to write to her as often as poſſible, and recommended it to me to take leave of her parents: which I did that day. They procured me a very bad horſe to purſue my journey, and directed me where to ſet up when I came to Glaſgow.

I ſet out early the next morning by the road I was directed to, and was told I might eaſily arrive that night where I purpoſed going. It was a moſt terrible day for wind, ſleet and ſnow, and having neither whip or ſpur, it would be as eaſy to find the perpetual motion, as to give any motion to my galloway; and indeed the road was ſo intolerably bad and dirty, that it was almoſt impoſſible for him to mend his pace: in ſhort, when he had ſauntered with me for five or ſix miles, wherein I neither ſaw houſe, tree, or any living creature, but beheld a proſpect as dreary as imagination can form, he made a full ſtop, and would by no means proceed an inch farther. Had I no horſe I could have made ſome ſhift to walk, but I was under a neceſſity of lodging this lazy creature ſomewhere, or becoming anſwerable for him. I had not even a ſwitch or goad to drive him, and therefore in this tempeſtuous weather I had no remedy but to alight, and by throwing ſtones at his poſteriors, keep him ſtill before me: in the mean time, every ſtep I took I was up to my ancles, and if I went from the highway to ſeek a cleaner paſſage, my gentleman would ſtand ſtock ſtill till I came back thro' the dirt to renew the battery of his bum. At length, being extremely enraged, I came quite near his hinder parts, to have one ſound blow at him for revenge: but he was even with me, for before I diſcharged my ſhot he

liſted

liſted up his hind foot, and gave me a violent blow on my ſtomach, that quite ſtunned me for ſome moments.

When I recovered myſelf, I found him like the wooden horſe in Don Quixote, in the ſame ſpot and without motion. Being no longer able to tramp after him I got on his back, and taking a buckle from my ſhoe, pricked him with the tongue of it. This made him a little more alert, and finding I had means to puniſh him, he began to trot on, but ſtumbled ſo frequently, that, being a bad rider, I was ſatisfied to let him pick his ſteps, leſt he ſhould break my neck. In this miſerable condition I paſſed the whole day, and the approach of night became ſtill more dreadful; but it advanced, and before I ſaw any remedy, I was inveloped in darkneſs; ſo throwing the reins looſe, I committed myſelf to the œconomy of my carrier, who I imagined, for his own ſake, would find out a reſting place.

At length I diſcovered a light at a great diſtance, and directed my nag towards it; but he now ſtumbled worſe than ever, being every moment on his knees, and he making one uncommon plunge, I found myſelf up to my waiſt in water: I diſengaged myſelf from him as well as poſſible, and by God's providence got on land, and left him there to ſhift for himſelf. As I ſtill kept the light in my eye, I purſued it, not without a thouſand falls by the way; and at laſt, to my great joy, diſcovered an inn cloſe to the ſea ſide. As ſoon as I obtained admittance here, I obſerved a large fire in the kitchen and a good ſupper dreſſing, circumſtances that added not a little to my felicity. I told my hoſt, in a few words, the tragic adventures of he day, and the cataſtrophe of my horſe, whom I concluded to be drowned.

He immediately ſent two men in queſt of him, and, as I was all wet and dirty, brought me ſome dry cloathing: this and the fire, with a large glaſs of brandy, ſoon brought me to myſelf. The men returned with the galloway ſafe and ſound, and the landlord aſſured me, that he was an old ſtager there,

and knew every ſtep of the road as well as a horſe could do, but that he always played thoſe pranks when he got a ſtranger or a bad rider upon him; for it ſeems he went into the lough only to get rid of me, and the men met him very ſeriouſly walking towards the inn.

The landlord told me there were ſome gentlemen in the parlour, and that if I choſe to ſup with them he would introduce me; which he accordingly did. They had a number of written papers before them, and ſeemed to be on ſome debate. When we entered, theſe, however, were ſoon ſet aſide, and a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco introduced: after two or three glaſſes paſſed about, ſupper was ſerved in, and either it was the beſt I had ever partaken of, or the apprehenſions of ſtarving I had all day entertained, made me imagine it ſuch; ſo that it may be concluded I eat very heartily. I made the gentlemen extremely merry at the ill treatment I had received from my horſe, and they in return related many humourous adventures. By this time the bowl was again placed on the table, and one of the company propoſed for a toaſt, the King.

Having let my glaſs ſtand ſome time, I was called on to drink it, and the toaſt; having never in my life known a profeſt Jacobite, I very innocently drank King George. After I had finiſhed my glaſs they inſiſted I had not drank the toaſt, and muſt drink again. I told them I hoped I had underſtood the intention of the toaſt, though I had not repeated the expreſs words; for, ſaid I, it is not to be ſuppoſed we drink the King of France or Spain, with whom we are now at war. No, Sir, ſaid one of the gentlemen, very gravely, when we drink the King, we drink the true and lawful ſovereign of Great Britain. Well, Sir, ſaid I, I am right ſtill, I drank King George. You mean the Elector of Hanover, Sir, ſaid he, we acknowledge no ſuch monarch in this part of the world: we never ſaw him, Sir, never even ſmoked a pipe with him; and therefore, Sir, we mean, by drinking the King————, [running on with the pretender's titles] if you'll drink our toaſt ſo explained,

we

we ſhall look on you as a ſenſible young fellow, and a worthy member of ſociety: if not, Sir, you are only to drink three bumpers in a breath, by way of forfeit.

I told them I'd ſooner drink the whole bowl than ſuch a toaſt. Upon my ſoul, ſaid one of them, he's a loyal ſubject, and ought to be encouraged: I dare ſay the Elector will bountifully provide for him, when he hears what great fatigues he would undergo for his ſake. Here, ſaid he, is a pretty ſmock-faced boy, heart broken all day, with a bad road and a worſe horſe, and yet ſtill, to ſhew his zeal for the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, he would drink a bowl of excellent rum punch, ſooner than a ſingle glaſs to the moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant Prince J——, by the Grace of God, &c.

The humourous manner in which all this was ſpoken, left me in ſome doubt whether the gentlemen jeſted; but, by the courſe of their converſation, it was evident they were ſerious: I told them, if they even harboured ſuch ſhameful principles, I wondered they would ſo freely divulge them, when they knew they expoſed themſelves to information and puniſhment. They laughed heartily at this, and aſked who, in Scotland, would take ſuch an information? I anſwered, any magiſtrate. No, no, child, ſaid one of them, the whole nation is of the ſame mind, and if you live but two years, you'll ſee that man, whoſe health you refuſed to drink, on the throne of England. I told him it was a lie, and I hoped to ſee him hanged firſt. By G—d, ſaid he, I'll be hanged if it is not ſo: but, young man, ſaid he, don't be ſo apt to make uſe of thoſe two bad words, *you lie*, they have coſt many a better man than yourſelf his life. You don't know, perhaps, who you ſpeak to, or if you did, a man could only puniſh you with a birch rod.

This put me in a violent paſſion, which only ſerved to raiſe a laugh againſt me; my ſmock face beſpoke me no champion, and they had too much diſcretion either to retort ill language or uſe me cruelly, which was entirely in their power. Their dialect did

not ſpeak them Scotchmen, nor indeed their behaviour in this reſpect.

I ſhould have obſerved, that the landlord, who ſeemed to know theſe gentlemen, came in frequently and drank a glaſs with us. He was likewiſe preſent when I gave the lie ſo freely, and, upon that, ſuddenly left the room. In about half an hour after I heard a confuſed number of voices, in a riotous manner, crying Charley, Charley, Charley; huzza for Charley; damn them that won't drink Charley! I began to be in a panic, and looking earneſtly at the gentleman I had offended, aſked what that noiſe meant? No harm to you, ſaid he, upon ſoul; 'tis ſome drunken fellows, I ſuppoſe, but be it what it will, you ſhall not be hurt, upon my honour. This gave me a kind of certainty, that the mob meant me miſchief; and I was too ſoon confirmed of it, for ſuddenly about five or ſix of the moſt bloody looking villains forced open the parlour door, and demanded the life of that traytor who had ſpoken againſt his prince.

My adverſary in the conteſt now became an advocate for my life; for, immediately placing himſelf between me and the ruffians, he ſwore they ſhould kill him before they hurt the hair of my head; and, to prove he was ſincere, pulled out a piſtol from his ſide pocket, which he preſented to the breaſt of one of the aſſaſſins. "Now, gentlemen, ſaid he, you are all embarked in a glorious cauſe, a cauſe that will do honour to our poſterity; do we draw our ſwords in juſtification of our Prince, and ſheath them in children and ſcool-boys? This poor child here has had a wrong education, and imbibed principles of which he is not qualified to judge; muſt he, therefore, be murdered? No, let us perſuade youth to our cauſe by virtue and clemency, and not by ſlaughter and oppreſſion. Theſe are the inſtruments of tyranny, and not of juſtice; the boy has ſpoke raſhly, yet honeſtly as to what he believes. Which of you would hear your lawful Prince ſpoken little of? He looks on the Elector of Hanover as his King, and while he thinks him ſo, is honourable in defending his

his cauſe; therefore, gentlemen, if you have the ſmalleſt reſpect for me, or the commiſſion I carry, depart from whence you came. I know you meant this well to me, but had I not been here, it might have proved a fatal night to our cauſe; eat and drink what you pleaſe, be merry amongſt yourſelves, and never attempt the life of an innocent man, who is not in arms againſt you."

After reſpectfully attending to this harangue they made their obedience, and went off one by one, with looks that ſpoke the pain it was to them to depart without making me a ſacrifice.—When they were gone, he told me, that though he had thus parlied with them, my ſleeping in the houſe would not be ſafe. He therefore deſired one of the gentlemen to go and amuſe them with liquor in the kitchen, while the other brought his two horſes to the parlour window: out of this we both went, and taking upon himſelf to ſee my reckoning paid, and my horſe ſent home, we ſet out, about two o'clock in the morning for Glaſgow: and as we galloped every ſtep of the way, and had excellent cattle, we arrived there by day break. When he had put me within the walls of the city, he ſaid, young man, you are now ſafe, and for God's ſake keep yourſelf ſo, by having a watchful guard over your tongue, and never medling with matters foreign to your underſtanding, and inconſiſtent with your intereſt. Saying this, he turned the horſes heads about, and taking one by the bridle, rode off as faſt as poſſible.

This adventure will ſeem the leſs myſterious to my readers, when I obſerve, that it happened about a year or two before the late rebellion; and that this company, whom I fell amongſt, were ſome of the agents of that affair, who were collecting men and ſowing ſedition all over North-Britain. I muſt confeſs, they were not the worſt ſort of them, and am amazed that a gentleman, who was capable to behave in ſo noble a manner to me, could be led into ſo abſurd a ſcheme.

Though my loyalty had nearly coſt me my life, yet it happily ſaved my money, which was ſome

conſolation to me; and as a man who poſſeſſes that, needs little or no recommendation in a ſtrange city, I made up to the firſt good inn I found open; and being unfit for any thing but ſleep, immediately went to bed, and never once ſtirred till about twelve o'clock at noon, when I was awaked by the ſound of bells playing a new ſong, called, "If 'tis joy to wound a lover." I imagined either that I had got a ſinging in my head by cold, or elſe was ſtill aſleep. I ſat up in bed and liſtened more attentively, and then heard a ſong out of Comus played, which to me ſounded ſomething like the Captain's glaſs muſick before-mentioned. To remove all doubts I dreſſed myſelf as quick as poſſible, and went into the ſtreet, hearing it ſtill louder. As I advanced near the priſon, I ſaw a door open at the bottom of it, and after aſcending a number of ſtone ſteps came into a little apartment, where a man ſat ſtriking, with his fiſt, pieces of wood, ranged like the keys of a harpſichord, which occaſioned the muſick from bells hung at the top of the houſe; each bell had a hammer at the outſide, from whence there was a communication to the keys below by a wire; and the perſon who played this inſtrument wore gauntlets of leather on the ball of each hand, to prevent being hurt by the violent blows he was obliged to ſtrike.

When he left off playing, he looked at his watch, and obligingly aſked me if I was a ſtranger? I told him I was, and that meer admiration had brought me here. Then, Sir, ſaid he, have you a mind for any particular tune? I told him if he could play, "Was ever nymph like Roſamond," he would give me great pleaſure. He ſtruck it up directly, and, tho' it is difficult even to ſing, performed it in a maſterly manner. When his time for this employment was expired we had ſome muſical chat, by which he diſcovered I was an admirer of that ſcience, and therefore gave me an invitation to dinner. As I was pleaſed to make an acquaintance, I embraced the offer, and went to his houſe, but was ſo extremely dirty, that I was quite aſhamed of myſelf when I ſaw all his family genteelly dreſſed: to apologize for my

appearance,

appearance, needed no more than a recital of the accidents I had met with, and as truth carries conviction with it, my relation was readily credited. I told Mr. R——, that having loſt my linen, I was at a loſs where to buy any, or how to get them made up. His wife told me ſhe would ſerve me in both reſpects, for which purpoſe I gave her a guinea; and as their ſon was exactly of my ſize, and a ſtudent in the college, they for the preſent kindly ſupplied my wants from his wardrobe. Being thus in a capacity to go abroad, the gentleman, after dinner, brought me to ſee the city, and ſhew me the moſt curious edifices in it; the principal of which is a fine old church, formerly a cathedral, but now converted into a kirk, where, as Swift ſays;

The ſeats their uſual cuſtom keep,
Of lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.

And I ſeriouſly aſſure my readers, that I have attended many ſermons in this kingdom, but cannot take upon me to ſay that there were ever four of the congregation five minutes awake, after the text was given out. That part, indeed, I obſerved the people in general took a memorandum of; and as if that had been the only purpoſe of their coming thither, they laid their heads back directly to repoſe; ſo that I can compare a kirk to nothing but the deſcription given by Mr. Thomſon of the caſtle of indolence.

It is to be obſerved, that I lodged hitherto at an inn, where the civilities I received from Mr. R——, and his family naturally led me to invite them; and as he introduced me to many of his acquaintances, who were lovers of muſick, we ſometimes had a little concert there, on all which occaſions the expence fell upon me. The man of the houſe finding me ready to pay his firſt and ſecond bills, made no objection to giving me credit for whatever I called. My never having been in debt, and an abſolute ſtranger to the nature and conſequences of it, made me too liberal in reſpect to anſwer reckonings. The man, however, finding I

brought company to his houſe, was as obliging as poſſible, and gave me all imaginable encouragement, ſaying, "He loved to ſee a young gentleman generous and free-hearted, and obſerving, that all perſons from Ireland were naturally ſo." Thus ſung the Syren, while I with leſs fortitude than Ulyſſes, placidly attended to the deluſive ſtrain. He perſevered in the moſt aſſiduous application of the myſteries of his calling, to lull me into a good opinion of himſelf and his family; told me how many extraordinary things he had done to aſſiſt his friends, and what ſatisfaction it gave him when any of them had occaſion for his purſe or his intereſt; cloſing the whole with telling me, he had a brother that died abroad, who reſembled me ſo ſtrongly, that he never ſaw me without tranſport, and looked on me with the ſame regard and affection he did on him.

Would not a perſon of riper judgment than myſelf believe all this? I ſaw no motive the man could have for theſe profeſſions, except ſincerity; but a little time furniſhed me with another explanation of them. He took no ſmall pains to fiſh out my dependance and connections; and as he learned my father was a beneficed clergyman, and my family in general reputable, he doubled his induſtry to get me roundly in his books. For this purpoſe, when I came home of an afternoon, if there was no company, he took care to have tea and coffee, of which his wife and himſelf partook; and likewiſe an elegant ſupper and punch, made ſo ſweet and ſo enticing, that at length I began to grow fond of it. Here I firſt experienced the Lethæan qualities of drinking; I found it raiſed my ſpirits for the time, and obliterated the remembrance of all my vexations, though I generally paid for it by a terrible head-ach in the morning.

One evening he told me, there had been an Iriſh clergyman at his houſe, who knew my mildly extremely well, and had been a tenant to my grand uncle; that he was to be there the ſame night, and would be glad to drink a bottle of wine with me. I was overjoyed at the news, and waited with the utmoſt impatience

impatience for the interview. At length my landlord told me the gentleman was in his parlour, and desired the favour of my company. I went, and was not a little surprized to see a mean-looking old fat man, dressed in black, with the breast of his coat embroidered with snuff: I say surprized, because a clergyman and a polite gentleman were ideas united in my mind; neither did I ever know a clergyman educated in Ireland, who was not such.

When I entered the room, father Luttrel, for by that name he passed, got up, and suddenly catching me in his arms, embraced me very eagerly, at the same time kissing me, by which I was nearly poisoned with the effluvia of brandy and tobacco. "My dear child, said he, the devil burn myshelf, but I am glad to shee you." When I disengaged myself from him, I turned to my landlord, and asked him where the clergyman was? He answered, this was the doctor, and a worthy gentleman as ever left the kingdom of Ireland:" "Oh! my dear," said the Doctor (with a confounded twang of the foreigner, and the brogue upon his face, as Mr. Farquhar has happily expressed it,) "I am no minister, as you think, I am an honesht "friar and not ashamed to own it; and upon the "word of a clergyman, I love your father's child, "tho' I never saw your father to be shure; but your "worthy grand uncle, brigadier Meade, I have "drunk many a bottle of wine with, and for his shake, "the divel burn me, but I'd go to *Ithaly* to serve you. "—Come, landlord, said he, let's have a bottle of "the best in the house; you have got a worthy gen-"tleman for your lodger, let me tell you; he is the "lawful heir to four thousand a year, and if he could "eat gold he might have it.

This harangue he had delivered before he left me time to express my astonishment. Sir, said I, I fancy you must be mistaken in the person, because I am not heir to a shilling a year that I know of. "Pshaw! "my dear, hold your tongue, replied the Doctor, "the devil burn me but I know you better than "you do yourself. Landlord, make haste with the "wine, and, my dear child, want for nothing. I'll be

"the

" beſt friend you ever met with: if you want money " let me know, and I'll ſupply you, though I'm only " a poor prieſt, ſubſiſting here upon charity."

I did not know what to make of all this, but preſently the landlord returned with the wine, and ſome punch for me. " As I was telling you, ſays he to " mine hoſt, you have a man of conſequence in " your houſe, and I hope you'll treat him as ſuch. " The devil burn me, but I'll tell you a good ſtory " about the brigadier: come drink. When the " brigadier was near ſeventy, and a fine luſty " portly man he was, he complained of a black ſwel- " ling in one of his legs; the Doctors and Surgeons " ſaid it was a mortification, and nothing would " ſave his life but cutting it off. How long will it " be, ſaid the General, before it will kill me, if I do " not ſubmit to the operation? They told him in " that caſe he could not ſurvive beyond twelve " o'clock the next day. Very well, ſaid he, " I'm ſatisfied; I have been in many battles and " never loſt a limb, pleaſe God I'll go whole to my " grave: I ſhall have time enough to ſettle my " affairs and take leave of my friends, that's ſufficient " for a man of my years. Upon this he ſigned his " will, and made all his eſtate over to his young " wife, who afterwards married Blundell of Kill- " kenny; invited all his acquaintances to a ſplen- " did entertainment, the mirth of which he never in- " terrupted, by telling them his condition, but drank " his bottle and cracked his joke as freely as the beſt " of them. The next morning he ſent for a cler- " gyman, and ſettled his ſpiritual matters; after " which he called his wife, and taking her tenderly by " the hand, ſaid, my dear, I hope I have been a kind " father to you, huſband I was too old to be; I am " upon the point of leaving you, and would die quite " contented if I could ſee you well married before I " go. My dear, ſaid ſhe, why do you talk thus? " You have no ailment. But I have, ſaid he, I now " feel it, and ſo expired."—I muſt digreſs:

Thus

Thus a heart unconſcious of premeditated guilt, freely reſigns itſelf to the hands of a being whoſe eſſence is mercy.----Happy the mortal who can obey the ſummons of his creator, however dreadfully announced, on this ſide immortality!——— Another digreſſion.

Though we have many rare examples of heroic virtue in the annals of Britain, none has afforded a more ample ſcope for admiration, than the life and death of Major General Wolfe; and I hope the little tribute I have offered to his memory in the following lines, will atone for the freedom I have taken of running away from my ſubject.

Try'd, prov'd and loſt, immortal Wolfe, thy doom
" Gives meditation, ev'n to madneſs room;"
Juſt when we learnt thy virtues to adore,
Alas! we learnt thoſe virtues were no more.
Had Gallic thouſands to thy manes bled,
'Twould ill compenſate ſuch a Briton dead;
Who, when Herculean labours he had paſt,
Reſign'd exiſtence cheerfully at laſt;
Midſt deadly pangs with fortitude admir'd,
Anxious the fate of Britiſh arms enquir'd;
Was told the Gauls precipitately flew,
Content, he cry'd—and bade the world adieu.

Well, ſays the critic, where's the connection? What has all this to do with the matter in hand?—I'll tell you, Sir, if you won't ſay I'm impertinent for the parallel, that I think the general, who died in his bed in the manner before deſcribed, ſhewed almoſt as much magnanimity in meeting his fate, as he who ſo nobly embraced it in the field of honour. Now, good Sir, if you'll proceed to the next paragraph, you'll find the adventure of the friar laboriouſly proſecuted.

When he had finiſhed his ſtory, and about five bottles of wine, he took his leave of his dear countryman, and allowed me the felicity of ſtanding good in my landlord's book for that, and a ſupper, as I learned

learned when I looked over the general account: he likewiſe every day favoured me with his good company, every day renewed his liberal proteſtations (particularly that he would go to *Ithaly* to ſerve me) and every day enormouſly encreaſed my debt; the laſt article indeed without my privity, as I naturally concluded he paid at leaſt for himſelf, at the bar.

One morning at breakfaſt I diſcovered a kind of gloom over the countenance of my hoſt and his ſpouſe: I enquired the reaſon of it, and received for anſwer, that a conſiderable bill had been drawn on them, and that they had no place to apply for money, but where it was due; that to be ſure every one wanted their own, and therefore, they would be glad if I ſettled with them. As I had not three-pence in my pocket, the truth of which they were not ſtrangers to, I told them, that as to ſettling, I was willing to do it, but as to paying it was not in my power.—Pſhaw! Pſhaw! ſays the man, a gentleman of your dependencies can't want money or friends: you may draw a bill upon your father by any merchant in the city, and have an immediate return; or if you can get any one to paſs their word for you, you ſhall have credit as long as you think proper.—Theſe words were ſcarce uttered, when Father Lottrel entered, with his uſual ſalute, "The devil burn me, but I'm glad to ſee you, my "dear child; I'd go to *Ithaly* to ſerve you: do you "want any thing I can do?" This I thought extremely fortunate at ſuch an exigence, and as the man and his wife politely left the room, told him the whole ſtory.—"And how much do you owe him, my dear child," ſaid he? I really don't know, but will enquire. "Well, well, make yourſhelf eaſy about it." (here he called for a bottle of wine, and waved the diſcourſe.) When it was finiſhed, he directed me to have my bill drawn out before night, and he would come and make matters eaſy. Highly enraptured at his behaviour, I communicated our conference to mine hoſt. Look you there, Sir, ſaid he, I told you the doctor was a worthy gentleman, and

and one whoſe word I'd accept for a hundred pounds; if he undertakes to ſee me paid, you ſhall be amply provided for.

Not to dwell too long upon trifles, he came at night ſure enough; but when the queſtion was put home to him, in relation to becoming ſecurity for me,—he ſaid, the devil burn him if he would, becauſe he had made a vow againſt ever d ng it for mankind.—When the landlord upbraided him with encouraging me in extravagance, and flattering him with great expectations of his money, he ſaid, "To be ſure, if "he is the man he pretends to be, he may pay you, "for aught I know; but I am not clear in that point "by any means. You know he is no friend of mine, "or I'd anſwer for him upon the word of a clergy-"man; but the devil burn me if I can ſay any more "now, than to adviſe you to get your money the beſt "way you can. I would not have you put him in "priſon, tho' that's certainly the ſureſt way, but God "forbid you ſhould take ſo harſh a meaſure; yet, "if you did his friends, if he has any, would not let "him lie for any trifling demand like yours." After much diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe, he heartily wiſhed us a good night.

Nothing but an abſolute inſenſibility of the impending danger could now have ſupported my ſpirits. My landlord, however, did not ſeem to deſpair, but only entreated me to write as ſoon as poſſible to my friends, as fourteen pounds was a great ſum to be out of pocket.—I promiſed I would, tho' heaven knows I knew not where to apply; yet I had reaſon to hope Mr. Oneile would, upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhew one laſt proof of his regard; and therefore, I determined to addreſs myſelf to him the next poſt. The ſucceeding morning very early I went to the coffee-houſe, and there met the muſician formerly mentioned, who inſiſted on my taking a dinner with him, as he was to have ſome agreeable company. I'm going to market, ſaid he, and if you'll ſtep to my houſe and divert yourſelf with the harpſichord 'till I come I ſhall take it kind, as my wife is quite alone:—pleaſed to avoid

the

the importunities I expected at home, I embraced his offer.

Having fidled away a few hours he entered with a look of anxiety and importance, and demanded in a peremptory manner how much I owed at the inn? I told him I had not ſeen the account, but heard the man mention fourteen pounds. Can you pay him, ſaid he? I anſwered in the negative. When do you think you can? I don't know till I hear from Ireland. Well, ſaid he, you may think my abruptneſs impertinent, but you'll excuſe it when I tell you I am an Engliſhman, and your friend. The ſcoundrel, your landlord, has taken a writ out againſt you, which I learned by meer accident from a name-ſake of his, who is a lawyer; and therefore I hope I ſhall have the good fortune to protect you from falling into his hands. The influence I have with the lawyer will prevent your being ſuddenly ſurprized, except you go back to your creditor's houſe, which I hope you'll have prudence ſufficient to avoid, after this intelligence. Confounded at the proſpect of a yet unexperienced ſtroke of adverſity, I adviſed with my friend what was to be done. Nothing, ſaid he, but to keep out of the way till you can ſettle with your landlord; for he is one of the moſt artful and obdurate villains this day upon earth. But where can I ſtay ſaid I, without ſixpence in my pocket? Leave that to me, and in the mean time pluck up your ſpirits, and think no more about it.—I endeavoured to take his council, but the dreadful apprehenſions I entertained were viſible in my countenance.

I gave Mr. R—— a particular detail of the treachery of my worthy acquaintance the friar, for which he promiſed to procure me ample ſatisfaction; aſſuring me, that by the laws of Scotland he was liable to tranſportation.

Both his wife and himſelf exerted their good nature, in a peculiar manner, to make my condition ſit eaſy on me. Mr. R —— at night lent me half a guinea, and took a lodging for me at a friend's houſe of his near the water-ſide, where he begged I would live with as much frugality and privacy as poſſible. Before he left me he called for a pint of wine, which lay before

fore me at the fire-ſide, in a ſpacious cleanly kitchen.—N. B. It was an Engliſh houſe.

My friend had left me Allan Ramſays's Works, which I was entirely taken up with, when ſome one ſaid, "My ſervice to you, Sir." Looking up, I ſaw a well-dreſſed jolly man, with a punch-bowl in his hand. Certain that I beheld the aſpect of a catchpole, I fell into a tremble, having a ſympathetick averſion to the preſence of a bailiff; but my confuſion was compleated, when he ſat down oppoſite to me, and ſaid, "Pray, young ſpark, may I crave your name?" I had not power to reply, Pray, ſaid he again, is not your name Pilkington? Sir, ſaid I, don't expoſe me further, I'll go where you pleaſe. Hoity, toity, ſaid he, are you out of your ſenſes? I only aſk you a civil queſtion. I tell you, Sir, replied I, my name is Pilkington, I know your buſineſs, and only requeſt you'll ſend for my friend, Mr. R——, who brought me here, before you put me in priſon. Upon this he called for a private room and candles, and having deſired me to follow him, immediately ſhut the door. Pray, Sir, ſaid he, whoſe ſon are you? I told him. Is your father living? I anſwered, he is. What brought you here? I replied as well as horror and deſpair would admit me to do. And pray, Sir, what did you mean by my taking you to priſon? I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, you know that too well to need an explanation. Why, child, ſaid he, have you robbed any perſon? No, Sir. Have you killed any one? No, Sir. Then what do you take me for? A conſtable, Sir, ſaid I. No, my poor boy, ſaid he, I am commander of a ſhip, and a near relation of Matt. Pilkington's? Do you know nothing of your couſin Dick Pilkington? As I had a retentive memory of paſt occurrences, I recollected, that when I was very young, ſuch a relation had taken leave of my brother and ſelf, and made us ſome handſome preſent, with a promiſe to bring us a black and a monkey at his return from the Eaſt-Indies, the expectation of which made me more particularly carry him in my mind for ſo many years.

After

After calling for a bottle of wine, and ordering ſome ſupper, he demanded a ſuccinct account of all my paſt proceedings, which as Othello ſays, I delivered

From my childiſh days,
To the very moment wherein he bad me tell it.

After having liſtened to me with a paternal attention and expreſſed his ſorrow for, and aſtoniſhment at the ſeparation of my father and mother, he inveighed bitterly againſt the inhumanity of the former, and ſaid, Now, my dear boy, I am tranſported to meet with you, as it has pleaſed God to enable me, without diminiſhing my own circumſtances, to make you happy. The debt you are ſo uneaſy about, I'll give you money to pay to morrow, as I ſhall be obliged to attend buſineſs the whole day, or I fancy I have caſh enough about me; ſo ſaying, he pulled out a maſſy purſe, and throwing the gold all upon the table, deſired me to take as much as I wanted. This I declined. Come, come, boy, ſaid he, you are welcome as my heart, take it freely. I ſtill refuſed. Nay then, ſaid he, if I muſt needs give it, there take it all, and ten times more is at your ſervice. Sir, ſaid I, I ſhould not know what to do with ſo much money, and perhaps I may be robbed. Why, that's true boy, ſaid he, well, 'tis all your own, take twenty guineas, and I'll be your agent for the future.

As my couſin was well known in the houſe, he made the man and his family come to ſupper with us; and, in ſhort, a univerſal joy took place, as they were ſocial agreeable people, and ſeemed really to participate in our ſatisfaction. The Captain ſat up pretty late and enjoyed himſelf and company with unfeigned rapture. Before we went to bed, he brought me into his chamber, and opening a large ſea cheſt, which contained things of immenſe value, deſired me to look over it, and take what I pleaſed; but as he could not prevail on me to comply with his generous requeſt, he took a handſome gold chaſed watch, and a cluſter brilliant diamond ring, and inſiſted on my accepting of them, as an earneſt of what he would hereafter do.—Theſe my vanity tempted me to receive, and

my

my reader may conclude, I ſlept as little this night as I did the night of the apparition, or on that of the imaginary giſt before mentioned.

At breakfaſt the next morning the Captain told me, that while I was reading the night before, he was contemplating my face, where the lineaments of my father were ſo ſtrongly marked out, that he who knew him a ſchool-boy, would almoſt have ſworn it was himſelf, if he had not ſeen him ſince his maturity; but as he remembered his having two boys, he was confident I muſt have been one of them. As his occaſions called him out till three o'clock, I had the interval of that time to ſettle my affair, and went with a light heart to my friend. He was greatly ſurprized to ſee me, and ſaid with emotion, good God! Sir, why do you come abroad? I told him the danger was over. What, then you have paid the man, ſaid he? No, Sir, but I have got money to do it. Oh! then you have heard from Ireland. Not a word, ſaid I. But, not to keep him in ſuſpenſe, I told him the lucky accident that had befallen me, and returned him thanks, as the occaſion of it. He could ſcarcely credit my relation, but the watch and ring were authentic witneſſes in its behalf. I returned him his half guinea, and entreated he would go and ſettle the affair for me, giving him money for that purpoſe. When he returned he told me he never knew ſo monſtrous an impoſition, and that he would by no means pay for the parts of the account which properly belonged to the friar. He therefore inſiſted on their being ſubtracted from the other charges, which were likewiſe exorbitant; yet admitting them, his real demand on me was only nine pounds. I repreſented to him, ſaid he, that if he perſiſted in claiming more from you, I would have the whole matter ſcrutinized in a publick court; from whence he might be aſſured of the total loſs of his reputation, and conſequently his chief cuſtom. Upon this I tendered him the money, which, after ſome prevarication, he has accepted, and has given me a receipt in full. He is now gone out to take a writ for the worthy gentleman that *would go to Ithaly to ſerve you.*

Having

Having thus quieted my mind, by diſcharging a debt of neceſſity, I became impatient to diſmiſs a debt of honour that hung over me, namely, the money ſo obligingly lent me in my diſtreſs, by the kind laſs at the inn before mentioned; and as I could not think of returning the money without ſome inſtance of my eſteem; I aſked my friend's wife, what preſent ſhe thought would be moſt acceptable to a young girl, the ſtory of whoſe good-nature I related to her. She demanded what price I would go to? I anſwered three or four guineas. Then, ſaid ſhe, I am acquainted with a jeweler, who ſhall bring you a box of trinkets, and you may take your choice. She accordingly did, and I ſingled out a ring with two hearts, the one a ruby, and the other a diamond, which coſt me four guineas. This, with the caſh I was indebted before, I ſealed up in a box, and ſent them the ſame day by a truſty meſſenger, who was going to that place expreſs on other buſineſs. At the ſame time I purchaſed for my friend's wife, a handſome ſilver gilt ſnuff-box, which, with great difficulty, I prevailed on her to take.

Having obſerved, that all thoſe who give the world their own hiſtory, break off at a period of time when they eſteem themſelves happy; I think, in compliance with ſo laudable a cuſtom, I muſt here, for the preſent, terminate my narrative; and though what I offer in the ſucceeding pages, may have an equal chance of pleaſing with the matter that precedes it, yet I here apprize my readers, that they are to expect no more of that connection, that I have hitherto, in ſpight of the natural tendency of my pen, endeavoured to preſerve.

My ſubſcribers will poſſibly recollect, that, in my propoſals for this book, I promiſed them a new comedy, never offered to the ſtage; I confeſs I was about five years ago, weak enough to make an eſſay of that kind, before the numerous train of difficulties occured to me that attend ſuch an attempt: I fooliſhly took it into my head, that to write a tolerable play, was to be immediately intitled to the notice and patronage

tronage of the manager, and made no doubt that his own intereſt would lead him to foſter the firſt efforts of fancy.—Filled with theſe romantic ideas, and dreaming of nothing but a third night, I wrote a letter in form to Mr. Garrick, that I had ſuch a piece, and to know when he would condeſcend to give me an audience? In anſwer to which I was honoured with the following meſſage, and I have preſerved it with all imaginable care from that time to this, that young gentlemen may, from my example, learn to ſuppreſs any deſire of writing for the ſtage, till they have ſecured ſome intereſt with the nobility; as I do aſſure them that the Grand Seignior is not half ſo difficult of acceſs, or half ſo imperious, as a manager on receiving ſuch a tendre; and yet, conſidering that their whole ſubſiſtence is drawn from dramatick writings, one would expect ſome abatement of their dignity on theſe occaſions.*

" Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Pilkington, " and he ſhould gladly read his performance, but it " is not in his power to bring it out this or the next " ſeaſon, he being engaged to more than he can " poſſibly bring out in that time. Mr. Garrick will " willingly peruſe it at the end of this ſeaſon, and, " if approved, will ſet it down to be done in the courſe " of buſineſs, and in it's turn.

Here thoſe infatuated with the itch of ſcribling, will be taught what they have to expect from the exertion of their faculties; for as this was written in February 1755, I was to wait four months before the play was even looked at, and then to the ſeaſon after next ſeaſon, or indeed to perpetuity, before it had any chance of being exhibited. This was to my genius (if ever I had any) what the miſer calls a damper: It effectually cloyed my appetite for playwriting, and, in conſequence of it, I have thrown the

* I have been told of managers, that have kept authors dangling after them for years; and when they have died for want in a priſon, have modeſtly adopted their performances.——— But this is ſcarce credible.

the comedy into the condemned hole of my papers; nor can I even bear the ſight of it, much leſs offer it to the peruſal of the judicious; concluding, that Mr. Garrick knew by ſympathy it was good for nothing: though he never did ſee a line of it, nor never ſhall ——————So help me Apollo.

Though experience has taught me, that to put a young writer out of countenance, and out of conceit with his productions, is the moſt delightful province, both of a bookſeller and a manager; yet I have never been able, by any means to account for the cauſes of it; as it muſt abſolutely run counter to their own expectations of profit, which are generally pretty ſanguine. The great Mr. Garrick's behaviour, even to ſo inſignificant a perſon as myſelf, proves one part of my aſſertion; the other will appear from the following little anecdote, equally authentick. Mr. Garrick having, by his indifference, rouzed my indignation againſt the inoffenſive daughters of Apollo, I wrote a pamphlet in verſe, which I very indiſcreetly intitled the Poet's Recantation.—I dedicated it to the late munificent Duke of Marlborough, who ſent me an anſwer in his own writing, which, for his ſake, will ever be dear to me.——The words are expreſsly theſe;

"By the bearer I ſend five guineas; though I have no fault to find with your poem, yet I muſt deſire it may not be dedicated to me."

As I owed the receipt of many unmerited favours to Sir Edward Montagu (who is an honourable branch of that illuſtrious family, and who retains the laſt, and only ſurviving ſpark of that generoſity, which endeared to the world, a Churchill, a Spencer, a Tyrconnel, and an Ormond: the poſſeſſion of whoſe virtues, is as inherent to him, as their deſcent of blood) I entreated permiſſion to place my fugitive eſſay under the ſanction of his name; and though he did not abſolutely give me the liberty of doing it in his polite letter, yet as he did not thereby poſitively prohibit it, I reſolved at all events, to lay hold of that occaſion of appearing on the ſame page with a gentleman

tleman ſo univerſally beloved; and as Sir Edward was ſo kind to encloſe five guineas in his letter, I thought myſelf with that ſum and the Duke's liberality qualified to look a bookſeller in the face. Therefore, inſtigated by vanity, and not having the fear of a repulſe before my eyes, I went to one in the city, with whom I had ſome former dealings, and deſired him to publiſh the pamphlet. He hum'd over the title, ſhook his head, and returning it, would recommend me to Mr. Robinſon, in Ludgate-ſtreet; to whom he gave me a note, though I was well dreſſed, and had no ſymptom of the garreteer in my aſpect.----He came out after a full half hour's pauſe, and with an ironical ſmile on his countenance, ſaid, "Well, Sir, what "may your commands be?" (though he knew from the note that was ſent to him) I delivered the manuſcript ſubmiſſively into his hands, and told him I deſired to have it publiſhed.----"Publiſhed! Sir, ſaid "he, ha, ha, ha, ha----you are a young author, I find; "why it is not printed yet; but it won't do for me. "Sir, your humble ſervant, ha, ha, ha;" and ſo left me to my meditations.

Nothing but being ipſo facto, maſter of ten pound ten, could have made me perſevere in this buſineſs. He never read a tittle of it before he made that abrupt concluſion; therefore I fancied that ſtupidity and dulneſs muſt have been written on my viſage, or it would be impoſſible I ſhould meet two ſuch rebukes.

To this identical Mr. Robinſon my mother told me ſhe had communicated her firſt volume, long before ſhe went to Ireland; and he gave it as his opinion, that it would not anſwer the expence of paper and print; for, Madam, ſaid he, what's one Doctor Vanlewen, or one Parſon Pilkington to us? Or who can be entertained with anecdotes and characters of perſons utterly unknown in this part of the world?---- How much even a bookſeller might be miſtaken for once, the great ſale of her productions has declared.

The third and laſt effort, to get a fair hearing for my piece, was made in this manner: I went to a printer

printer with the money in my hand, who inſtantly ſet a chair at the fire ſide for me. Sir, ſaid I, ſhaking the guineas, will you pleaſe to read this? Yes, Sir, ſaid he, but——Nay, Sir, but me no buts, read it; at this I jingled the caſh.——Well, well, pretty enough, pretty well indeed, ſaid he.----But, Sir, what am I to do with this? It's out of my way to purchaſe any thing. Sir, it's not out of your way to take money, I hope? No, Sir, by no means. Then, Sir, in a few words, if you print this, I'll pay you for it. Oh! your moſt humble ſervant, Sir,——it ſhall be elegantly done. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you mean to pay before-hand, becauſe—Nay, Sir, make no apology, I have the money here. Why the truth is, Sir, we have ſo many rheams to ſend to paſtry-cooks every month, that it would amaze you, and faith ſome ſmart pretty things too; but the age is depraved, Sir; ah, Sir, the age is taſteleſs. A bargain being thus concluded, to the ſatisfaction of both parties, the piece ſoon after made it's appearance, and the writer of the Monthly Review, took notice of it in this manner;

The POET's RECANTATION, &c.

"On what foundation it is that Mr. J. C. P. fancies "himſelf a poet, we are at a loſs to diſcover; unleſs "he claims the friendſhip of the Muſes by hereditary "right, as the ſon of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, "and the late ingenious Lætitia.——However, "the youth tags his rhimes together dapperly "enough."

Pleaſed that I had not a ſeverer cenſure paſſed on my piece, I was once more reconciled to the Muſes; to give my readers ſome idea of it, I tranſcribe from memory a few of the lines, as I can't endure to keep a copy of any thing I write.—The firſt part was declaiming againſt the Nine, and only uſed as an introduction to ſubſequent thoughts.

Oh! Marlborough, did a ſoul like thine
In ev'ry noble boſom ſhine;

Were

Were ev'ry peer in Britain grac'd
With like munificence and taſte,
Dejected merit would be ſought,
And genius cheriſh'd as it ought;
Or could Northumberland impart
The various virtues of his heart,
They might amend perverſe mankind,
Yet leave ſufficient ſtock behind.

A great man's porter, I inſiſt,
Muſt be a phyſiognomiſt,
And taught by inſtinct to declare
What motive brings each mortal there.
No men alive can tell you better
The real purport of a letter;
And ſome from dire experience know
'Tis by this gen'ral rule they go.

In England, Italy or Greece,
Few poets cloaths are of a piece;
Tho' pitying providence had lent
A coat and hat for their content;
Tho' with a countenance ſerene
They view'd their ſhirt and neckcloth clean,
The porter ſpies in heat of talking,
A gaping chaſm in their ſtocking;
Or if by chance the ſtocking's whole,
Beſure the ſhoe's without a ſole:
From whence he, cautiouſly diſcreet,
Commences judgment at the feet;
And if the bard is faulty there,
The porter leaves him to deſpair.

In early life they thought it good
To bid me pray for daily food;
So I from day to day, was fed,
And juſt receiv'd diurnal bread;
Ye, Great, this laſt petition hear,
And grant me bread for all the year.

In order to make ſome compenſation for ſuppreſſing an unlucky abortive comedy, I ſhall in the next volume preſent to my readers a collection of letters, that paſſed between the late Lord Kingſborough and my mother; for as I was her amanuenſis, ſhe dictated

her thoughts to me, and from thence tranſcribed her own fair copies. On the other hand, before ſhe delivered his lordſhip's original letters to him, as has been mentioned in the third volume, ſhe made me exactly copy every one of them; the truth of which I can ſatisfy any of my ſubſcribers in, who have a curioſity to be more fully informed, by referring them to ſome perſons of diſtinction and veracity, who ſaw the letters, and knew both his lordſhip and my mother at the time the correſpondence was carried on.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

A

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS

BETWEEN

Lord K------GS--------H,

AND

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

VOLUME II.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH in the Country, to Mrs. PILKINGTON in Dublin.

Abbe Boyle, March 22, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD be as inſenſible not to feel, as I ſhould be ungrateful not to own the pleaſure I receive from your moſt agreeable correſpondence; and ſhould think myſelf ſtill happier, had I the ſmalleſt claim, from my own merit, to the praiſes you are kind enough to beſtow upon me; however, Madam, I am ſo vain as to believe you think what you ſay of me, as Mrs. Pilkington's ſincerity has never yet been called in queſtion.

Should I attempt to comply with your requeſt, in correcting any thing that fell from your pen, I muſt arrogate to myſelf a title I know I am unequal to; for had Longinus ſeen your writings, Madam, he

muſt, as a man of taſte have admired them; but, as a man of prudence, would never have preſumed to alter what was ſo inimitably elegant.

As I find I have undeſervedly acquired the good opinion of the only lady I am ſolicitous to pleaſe, I ſhall make it my ſtudy to act up to the character the happineſs of your imagination has given me, by a perſeverance in which I may poſſibly attain a path in that glorious ſummit you have placed me upon, and be in reality what Mrs. Pilkington is ſo generous to think me.

In compliance with your deſire, I have ſent back the * poem, though I confeſs with reluctance; but in this, as in every thing elſe, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew that obedience and reſpect wherewith I've the honour to be,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,
and ever devoted,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to encloſe notes for thirty pounds, could I have found one for twenty more would have ſent it; but own I delay it till next poſt with ſome pleaſure, as it will give me another opportunity to pay my reſpects.

LETTER II.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH, at Abbe Boyle.

My Lord,

EVERY inſtance of your highly valued favour gives me new reaſon to condemn myſelf for having judged ſo uncharitably of my own ſpecies, as to believe

* This was the dedication to her ſecond vol. beginning,

"To thee within whoſe heav'n illumin'd breaſt
"Reſides each virtue that adorns the bleſs'd."

believe it not productive of one great, noble, or diſintereſted ſoul: 'twas a faith experience had bigotted me to, till my illuſtrious Kingſborough, like a ray of brilliant light, diſperſed the gloom from my fancy, and diſplayed every grace, excellence and virtue, that ever adorned the human race, conſpicuouſly ſhining in one young nobleman.

When a baſe world I labour'd to deteſt,
And baniſh ſocial feelings from my breaſt;
Where a long train of falſhood and deceit
Taught me myſelf and human kind to hate;
To look on promiſes as vain diſcourſe,
And kind profeſſions only words of courſe;
'Twas thine alone my frenzy to remove,
And call me back to friendſhip and to love;
Make me again my fellow creature truſt,
Becauſe one man is excellent and juſt:
Were my opinion by the world eſteem'd,
In that, the world, is by yourſelf redeem'd;
My arms again to friendſhip I'll expand,
And give my heart as freely as my hand.

You ſee, my Lord, what a tautologiſt you have to deal with: I firſt tell you my thoughts in proſe, and repeat nearly the ſame in verſe, but you have kindneſs to overlook my failings; and all I am ambitious of in this life, is, being able to ſay or do any thing that may expreſs the gratitude and eſteem you have inſpired in the boſom of,

My Lord,

Golden-Lane, Dublin, March 23, 1748.

Your Lordſhip's, moſt obliged humbled ſervant,
LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER III.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, April 5, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD ſooner have acknowledged the receipt of your agreeable letter, but that it is the fate of us idle people to be always moſt hurried when we are leaſt able to tell how; but you will naturally judge in what manner I am circumſtanced, when I tell you, that I have ſtolen from company who can be happy with a bottle, to enjoy the more rational felicity of converſing with Mrs. Pilkington. I am not in the leaſt ſurpriſed, Madam, you ſhould reproach a world, which could be ſo long blind to ſuch exalted merit. The compliment you honoured me with on that head, not only makes me vain, but happy; and you may believe me, Madam, that no wiſh of Mrs. Pilkington's ſhall be unobtained, that is within the compaſs of my abilities to gratify. There is nothing ever endeared fortune ſo much to me, as the power it gives me of demonſtrating, beyond profeſſions, how ſincerely I eſteem and regard you. — But I am juſt called from this pleaſing taſk; I muſt entreat you to forgive this haſty ſcrawl, and be aſſured of the unalterable friendſhip of,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. If Mrs. Pilkington will let me know by her anſwer, which I impatiently expect, any thing wherein my fortune or intereſt can ſerve her, ſhe may command both.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My Lord,

AFTER many attempts to write your Lordſhip a proper anſwer to your laſt flow of angelic benevolence and greatneſs of mind, I have ſat down to write you a true one, and to you, as my guardian angel, pour forth all my ſoul; ſince to anſwer you as I ought demands both the pen and the ſpirit of a Kingsborough.

Whoſe hand as prompt the indigent befriends,
As wakeful nature to creation tends.

I may ſay on the receipt of ſo many undeſerved tenders of ſervice, from one who is ſo amply qualified to aſſiſt me, as Henry the fourth did, when he heard his ſon had conquered the rebels.

And wherefore ſhould this good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full?
But write her faireſt words in blackeſt ink.

Had my ſtory been known to my moſt munificent patron, before repeated griefs had overcome my ſpirit, and made me incapable of enjoying any thing on this ſide of the grave; had he then ſo nobly offered to reſcue me from further diſappointments and afflictions; perhaps it might have had the effect his generoſity now wiſhes: but, alas! my Lord, I have no reliſh for life, and that goodneſs that would endeavour to raiſe, but ſinks the expiring flame; as if one ſhould profuſely ſhed oil into a lamp, where the wick was burned to an inch. I confeſs to you, my Lord, I have had philoſophy enough to ſmile at the rudeſt ſhocks of adverſe fortune; but this unſolicited, unthought of proof of manly virtue covers me with tears: yet I have a child, a ſon, who merits that name, by a moſt aſſiduous duty and conſtancy to me. He was nurſed at my boſom, and is now my only joy. If Lord Kingſborough

will think of a proviſion for him, inſtead of his heart-broken parent, he will let my eyes behold what only can elevate my heart.——You know him, my Lord, that is, you have ſeen him; but forgive the partiality of a mother when ſhe ſays you do not know him, becauſe your Lordſhip could not experience, as I have done, the worthineſs of his diſpoſition.——That his father has cruelly abandoned him on my account, makes it a double duty on me to exert my prayers to heaven, and intereſt upon earth, to gain him a ſomething that may guard him when I am no more, from what Shakeſpear terms

The ſpurns
That patient merit from the unworthy take.

But I have ſurely exhauſted your patience, though 'tis impoſſible, my Lord, to wear out your good manners; therefore, leſt you ſhould conclude, I have quite taken leave of my own, I muſt, however reluctantly, break of, with appealing to your own ſuperior ſenſe for a deſcription of that nameleſs reſpect, with which

Dublin, April 9, 1748. I am, My Lord, &c. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER V.

Anſwer to the foregoing,
From Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Abbe Boyle, April 13, 1748.

MADAM,

YOUR letter found me alone. I expected a fund of humour and entertainment on the receipt of it; but, good God! how much was I affected at your alteration of ſtile. Surely, Madam, you are troubled with vapours, and this muſt be the effect of them. When I laſt had the honour to ſee you, you were in full health and ſpirits; neither did I ever ſee more vivacity in any perſon living. For heaven's ſake,

Mrs.

Mrs. Pilkington, be yourſelf and think no more of quitting a world, wherein the longer you live the more you will be admired.----As to your ſon, who I believe is a deſerving young gentleman, you may reſt aſſured, that my inclinations are, and warmeſt endeavours ſhall be, to ſerve him; which Mr. Pilkington will be convinced of as ſoon as I come to town.

You were ſo obliging to promiſe, in one of your former letters, to entertain me with a tranſcript of your humorous epiſtle from C------ D------m; I ſhall take it extremely kind, Madam, if you will, at a leiſure hour ſend it to me; for tho' nothing can equal the native flowings of your pen, yet when you court the tragic ſiſter, you win her ſo effectually to your aſſiſtance, that, as ſomebody ſays, you beguile us of our tears. It is needleſs to repeat to you, Madam, what I have before ſincerely ſaid, becauſe yourſelf muſt confeſs, that nothing can do me ſo much honour as promoting the welfare of Mrs. Pilkington; to whom I am, &c.

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I beg, dear Madam, you'll ſend ſomething to raiſe my ſpirits, which your laſt has much depreſſed.

LETTER VI.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin, April 18, 1748.

My LORD,

AS you deſire me to be merry, whether I will or not, my duty obliges me to comply with your injunction, and rattle out every thing I think entertaining without once conſidering who I am prating to. I aſſure you, my Lord, if I was not old enough to be your mother, the world would ſay we carried on an intrigue; nay, thoſe who have not ſeen how roughly maſter time has handled me, give ſhrewd innuendoes, that it is not for nothing ſome people are ſo great.

Your

Your Lordſhip's hand and ſeal is already known in the poſt-office; and, but for the cauſes aforeſaid, there might poſſibly be an action of damages againſt you, or a formal citation to appear in Facie Eccleſiæ, and good reaſon. Why, forſooth, if a reverend gentleman of the gown choſe to diſtreſs his wife, why ſhould any flirting young nobleman take upon him to protect and defend her?----- --But you aſk me, my Lord, for the Colonel's letter, whoſe character, as well as decency would permit, I have drawn in my ſecond volume; the moſt of which your Lordſhip has ſeen in manuſcript, and I hope ſoon to have the pleaſure to preſent to you the whole in print.

I wrote to the Colonel ſome time before I left London, at an hour when a trivial aſſiſtance would have been highly acceptable. I addreſſed him in the moſt ſolemn ſtile, and endeavoured to awaken his pity by a true and pathetick recital of my ſtate. I took care to remind him of his promiſes to me, which had at his ſerious hours been very liberal; he anſwered me thus:

You old D----l;

WHEN you were ſomething handſome, I told you I loved you, as I told every woman that came in my way; but, by G---d, my dear little creature, I never cared a halfpenny for you; and ſo you now begin to talk to me like a death's head, or a memento mori. I thought you had more ſenſe than to preach that to me, when I am like yourſelf, obſtinate and old, which I always deſpiſed, as you know. You tell me you are in diſtreſs: very well; I am not.—— And pray, Madam, what's your misfortunes to me? Muſt I break a ten guinea bet at White's, to give you one, becauſe you are unfortunate? That would indeed help to make me ſo, as I ſhould repent it all my life.---- Oh! thou beautiful ruin! thou admirable antique! thou venerable matron! thou poetical ſybil! in ſhort, thou dear fine worthy antient gentlewoman!

Your moſt obedient,
humble ſervant,

D----.

P. S.

P. S. You want to go to eat, I want to go to game; once more your humble ſervant.

Having ſatisfied your Lordſhip with what you requeſted, I leave you to admire at the brutality of the writer, but do aſſure you the Colonel wrote his genuine ſentiment. During the time I was favoured with his viſits, he aſked me one day if I ever heard how my brother Grub-ſtreet the laureat, had like to have had his neck brought into a halter? I told him no. Why, ſaid he, our Britiſh Mecænas, as you term the E——l of C——, was about twenty years ago forbid the C——t, and very juſtly too; for G——e II. owed him money, which he never meant to pay.—— You muſt know that previous to the birth-day, Colley ſends his Ode, finely done up in gilt paper, or leather, or ſomething, for the Royal approbation. The E——l, who from his intimacy with Colley knew all this, took care to have the ſtart of him, one day at leaſt. He likewiſe knew the laureat's hand-writing; and, therefore having a book done juſt after C——bb——r's faſhion, he dreſſed a footman in the ſame livery to deliver the ſuppoſed Ode. It was immediately handed to the Queen, and ran thus:——

Cheſterfield

An O D E.

I.

I Colley Cibber, right or wrong,
Muſt celebrate this day;
And tune once more my tuneleſs ſong,
And ſtrum the venal lay.

II.

Heav'n ſpread thro' all the family
That broad illuſtrious glare,
That ſhines ſo flat in every eye,
And makes them all ſo ſtare.

III.

Heav'n ſend the Prince of Royal grace,
A little whore and horſe;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purſe.

And

IV.

And as I have a ſon like you,
May he Parnaſſus rule;
So ſhall the Crown, and laurel too,
Deſcend from fool to fool.

The Q—n, ſaid the Colonel, burſt out a crying after reading this; but yet was ſo covetous, that ſhe would neither pay poor Chesterfield his wife's portion, nor ſupply her own ſon with means to ſupport the dignity of a Prince. You muſt know, you little devil, continued the Colonel, I am juſt come from White's, where I heard an excellent paſſage.—There's a ſmock-faced lad, who has been introduced amongſt us, that we all know has no means to ſupport the appearance he makes, or the expences he runs into. He was at play with L—d B———, and having a run of very ill fortune, cry'd, well, I believe if I played for my b—kſ—de I ſhould loſe it. L—d B— very gravely anſwered, ——— indeed, Sir, that would be a loſs to you.

Juſt after this, L— d B— engaged in play with young H—, who is known to be a natural ſon; but the tables turned on him, and he loſt every bet he made. Loſers have always leave to ſpeak: L—d B— therefore cried, with ſome heat,—I never yet knew a baſtard but what was a ſon of a w—e. The young gentleman, with great ſteadineſs of countenance, ſaid, indeed then, my Lord, I did; for my ſiſter is a baſtard, and yet not a ſon of a whore; which intirely raiſed the laugh againſt L—d B—.

Now, my Lord, you find how much I can deviate from myſelf, when inſpired by the proſpect of giving you a tranſitory entertainment; but having filled my whole ſheet, I muſt wiſh your Lordſhip a good night.

L. PILKINGTON.

† This is but a very mutilated Copy of the Poem, I have much more perfect

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, April 29, 1748.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to tranſmit this to you by my brother, and ſhall in a ſhort time, have the happineſs to thank you in perſon for the infinite delight your laſt has afforded to myſelf and friends, who unanimouſly join with me, in confeſſing you are, as I have ever eſteemed you, Madam, unrivalled in wit, eaſe and vivacity.

I entreat you will forgive my not entering upon all the particulars I long to communicate, as I reſerve them for a whole afternoon's diſcourſe with you in Dublin; in the mean time believe me,

Dear Madam,
moſt reſpectfully,
your obliged,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I make bold to ſend the twenty pound bill I formerly mentioned.

LETTER VIII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON.

My LORD,

THIS morning C----t K---g did me the honour to bring your Lordſhip's letter; and though I had not the happineſs of his acquaintance, yet I imagined it poſſible to detain him a few moments, as I concluded every perſon allied to Lord Kingſborough muſt be eaſy and affable. When he had favoured me with your obliging epiſtle he was for retiring; but I intreated

treated he would condeſcend, as his noble brother had frequently done, to bleſs my humble abode with his preſence; and would you believe me, my Lord, I put your dear letter into my breaſt, and ſuſpended even a woman's curioſity to know its contents, in hopes to engage him in a little chat.----But he pulled out his watch, and told me he was abſolutely obliged to go in ten minutes. I told him I hated a watch, and could not ſee how that machine was uſeful to any, except thoſe who were tied to hours.----Well, Madam, ſaid he, but I am one of that number, and therefore muſt depart. In ſhort, my Lord, he left me: and as I will not attempt to veil my opinion to you, I take him to be what Falſtaff merrily deſcribes Lord John of Lancaſter to have been, "A cold blooded boy, that makes many fiſh meals, and has contracted a kind of male green ſickneſs."-----Your Lordſhip will certainly think me impudent for making compariſons, which are ſeldom found to pleaſe, whatever degree of ſimilarity may ſubſiſt; but certainly Lord John was a brave man, notwithſtanding the freedoms this fat knight took with his character; and the cornet may be extremely communicative and entertaining, though I had not the luck to take him in the vein.

You ſee, my Lord, how I ramble from my point in view, which was to thank your Lordſhip for this laſt proof of your liberality. I have laid it out in ſome plate, on which I have ordered your Lordſhip's arms to be engraved, and upon that account only ſhall be extremely vain of it. In the mean time, my Lord, as you ſeldom deny any requeſt of mine, I muſt beg your acceptance of a half length picture, which a painter lately prevailed on me to let him draw; becauſe, tho' the man is not eminent, he has made a ſtrong likeneſs; in which no perſon ever ſucceeded before, except Mr. Hone, in London.---If your Lordſhip can find one ſpace at Abbe Boyle, that the elegance of your taſte has not filled up, give my poor reſemblance a place there, that it may ſometimes reveal to your Lordſhip your own virtues, which every one but

yourſelf

yourſelf ſufficiently know and admire, and be a memorial of that gratitude wherewith I am,

My Lord,

Dublin, May 2, 1748.

Your Lordſhip's,
moſt devoted
humble ſervant,
LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, May 12, 1748.

MADAM,

I AM honoured with your letter, and enraptured at the picture you promiſe me, ſince any thing that reſembles Mrs. Pilkington muſt give pleaſure: I ſhall place it where I would the original, might I have the happineſs of her company, in my beſt apartment, and hope the contemplation of it may better qualify me to hold a correſpondence with you, by inſpiring me with ſome of that wit which ſo laviſhly diſtils from your pen. I often wonder, Madam, when I receive your letters, how I have the courage to anſwer them, and expoſe all my errors to ſo accurate a judge; and this nothing but a confidence in your good-nature could poſſibly tempt me to do.—I thought by this time I ſhould have ſeen Mrs. Pilkington, and thanked her myſelf for all the marks of eſteem ſhe is ſo obliging to honour me with; but as unavoidable buſineſs will engage me ſome time longer in the country, your writing frequently, Madam, is the only relief I can hope for.——— I have juſt received an epiſtle from our poor friend * John Brown, I heartily wiſh that he may get the better of his unhappy affair. He tells me you have been kind enough to viſit him in his confinement, and ſpeaks of you as all gentlemen of true taſte generally do. I think it extremely good of Mrs. Pilkington to give him her converſation, which muſt render,

* John Brown, of the Neal, Eſq;

render even a priſon delightful. Do me the honour, Madam, when you next ſee him, to tell him he is attended with my beſt wiſhes, as I really have not time to write my thoughts to him; and if you have charity for me, who am equally confined by being far from Mrs. Pilkinton, write me a whole ſheet, the firſt opportunity, with as many of your own flights as poſſible: reſt aſſured, dear Madam, I am, and ever will be,

Your ſincerely devoted,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

LETTER X.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My Lord,

WHAT will you think of your friend Mr. Brown, when I tell your Lordſhip he has abſolutely made love to me, and wrote a ſonnet in my praiſe? He conjured me not to mention a ſyllable of it to Lord Kingſborough, from which moment I have been ready to die with impatience to let your Lordſhip into the ſecret; and after tranſcribing ſome of it's ſtanza's, I deſire the favour of your Lordſhip's determination, whether his ſtile is Platonic or otherwiſe.

I.

Fortune's malice I defy,
While my beauteous fair one's nigh;
Let Euphroſune incline,
Are not both the Indies mine?

II.

Oh! were both the Indies mine,
From the Ganges to the Rhine,
With a world what ſhould I do,
But give all to purchaſe you?

III.

Riches, honour, health and eaſe,
All without you cannot pleaſe;
But with you the world's my own,
And an humble turf a throne.

Smile,

IV.

Smile, then ſmile, my fav'rite fair,
Crown a paſſion ſo ſincere:
Oh! reward me, and 'tis odds,
But you lift me to the gods.

I need not tell Lord Kingſborough where Mr. Brown has borrowed his laſt ſentiment, becauſe I know he is too converſant with Horace not to find it readily out; but I can't imagine how my ſmiling could raiſe our author ſo high, even if I was young and handſome. Upon the whole, My Lord, I fancy it was written more to ſhew our friend's wit and politeneſs, than to make a conqueſt of an old woman. One thing indeed renders it ſomething uncommon, that a gentleman, who owns himſelf he expects to receive ſentence of death in a ſhort time, ſhould be ſo very volatile; but this may ſerve as a proof, that his conſcience does not accuſe him of murdering his antagoniſt, who I really believe from all accounts, had as much fair play for his life, as gentlemen uſually have who fight duels: I could myſelf aver, from what I know of Mr. Brown,

That he would place honour on one hand,
and death on t'other,
And look on both indiff'rently;

Nay, I'll venture to affirm,

That he loves the name of honour more than he fears death.

Don't imagine, my Lord, I ſpeak thus of Mr. Brown becauſe he has written in my praiſe; for I aſſure your Lordſhip, I have received compliments of the kind from men whom I very heartily deſpiſe, particularly A——w F——t, Eſq; who, ſince I have removed to Fownes's ſtreet, is placed directly oppoſite to my window every morning, and whoſe preſence is ſufficient to damp the genial inſpirations of the muſe, when it brings inceſt and murder ſo ſtrongly in view. This worthy gentleman, whoſe amour with his ſiſter muſt render him deteſtable to all poſterity, ſuppoſed, that by a few fulſome panegyricks, he could ſilence my pen upon that ſubject: but really, my Lord, there

was

was not the leaſt occaſion for all this, becauſe I never meddle with thoſe who don't meddle with me; and tho' I ever looked on F——t as the laſt abject wretch upon earth, yet I thought him too incorrigible for the laſh, and his crime of too heinous a nature to be even thought of without freezing the blood.

I preſented your Lordſhip's commands to Mr. Brown; and tho' he was pleaſed to find his adverſity had not diveſted him of your Lordſhip's good wiſhes, yet he was ſadly mortified at not receiving a letter.—Upon this a controverſy aroſe between us, whether Lord Kingſborough loved him or myſelf beſt. The conteſt was very warm, but a nobleman juſt happening to come in, kindly ended the diſpute, by adviſing both parties to appeal to your Lordſhip for a deciſion of this debate; ſo, my Lord, it lies in ſuſpence, till I am favoured with your anſwer.---In the mean time, I fear my viſits here will be ſeriouſly attended with one very bad conſequence; for there is a lady diſtinguiſhed by the name of Dirty Dally, who, I am told, will pull my cap: however, there is no virtue without enduring perſecution, and if the gentlewoman ſhould fall foul of my head-cloaths, ſhe won't foul her hands; but I ſhan't venture to return the compliment, leſt I ſhould dirty mine: for by all accounts, ſhe has not had a clean cap on theſe twelve months.

The perſon who came to our friend brought a very uncommon piece of news with him; namely, that Leſon, the brewer's ſon, was actually going to be created a peer of this realm. Having Mr. Brown's diamond pencil in my hand at that inſtant, a fine pane of glaſs in the window was ſpoil'd with this inſcription:

The ſon of a brewer created a Peer!
Wine makes Lord's, I've been told, and pray
why ſhould not beer?

But when I get leave to prate this way to your Lordſhip, I never know when to leave off. 'Tis now full time to cloſe all this with two lines that are applicable to my wiſhes,

Bleſt

Bleſt be the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
And bleſt the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

Dublin,
May 13, 1748.

LETTER XI.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON

Abbe Boyle, May 20, 1748.

MADAM,

I Confeſs I don't think Mr. Brown's verſes Platonic, and cannot but admire at his fortitude to write in his preſent ſituation; but I find, Madam, you are as happy and generous, in defending thoſe you honour with your eſteem, as your pen is fatal to ſuch as deſervedly fall under its cenſure. Mr. F------t is a gentleman whom I really do not know, nor do I wiſh for his acquaintance. I am ſorry poor L-----n has diſobliged Mrs. Pilkington, and hope the epigram may not be underſtood or publiſhed, as I think him an inoffenſive creature; beſides that, I have a particular regard for C----t P-----n, his brother-in-law. As to Mr. Brown, who has known me from my infancy, I have a great value for him; but when a Lady is put in competition with a gentleman, let him aſk his own breaſt on which ſide judgment is to be decreed.

I ſincerely concur with you in opinion, Madam, that our friend is innocent of the murder though unluckily guilty of the manſlaughter; which I am certain himſelf as well as his friends, wiſh had never happened. Your quotation from Shakeſpear on that matter is very juſt, and a true character of Mr. Brown, in a few words. I have wrote a long letter to him this poſt, by which he will know I have not forgot him.----I hope his anſwer will bring me the pleaſing news of his enlargement, as the trial, I am told, comes on in a few days.

I entreat

I entreat the favour of you, Madam, if you ſhould have any occaſion for money, during my abſence, to let Mark White, my agent, know it; who is deſired by me to ſupply you without limitation; and you cannot more effectually oblige me than in commanding my fortune.—All I hope on my part is, that you will ſtill think me worthy of being eſteemed,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. You were ſo kind to repeat ſome verſes you wrote on an unfortunate lady ſome time ago; I ſhall be much obliged to you for a copy of that admirable poem.

LETTER XII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My DEAR LORD,

FOR ſo you muſt permit the moſt obliged creature upon earth henceforth to term you. If your recent bounty of fifty pounds were already exhauſted, I muſt certainly have been extravagant; and that, the treaſures of the eaſt could never make me. I would be liberal, had Providence entruſted me with the means, but never profuſe or oſtentatious. I have no paſſions that could lead me into expence. I neither like publick or private amuſements. I neither ſtudy dreſs or faſhion, but wear what is decent and convenient. If I am ſuperfluous in any point, 'tis in dreſſing out my ſon; for which I know how I am cenſured: but I do it as much to mortify his father and his partizans, as to ſhew the world what your Lordſhip's goodneſs can enable an afflicted mother to do.

The permiſſion your Lordſhip has given me to call on Mr. White, is a proof of your unlimited kindneſs; yet I can't help thinking, my Lord, it would manifeſt great

great want of modeſty in me to make the leaſt uſe of ſo noble an indulgence. I know no advantage money could be of to me, but to ſerve thoſe who are in diſtreſs; and I have no need to be an agent for your Lordſhip in that reſpect, who find ſo much felicity in doing it yourſelf: in ſhort, my dear Lord, I want nothing but a ſight of you; and if ever I receive a favour, it muſt be immediately from your own benevolent hand.

The verſes your Lordſhip demands of me, are very incorrect, as they were written like a letter, and never intended to ſee the light. I know your Lordſhip will overlook their imperfections, as you do thoſe of their author; and therefore, ſans reſerve, I ſhall ſubmit them to your ſuperior judgment.—I believe I told you, my Lord, that when I lodged in Green-Street, Groſvenor-Square, the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed young lady I had ever beheld came to intreat I would write a letter for her; but before ſhe could tell me the ſubſtance of it, ſhe fell into an agony of tears, from which ſhe was with difficulty recovered: in ſhort, ſhe was obliged to go home in a chair, without being able to tell me what ſhe came about. It was the third morning after ſhe had firſt attempted to ſpeak, that, with the mildeſt exhortations to repoſe a confidence in one who ſincerely pitied her, and aſſurances of friendſhip, ſecrecy and aſſiduity to ſerve her, ſhe told her ſtory in a ſimple but eloquent manner, which I the ſame day put into the dreſs in which I here tranſcribe it.

To heaven and you, repentant I confeſs
At once my ſhame, contrition and diſtreſs;
And, oh! if pity may await a crime
That ſullies honour to remoteſt time,
Judge from this faithful picture of my ſtate,
Whether that pity ſhould my crime await;
Cover'd with crimſon bluſhes while I tell,
From white-rob'd truth and virtue how I fell;
From ſpotleſs innocence, from meek ey'd peace,
A prey to horror, victim to diſgrace.

Four

Four ſummers paſs'd ſince this dejected frame,
Was clad in ſweetneſs, and enrich'd with fame;
Within my breaſt no ſentiment aroſe,
That veſtal maids might ſcruple to diſcloſe;
The beſt of mothers, laviſh'd on my mind,
Each heav'n taught precept to improve deſign'd;
Bid guiltleſs joy on all my moments wait,
Blind to a thought of my ſucceeding fate.
Oh! had my ſoul each bright perfection ſhar'd,
Had all the beauties of my form been ſpar'd,
A noble fortitude had ſteel'd my breaſt
The ſerpent wiles of mankind to deteſt;
To guard my virtue from the fatal ſtain,
Theſe tears attempt to waſh away in vain.

A youth by nature and by art poſſeſs'd
Of all that melts the ſympathetic breaſt;
Such ſweet perſuaſion on whoſe accents hung,
That while he ſpoke I thought an angel ſung;
Whoſe kneeling vows in fond profuſion giv'n,
Appear'd to me the regiſters of heav'n;
With all the arts deception could inſpire,
Taught me to love, to pity, to admire;
Eternal truth each broken ſentence fill'd,
Thro' ev'ry vital boundleſs rapture thrill'd:
My honeſt ſoul each abject doubt diſdain'd,
Yet rolling years his ſuit was unobtain'd;
Till imprecations, hermits might deceive,
Made me to endleſs infamy a ſlave;
Daſh'd the rich cup whence ſocial comforts flow,
And left me heir to everlaſting woe.

Can I forget the ſtill, the ſolemn night,
Scene of my joy, my ruin, my delight?
When modeſt Cynthia veil'd her ſilver face,
Too chaſte to evidence my ſad diſgrace;
When with affected piety of look
His impious hands unclos'd the ſacred book,
And join'd our hearts with that celeſtial chain
Which death can only diſunite again;
The myſtic ring upon my finger plac'd,
Emblem of love, unchangeable and chaſte;

Then

Then Tarquin-like to my embraces flew,
While ev'ry angel from my ſide withdrew.

Own, wretch obdurate, tho' you can't relent,
Your preſent ſtate is diſtant from content;
Her you abandon'd in purſuit of wealth,
Had eaſe, good humour, ſprightlineſs, and health;
Had love to cheer, ſhould ev'ry comfort fail,
And temper gentle as the ſouthern gale;
Unlike thy canker'd, thy miſ-ſhapen bride,
Fraught with detraction, enmity and pride;
Who while her coffers burſt with gems and plate,
Grudges each taſteleſs morſel that you eat;
Whoſe fiend-like ſoul aſpires at no content,
But the infernal pleaſure to torment;
Whoſe converſation may prevent my curſe,
Since hell contains no puniſhment that's worſe.
Here would I cloſe the grief-awaking tale,
And o'er the ſequel caſt a ſable veil;
To dumb obſcurity the ills conſign
That adverſe fortune deſtin'd to be mine;
But tho' my heart at ev'ry ſentence bleed,
My ſex's welfare prompts me to proceed.

With hope and fear, alternate conflicts ſpent
Two tedious days ſince my deſtroyer went;
I ſigh'd, I lov'd, I look'd, I long'd in vain,
And ev'ry moment was an age of pain;
No ſtreaming tear could give my woes relief,
Tears the poor refuge of a common grief;
The third a fever's burning heat expreſs'd,
The potent fury of a flame ſuppreſs'd.
Vain was recourſe to tenderneſs or art,
Sorrow and ſhame were written on my heart;
And wild diſtraction let my tongue reveal,
The fatal ſecret, reaſon would conceal.

Life from the great, the rich, the happy flies,
But grief 's immortal, and it never dies;
Elſe why, ye powers, did I this ſtroke ſurvive?
Why am I ſtill in miſery alive?

Perhaps the hour new vigour I acquir'd
Some hero periſh'd, or ſome bard expir'd;
Some whoſe benevolence the world had ſhar'd
Have fall'n, whilſt wretchedneſs itſelf was ſpar'd.

When new-born health her balmy influence ſhed,
And o'er my cheek a vermil tincture ſpread,
A tender mother, to compaſſion wrought,
The fatal cauſe of my affliction ſought;
Told him in words that might a Nero melt
The ſtings her daughter in his abſence felt;
While from her eye the tear of pity ſtole,
That ſpoke the kind ſenſations of her ſoul
But to her pleadings no regard was ſhewn,
The wretch was callous as the frigid zone:
Then 'gainſt her life her trembling hand ſhe bent,
Nor e'er return'd to tell me the event;
No longer worthy her eſteem to claim,
She left me full of agony and ſhame.

Oh! thou to nature's viſitings unknown,
From whom theſe evils took their riſe alone,
This tragic tale unſhaken who can hear,
Nor pay the gen'rous tribute of a tear?
Know that when worldly artifice ſhall fail,
To awful heav'ns tribunal I'll appeal;
Of joys eternal let thy ſoul deſpair,
For clad in terrors I'll arraign thee there;
My bleeding mother ſhall confront thy ſight,
And furies ſnatch thee from the realms of light.

You ſee, my Lord, the whole piece is irregular and indigeſted, ſo that nothing but your deſire could induce me to give it under my hand. If there is any thing in it pleaſing to Lord Kingſborough, I muſt intirely impute it to his partiality to me.

I am this inſtant going to mortify Mr. Brown with your Lordſhip's laſt letter; for as he is now at liberty, it might give him a flow of ſpirits that would endanger his health, if I did not take them down a little, by letting him know I have the uppermoſt place in your

Lordſhip's

Lordſhip's heart; which to deſerve it is the only wiſh of,

My Lord,

Dublin. Your moſt dutiful,

humble ſervant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER XIII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle.

MADAM,

I HAVE been guilty of an indelicacy in my laſt, for which I can hardly forgive myſelf, but that I know Mrs. Pilkington is too gentle to miſunderſtand what I wrote without reflection. I could ſcarcely ever come into her preſence, after preſuming to mention Mr. White. I ſtand moſt genteelly corrected by your anſwer, Madam, and again aſſure you, upon my honour, I wrote without thought; and though this is but pleading guilty to one crime, in order to wipe out another, yet I had rather be looked on as giddy than unpolite: in ſhort, Mrs. Pilkington, this is the only excuſe I can make.

How can you be ſo blind to your own excellence, to condemn the moſt pathetic and poetical piece that ever fell from the pen of mortal? I never differed in opinion with you, Madam, except in this;—and I challenge you to ſhew a line in it, that is not replete with that eaſe, harmony and ſweetneſs, peculiar to *Euphroſyne, and which the Leſbian poeteſs was never equal to. Certainly, Madam, ſome taſteleſs

*A name by which Mrs. Pilkington was known among her correſpondents.

perſon has put you out of temper with that poem, for were it the work of another, a lady of your candour would undoubtedly commend it.

You know, Madam, I am neither connoiſſeur or critic, yet I certainly can feel what enraptures my ſenſe, and melts my ſoul to a feminine weakneſs. I have conceived from your poem the warmeſt eſteem for the deluded fair one, and the utmoſt indignation at her betrayer; and as 'tis more than probable, from what you ſay, Madam, that the amiable creature is not even now above indigence, your doing me the honour to preſent to her the two fifty pound notes encloſed herein, will unſpeakably oblige me.

To enumerate the many unparalleled beauties of that piece is impoſſible, tho' I have read it ſo frequently as to have it by heart: what you modeſtly call irregularity, I think the chief ſpirit of ſuch a performance, as we naturally ſuppoſe you wrote in the ſame ſtile in which the unhappy Lady ſpoke; and we know that in this, as in painting, bold, free, and maſterly ſtrokes, are the evident proofs of an original.

I can't help obſerving, that the abruptneſs of the concluſion adds much to the dignity of the piece, though I wiſh the lady had not carried her reſentment ſo far, as to put him in eternal puniſhment; ſince ſhe confeſſes that alloted to him in a wife, was ſufficient even for the worſt of crimes, and I am heartily of her opinion. The mother was very precipitate to her own deſtruction, for had ſhe held her tongue, the lady might have paſſed for a maid with any old batchelor in England, and the good woman have had a handſome revenue to keep the ſecret inviolable; a taſk really hard on an old woman.

I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much on this topic, but I have been labouring to fill a whole ſheet of paper with ſomething; but even my nonſenſe may ſhew Mrs. Pilkington, I have ſenſe enough to aſpire at the reputation of her

Real admirer,

and moſt obliged

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S.

P. S. If you ſhould not readily hear of the lady, do me the favour, Madam, to diſpoſe of the bills as you think proper.

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My Lord,

TO evade your bounty, is as impoſſible as to parry Jove's thunder, and I have met it when I moſt ſought to ſhun it. I ſhall not teize your Lordſhip with endeavouring to expreſs what I think of you; for this, my Lord, would be but giving pain to your virtues, and ſhow how defective both my thoughts and our language is. For my part, I can find no words to dreſs the ſenſations of my ſoul in, and therefore muſt be ſilent about them, hoping that the heart which is capable of inſpiring them, may define what I own myſelf unequal to; but I ſincerely declare to you, my Lord, I have had ſo much money of late, that I have been at a loſs what to do with it. B—ps, P—ts and D—ns liberally ſupply me, without my being at the pains to ſollicit their benevolence. I receive ſums of money from unknown hands; nay, even the ladies now begin to honour me with their correſpondence and contributions. —— I went the other day to my printer to receive ſome arrears, and ſaw there a formal ſtiff fellow in black, with his own lank hair, who I concluded was a parſon. I aſked Powell who he was? He told me the great Mr. Weſley, and that he was certain I ſhould be highly delighted with his converſation, if I would do him the favour to ſtay to dinner.

As my curioſity was up, I conſented to the invitation; but though I ſtarted every ſubject that could poſſibly ſeduce him into a general converſation, yet I could not, for the ſoul of me, wrench a ſen-

tence from him, more than that it would give him all imaginable pleaſure if he could prevail on me to go and hear him preach. Yes, Sir, ſaid I, but I would fain hear you talk firſt: I am told you are a gentleman and a ſcholar. For my part, Sir, when I go to church, it is to that eſtabliſhed by law; to which, notwithſtanding that ſome of her clergy are little better than they ſhould be, I am ſo heartily reconciled, that it will be a hard matter now to make a methodiſt of me.—Well, Madam, ſaid Mr. Weſley, if you'll let me wait on you at your houſe, we will then, over a diſh of tea, converſe of this matter. As I was impatient to hear what this ſanctified levite had to advance, I ſaid I ſhould expect him at breakfaſt the next morning. Madam, ſaid he, if God is willing, I will go, and I am not without hopes of ſeeing you a ſiſter in Chriſt.

He came according to appointment at eight o'clock, and at his entrance made me a very court-bow. I was ſurprized, even before he ſpoke, to ſee the extraordinary alteration in his countenance; the muſcles of which were the preceding day dropt to that flatneſs, that his viſage was a perfect blank; but they were now braced up to their proper functions, and he appeared a ſprightly young fellow.

I never ſuffered more pain, Madam, ſaid he, than I did yeſterday, leſt Mrs. Pilkington ſhould believe me the ſtupid animal I affected: but I may be ſincere enough to tell you, Madam, this ſeeming ſadneſs and ſolemnity is of the utmoſt uſe in my vocation; and you know, Madam, as Falſtaff ſays, "May not a man labour in his vocation?" Powell and his wife were anabaptiſts, but are now followers of me; and 'tis natural to ſuppoſe I'll obtain as many as I can, as well as Mrs. Pilkington endeavours to fill her ſubſcription liſt; upon which, Madam, I beg to be incog. and ſo ſaying, he preſented me with a couple of guineas.—Now, Sir, ſaid I do you conſider what you've been about? How do you know, that the moment you depart, I may

not

not take the pen and publiſh all this? Madam, ſaid he, I know by your writings, that it is not in your nature to do a premeditated injury to one who has repoſed a confidence in your honour and underſtanding; and beſides, not one of my followers would believe a ſyllable of it, I have ſo effectually gained an aſcendency over their faith. I told Mr. W—ſ—ly, his opinion of me was juſt as

"I'd not betray my truſt to gain the univerſe."

He then talked of books, plays, muſick, painting, ſtatuary; and in ſhort, every ſubject that could convince me he was a man of taſte and true breeding. Now, Madam, ſaid he, as I've been ſo candid with you, it is entirely in your power to ſerve me, by ſpeaking kindly of me to Powell's family.—I promiſed to ſpeak the truth, that I never received more ſatisfaction from the diſcourſe of any divine in my life, nor ever knew one who was half ſo honeſt and ingenuous.—Upon the whole, my Lord, I ſaw no difference between this prophet and other gentlemen, but that he drank for breakfaſt milk and warm water, inſtead of tea and milk.———What I ſay to my honour'd friend, Lord Kingſborough, will, I am certain, go no farther; eſpecially, my Lord, when it is a deſire of mine that this interview ſhould be kept ſecret.

Mr. W—ſ—y had ſcarce departed, when I was viſited by another clergyman, who firſt ſubſcribed very generouſly to my writings, and then ſaid,—I hope, Mrs. Pilkington, you have made no mention of me? Of you, Sir, ſaid I; upon my word I don't even know you. My name, Madam, ſaid he is J—b; I had the favour to ſee you at the Archbiſhop of Dublin's, at Tallagh, many years ago. Oh! Sir, I now recollect you, you came home with me in a coach. Yes, Madam, ſaid he, and I hope you will never repeat the indiſcretion I was guilty of at that time. Indeed, Sir, it never once entered into my head; but now you have been ſo obliging

to remind me of it, I ſhall be able to make two or three admirable pages on the ſubject. For heaven's ſake, good Madam, ſaid he, don't entirely ruin me; I have a wife, who is already jealous, and ſuch a thing might be the parting of us. After bantering the parſon a little more, I promiſed to be as ſilent as the grave.—Having made his mind eaſy, he ſat down and gave me the following little hiſtory of his marriage:

You muſt know, my Lord, he is an Engliſh gentleman, and conſequently has a good living in Ireland. As he was on his road from London to Cheſter, he happened to be taken ſuddenly ill, and ſtopped at a neat little houſe, ſome ſmall diſtance from the highway, where he was very hoſpitably received by a young gentleman and his ſiſter, who kept the houſe. They prevailed on him to ſtay all night, and amongſt other diſcourſe the young gentleman told Mr. J—b, that his ſiſter and himſelf had ten thouſand pounds a-piece, and lived very comfortably upon the intereſt of it; ſo that by carefully avoiding extremes, they were always able to entertain their friends genteelly. The parſon is a luſty jolly fellow, not endowed with any qualities that may prevent his riſing in the church, ſuch as wit, or too ſtrong perception, therefore he ſaid but little, and retired to reſt. In the morning he prepared to purſue his journey, but the young lady inſiſted on his ſtaying one day more for her ſake; this he accordingly did, but never, as he aſſured me, made the leaſt tendre of love to her. The third morning he ſet out, and got as far as Parkgate; but being detained there by contrary winds, was overtaken by the young gentleman, who ſpoke to him in this conciſe manner:

Sir, my ſiſter, who is a worthy modeſt girl, has taken a fancy to you, and ſays ſhe can't be happy without you. As I love her too well, not to do all in my power to make her eaſy, I have myſelf come to aſk you in marriage for her; ſo, Sir, if you will accept my offer, do me the favour to go back with me.—Mr. J—b, who had a great liking

to

to the lady, readily received his propoſal, went back, and was married the next day. — He received her fortune very juſtly, and, but that her extreme fondneſs makes her liable to jealouſy, they would be the happieſt couple upon earth.

Pray, my Lord, when I grow like the Archbiſhop in Gil Blas, a little tedious and dull, and ſo forth, be ſo obliging to tell me of it, before I expoſe myſelf; for though I have ſcribbled ſo much here I am in the humour to write as much more.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

P. S. The pane of glaſs the epigram was wrote on I broke, and ſhall never think of it more.

LETTER XV.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Abbe Boyle.

MADAM,

I Have been extremely happy in the characters of the two clergymen, and Mrs. Pilkington may depend on it, I'll never impart any paſſage in her letters ſhe would wiſh concealed. ——— I can't help admiring how your head can poſſibly furniſh ſuch variety of public and private entertainment; for I take it for granted you have a number of troubleſome correſpondents beſides myſelf, who are, like me, perpetually ſending you ſtupid letters to provoke you to write good ones; and this, Madam, you certainly do, beſides ſupplying the public with an elegant repaſt in your Memoirs. I am pleaſed to find the world ſeems penitent for the injuries it has offered to the greateſt and beſt of her ſex, and

endeavours to make ſome atonement for it's former malignity. I wiſh to God, dear Mrs Pilkington, you would write a panegyrick on the world; I'm certain it would ſell, and I could promiſe you five hundred ſubſcribers to it.

If it were poſſible for Mrs. Pilkington's genius to flag, there would be no neceſſity for my being the firſt to tell her of it; that truth, I have been told, authors firſt learn from their bookſellers.——The longeſt letter Mrs. Pilkington ever wrote ſeemed to me, who feel the graces of her ſtile, an epigram, or a ſpecimen of ſomething excellent, that created a thirſt for more.——I'm obliged to you, Madam, for obliterating the two lines, though it's a pity any thing of yours ſhould be loſt. I will make it my buſineſs to let L——n know how much he is indebted to your goodneſs, and I dare anſwer for his gratitude. Pray, Madam, in your next, let me know how you approve my ſcheme for a new ſubſcription. Mrs. Pilkington, who can render the minuteſt trifles agreeable, will have a fine field to diſplay the brilliancy of her parts, when ſhe has all the world for her ſubject, and convince the univerſe that ſhe was ſent upon earth as a pattern of vivacity, for dull authors to imitate and improve by. I've the honour to be in great haſte,

Madam,
Your moſt devoted,
humble ſervant,
KINGSBOROUGH.

LETTER XVI.

Anſwer to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin.

My Lord,

YOU deſired me to write on the world, I took the pen, and theſe lines came from the very bottom of my ſoul.

Call

I.

Call me not to a world I hate,
Call me not to vile mankind,
Move me from folly and deceit,
Content and virtue let me find.

II.

Know all ye ſplendid, rich and gay,
Know all ye wretches, worldly wiſe
Like mine your ſpan is but a day,
And flatt'ring hopes are mere ſurmiſe.

III.

I know you all, you know not me,
Beneath your ken, by fortune plac'd,
My ſorrows with diſdain you ſee,
And my diſtreſſes with diſtaſte.

IV.

Curs'd be the head that firſt devis'd
A bar from each ſublimer tie;
Bid wealthy knaves, and fools be priz'd,
And merit in oblivion lie.

V.

Is it a boaſt to ſay thy hand,
Almighty guardian of the juſt,
Made me the ſtrokes of fate withſtand,
While e'er in thee I plac'd my truſt.

VI.

No—let me to an age deprav'd,
An age of infidels declare,
Thy ſervant never was deceiv'd,
When fondly ſhe confided there.

VII.

I ſeek the cot, I ſeek the cell,
I ſeek the mountain, ſtream or grove;
Lead me, Contentment where you dwell,
With concord, piety, and love.

VIII.

VIII.

Lead me to ſome inſpiring vill,
Near a romantic ſtructure rear'd;
Where virtue and religion ſtill
Bloom by corruption unimpair'd.

IX.

Where health and jollity robuſt
Spread a rich glow o'er ev'ry face;
Where not the meaneſt ſold his truſt,
For title, grandeur, wealth or place.

X.

If there be ſuch a ſpot on earth,
Oh! God an of all-ſearching eye;
Tho' not from ſuch I drew my birth,
In ſuch contented let me die.

I am entirely of Hamlet's opinion with regard to the world. "Fie on't, oh! fie.

"'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to
"weeds,
"Things rank and groſs in nature poſſeſs it
"merely."

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

End of the LETTERS.

If any thing ſhould be found offenſive in the foregoing letters, I hope it will not be imputed to me, John Carteret Pilkington; as I declare I am altogether ignorant of what is meant by the initials and the daſhes.

Various have been the poetical eſſays that I have occaſionally written, but few I eſteem worth preſentſling to my readers; for as I find ſo great a genius as Dr. Swift has been ſeverely cenſured for inſerting triing pieces in his collection, what could I expect if I preſumed to do it? when it may with propriety be ſaid, that

that my beſt attempt in that way, muſt be infinitely inferior to his worſt; however, I confeſs I wiſh this reflection had fallen from one, who profeſſed leſs friendſhip for the Dean than Lord Orrery did.

Such pieces I have diſperſed in the magazines and news-papers, and ſhall only ſelect thoſe, where the choice of the ſubject may make ſome atonement for my defects. I think it was in June, 1755, a report was ſpread and publiſhed, that Lord Ligonier (then Sir John) died ſuddenly; a gentleman to whom mankind in general, and myſelf in particular, ſtand largely indebted. This furniſhed me with an opportunity of writing the following lines.

WHO cou'd forbid the burſting tear to flow,
Or ſtop th' impulſive energy of woe?
When baleful murmurs rung in ev'ry ear,
That ſpoke the death of gen'rous Ligonier?
Depriv'd of him, our warlike legions pine,
Whoſe preſence chear'd the terror-ſtriking line;
Whoſe dauntleſs courage, and reſiſtleſs hand,
Won admiration from each foreign land.

Receive our incenſe, ye protecting pow'rs,
That heart-afflicting ſorrow is not ours;
For unborn ages be that ſtroke reſerv'd;
Yet ſpare thoſe virtues we've but ill deſerv'd.

See at his name the ſoldiery revive:
Hear how they eccho, Ligonier's alive!
See they invoke their matchleſs hero forth,
Warm'd with a ſenſe of his experienc'd worth;
Whoſe animating ſoul inſpires them all,
And with confuſion ſtrikes th' inſulting Gaul.

If yet for Britain or her ſons repoſe,
Benignant heav'n, accuſtom'd mercy knows,
To a long period of ſucceeding years,
Protract his fate, protract a nation's tears.

And when that pow'r, which calls the juſt away,
Invites his ſpirit to the realms of day,

Above

Above the tomb, where he and goodneſs lies,
May fame ſtill hover, and may laurels riſe.

To this nobleman, I had likewiſe the honour (by his own permiſſion) to inſcribe the following eſſay, on the death of that beloved Prince, Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, which was publiſhed in a magazine ſoon after the lamented event that occaſioned it.

SUSPIRIA ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

NOT the dread pangs that nature diſunite,
E'er urg'd by death the ſpirit wings her flight;
When dire convulſions ſhake the human frame,
Glow on each limb, and ev'ry nerve inflame:
Not lateſt groans of all I deareſt prize,
Or pendant ruin hov'ring o'er my eyes;
Could grief ſincerer in my ſoul create,
Than noble Spencer's unexpected fate.

When ſleep aſſumes dominion o'er the ſenſe,
And horrid dreams alternately commence,
What new-born joy the riſing morn attends,
When 'midſt a conflict the deluſion ends?
Oh! could ſome angel to my ſoul proclaim,
Thy death, lamented hero! but a dream,
Thy life, Britannia's choiceſt gem reſtore,
Loſt on a bleak, * unhoſpitable ſhore;
This loath'd exiſtence, for a while endear,
By fond perſuaſions, virtue ſtill were here;
That ſtill a patron injur'd worth might find,
Still thy example rectify mankind;
Loſt in a torrent of unbounded joy,
I'd chace theſe griefs that my content deſtroy.

Not, ever honour'd Marlbro' that thine ear,
Was prompt as providence my plaint to hear;
Not that thy bounty, like the rapid main,
No limit learn'd, its ardour to reſtrain:

* Germany, where his Grace died.

'Midſt

'Midſt ruin'd fortune helpleſs genius priz'd,
Nor my afflicted mother's woe deſpis'd;
To know thy virtues by minute detail,
Bids us at once to human-kind appeal:
Each day, each hour, each interval of thine,
Diſplay'd ſome inſtance of a ſoul benign;
Whether you wip'd the agonizing tear,
Or bid dejection be of better chear;
Plan'd patriot ſyſtems in Britannia's cauſe,
Or gave to ſcience ſuccour and applauſe;
Shone in domeſtic, or in ſocial light,
In acts of tenderneſs, or acts polite.
To form the whole unanimouſly blend,
The patriot, hero, gentleman and friend.

While fame and conqueſt all their laurels ſpread,
With deathleſs garlands to enwreath his head;
While waſteful ruins on the * Gallic plain,
The recent marks of his ſucceſs remain;
While earth rever'd, and wond'ring pow'rs above,
Hail'd him the pattern of connubial love;
By all regretted, and by all admir'd,
From earth immortal Marlborough retir'd.

Bear him, ye cherubs, to eternal reſt,
A bright, angelic, unpolluted gueſt;
Fitly adapted to adorn that ſphere,
Who gain'd the ſummit of perfection here.

Having occaſion, a few days after the above appeared, to pay my reſpects to Sir Edward Montagu, I brought one of the Magazines in my pocket, and had the honour to preſent it to him: he was ſo obliging to read the verſes over, and to tell me that he approved of them; and as Sir Edward knew my circumſtances, added to theſe civilities a handſome preſent: But pray, ſaid he, Mr. Pilkington, have you ſent it to any other of the family? I ſaid, I hoped they would ſee it. Why, ſaid he, the preſent Duke is a moſt worthy and liberal young

* Ships, &c. at St. Maloes deſtroyed, by the troops under his Grace's command.

young nobleman; and I think if he ſaw this, he would do ſomething to ſerve you; and ſo I likewiſe believe would the Earl of Pembroke. I hinted the difficulty of obtaining acceſs to thoſe noblemen; and Sir Edward generouſly ſaid, make uſe of my name, ſay you came from me. Accordingly the Sunday morning ſucceeding, I tore the pages on which the lines were printed, out of the pamphlet, and encloſed them in a letter to his grace, making uſe of the paſſport I was favoured with, left my letter with his grace's porter, and told him I ſhould be at the Smyrna coffee-houſe, juſt over the way, for two hours. But, oh! *tempora mutabantur*, the moments elapſed, without affording an anſwer good or bad.

This, however, did not prevent my taking the ſame method with the Earl, except with this difference, that as I imagined the letter might not have been given to his Grace, but to ſome ſteward or ſecretary (which is indeed too frequently the caſe) I made my ſervant wait for his Lordſhip at the Opera-houſe, and to give it into his own hand. When he called for an anſwer, he was told there was none; but as both the Duke and the Earl have ſubſcribed to this book, 'tis poſſible, whatever miſtakes have been committed by their ſervants, or mine, may be rectified; if not, *ſum in loco quo ante fueram.*

I had, however, the honour to preſent the Magazine to Lord Ligonier, at St. James's, who received it with an affability peculiar to thoſe who are exalted by their own virtues, and afterwards made me a compliment equal to the greatneſs of his ſoul. It was indeed kindly reported, that I received a preſent of ſome hundreds from one of his Grace's family, upon this account; which ſerved to make a troubleſome and perſecuting ſet of creditors more importunate than uſual.

I confeſs, I'm inclined to believe the anſwer delivered at Lord Pembroke's, was one of thoſe which ſervants are very liberal in giving to every meſſenger who comes without a laced livery; and the more ſo, as upon my formerly encloſing the following little Ode to his Lordſhip, which I had addreſſed to the late Duke of Marlborough, on the marriage of his amiable daughter with

that

that nobleman, it was kindly received by them both, and was an introduction to my adding their illuſtrious names to my liſt.

An ODE to his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

I.

THE Floriſt with delighted eye
Views the carnation's various dye,
And twiſting woodbine ſpring;
All ſummer's pride his joys excite,
Reward his labours with delight,
And cheer his voice to ſing.

II.

With what tranſcendent comfort bleſs'd,
Is then the kind paternal breaſt,
When all his hopes to crown;
He ſees the object of his care
In each ſublimer virtue ſhare,
That may demand renown.

III.

See * Churchill from the realms divine,
The ſpreading glories of thy line,
Like Nile's diffuſive ſtream;
A thouſand diff'rent courſes take,
Its bounties while the world partake,
And hail thy awful name.

IV.

Not the emblaz'ning herald's art,
Can ſuch effulgent rays impart,
As virtue can beſtow;
For this to Spencer's godlike race,
While the fix'd planets hold a place,
Shall praiſe ſpontaneous flow.

* The great John, Duke of Marlborough.

V.

To thee illuſtrious Pembroke's giv'n,
All we believe of promis'd heav'n,
Taſte, purity, and truth;
Celeſtial harmony of mind,
A graceful form, a temper kind,
And roſy-tinctur'd youth.

VI.

* Pembroke, of whom each purling ſtream
And haunted grove reſounds the name
To all the muſes dear;
From whoſe auguſt illumin'd race,
The ſweet Arcadian tale took place,
Which lovers raptur'd hear.

VII.

When Hymen lights his ſacred brand,
And beauty yields her trembling hand,
To ſupplicating love;
Exulting joy takes inſtant place,
Unbidden ſmiles deck ev'ry face,
While heav'n and earth approve.

VIII.

Ev'n I, my Lord, a bliſs partake,
That willing gratitude wou'd ſpeak,
Were flowing numbers mine;
Fit each perfection to impart,
That e'er enrich'd a princely heart,
For then I'd picture thine.

As I have glanced at the inconveniencies that ariſe from ſervant's opening their maſters letters, and dictating anſwers to them, I ſincerely wiſh that the ingenious author of High Life Below Stairs, had added one ſcene to his excellent ſatire, where he has happily diſplay'd the abſurdity and impertinence of a ſet, whom in his preface he terms, "a very large and uſeful "body of people:" large they are to infinity, but uſeful in general, as little as they can poſſibly render themſelves;

* The Counteſs of Pembroke's Arcadia.

themſelves; and I know, that the inſolence of ſome of thoſe mercenary dependents, has diminiſhed the luſtre of many of the nobleſt names that ever enrich'd the hiſtoric, or poetic page: for if they are entruſted by their maſters to confer any favour, they will be certain to annex to it a groſs inſult, or ſarcaſm of their own, in order to abſtract from any comfort a benefit might inſpire.

I will not be ſo cruel as to deſcend to particulars in this caſe, as it might deprive ſome perſons of bread, who may from this admonition learn to demean themſelves with leſs brutality; for as the writer of the ſatire has given room to ſuſpect thoſe important members of ſociety wear their maſter's cloaths, and aſſume their titles, it is poſſible they may likewiſe read their books; and in that caſe I ſhould, perhaps, find ſome of their Graces to be bruiſers, or have the ſtreet door ſlapped in my face, while their maſters were purpoſely waiting to ſee me.

Nevertheleſs, to ſhew my dramatic abilities, I can't help ſuppoſing the drum-ſcene, in the farce, continued a little longer, before the alarm comes that promiſcuouſly lodges their Ladyſhips in the pantry, and his Grace in the coal hole. To any one who has read the farce, it will be intelligible; to thoſe who have not, I wiſh it may prove an incitement to do it; as I look upon it as a proper monitor for every noble and every truly generous perſon in England to have by them, till the enormous vice and iniquity there laſhed, is utterly reclaimed.

I think the beſt place to introduce a circumſtance that, perhaps, eſcaped the writer's knowledge, is in the ſecond act, before the merriment commences, and juſt after Lovel, the liberal maſter of the houſe, has made his exit, *viz.*

Now for my additional ſcene to High Life Below Stairs, *viz.*

Enter

Enter Philip in a great paſſion, with a letter ſealed in his hand.

PHILIP.

This houſe is peſter'd with letters, it would employ ten porters to anſwer them; yet I take great care they get nothing by it; for the fool, my maſter, would ſoon put it out of his power to regale us, if he ſaw one half of them.

DUKE.

Is that a *ſpeciment* in your hand, Mr. Phil? Prithee, let's ſee it, it may afford us a laugh before the fidler comes.

PHILIP.

Ay, ay, *per bonum publicus*, your Grace may divert the company with it; a ſhabby fellow brought it, and had the impudence to tell me he was a gentleman.

Sir HARRY.

A journeyman gentleman, I ſuppoſe, the moſt contemptible *caracature* in nature. When our blockhead came firſt to his eſtate, he uſed to be at the pains of anſwering thoſe troubleſome gentry, and ſent me, with a devil to him, to ferrit them out, in places that diſguſted my nature; but I ſoon cured him of it, by putting his anſwer in the ſinking fund, and giving the more rational reply a gentleman ſhould always do.—"We "know nothing of you, and wonder at your aſſurance "to trouble people of conſequence."

DUKE.

Fort bien, Sir Harry, *en verite bien, nous tout rendrell meme reponſes.*——My ſapſcul values himſelf on being a politician, and thinks he manages matters with marvellous ſecrecy; but when I come to bruſh his cloaths in the morning, I find in his pockets the whole buſineſs of the day, and take proper meaſures to fruſtrate any deſigns

deſigns he may have, that I eſteem *mal a propos*; for ſuch papers as I think may prove troubleſome to me, I put out of the way; and if he enquires for them, declare point blank, I know nothing at all of the matter.

Lady BAB.

Why, my Lady is the moſt *romanticaliſt idot* alive; ſhe's perpetually correſponding with *poits*, and would be weak enough to give the creaters all her card-money, but I *peaches* their *morility*. I tells my lady as how, I hears bad *charicters* of them from different *trades perſons*, and ſhe's too much taken up with pleaſures to make *pertiklar* enquiry; ſo I twines her round my finger. I always gives our clerk of the kitchen as my *autor*, and he lies with ſo good a grace, that his news paſſes for *genewine*.

DUKE.

Now *evec permiſſion, je liſex, ſe lethe pour ſe bein compagne*. (opens the letter.)

Sir HARRY.

I'll beg a duſt of your Grace's *Straſburgh*, to keep up my ſpirits, and to prevent *infiction* firſt.

DUKE.

Vouz ete bien venu Monſieur. (Reaches his box) [reads] Dear Sir.——Black Fryers.

Omnes, ha! ha! ha! ha!

DUKE.

Stay, ſtay, a commoner may have intimates; pray has any of this noble company ever been on the other ſide of London-Bridge?

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Why does your Grace aſk?

DUKE

DUKE.

Only a whim, my Lady, to know *whither* the inhabitants walk uprightly as we do, or go upon all fours; canibals they undoubtedly are----but *prinigarde* —I'll proceed in the epiſtle (reads affectedly, minding no ſtops.)

" If the memory of that love which ſubſiſted be-
" tween us in our boyiſh days, is not by time and
" long abſence quite effaced, you'll certainly be
" pleaſed to hear that your old ſchool-fellow, Dick
" Grapple, is ſtill in being, though almoſt naked,
" upon the Britiſh ſhore."

DUKE (to the company.)

Was ever ſuch nonſenſe heard of? That if he loved his old friend, he'd be glad to hear he was almoſt naked. —[reads] " The ſtory of my ſhipwreck, and other
" calamities, is too tedious for a letter, eſpecially to a
" member of parliament, as I hear you are."

DUKE.

That's a ſneer, he hears when all the world knows Lovel's in the *Court Calender*. [reads] " It was by
" meer accident I heard of you."----

PHILIP.

And it will be meer miracle if he ever hears of you. [reads.] " If you'll order your ſervants to give me
" admittance, 'tis in my power to ſerve you in regard
" to your affairs at home.----

KITTY.

Another Freeman, I warrant! he wants to inſpect the pantry.----[Duke reads] " and it may be in your
" capacity, if it is your inclination to ſave from ruin
" your moſt obſequious, moſt devoted, moſt obliged,
" moſt obedient, moſt----Oh! Lard! I can repeat no more, Timothy Lickſpittle.

Lady

Lady BAB.

'Surely you wrongs him, my Lord Duke! let me ſee, no faith, 'tis *Ricard Gapple*, if I can read.

DUKE.

'Tis all one, my Lady, R, R, R, Richard Grapple, being properly pronounced. Oh! your ladyſhip has not the true *idium de la Francoies*, *Patence am peu de temps*; but, pox on't, you read very well for an Earl's daughter too. *Exeunt Omnes.*

As I would not wilfully infringe the laws of the ſtage, by ſwelling this ſcene to a greater length than the rules of the drama admit of, I ſhall cloſe it, with wiſhing, that, amongſt the hurry of the company, the letter may be dropped, and found by Lovel, who I would have overjoyed to hear a young gentleman is in London, that had preſerved his life in a party of ſwimming; and I could wiſh, that inſtead of turning the ſcoundrel, Philip, out of his houſe, he would ſend him to Newgate, for breaking open his letter; which, according to the laws of England, is as much felony as forcing a lock. Indeed, if one half the nobility and gentry knew in what a ludicrous manner their moſt private concerns are treated through this channel, they would be a little more circumſpect about letters.

This digreſſion I have made for common benefit, and, therefore, I am ſatisfied the ſenſible part of my readers will take it as 'tis meant. I ſhall now return to my taſk, of gathering from an immenſe lumber of rhimes, condemned to oblivion, thoſe I think the moſt tolerable; though I do aſſure my readers, I have never yet wrote one couplet that pleaſed myſelf. What I may do hereafter, if the world ſhould be more partial to my lays than I am myſelf, is yet to be known. The beſt apology I can make for my faults, is the true one, that I am condemned like a ſpider, to ſpin all out of myſelf, not having had one book, as I obſerved before, to aſſiſt me; one friend to reviſe me; nor one moment to beſtow on them the neceſſary

corrections

corrections I knew they wanted: ſo that I am confident, their having been well received by the learned and the judicious, muſt entirely have been the reſult of that frankneſs and candour ever reſident in great minds.

An ELEGIAC ESSAY,

On the death of the Right Honourable the Marquis of Lindſay, ſon to his Grace the Duke of Ancaſter, written 1759.

Manibus date lilia plenis.

WHEN, for Britannia's puniſhment of late,
Fall'n was the lovely offspring of the great,
Stopp'd were the pitying accents of my tongue,
And the lamented babe a while unſung.

At length in ſable Majeſty array'd,
With down-caſt look appear'd the tragic maid;
An awful horror chill'd me ere ſhe ſpoke,
When ſilence thus the penſive fair-one broke.

Oh! would'ſt thou learn eternally to weep,
And conſtant converſe with dejection keep,
Contemn the themes that giddy mirth excite,
Purſuing anguiſh thro' her dreary flight;
Whether ſhrill eccho's from the cottage riſe,
Of filial, ſocial, or maternal cries;
Or ſtedfaſt friendſhip, like a ſtatue plac'd,
Weeps o'er the ruins of a friend deceas'd.
On ſuch attend, for ſuch attune thy ſtring,
No grief's too humble for the muſe to ſing.

Or ſhould ſublimer ſympathy alarm,
And all thy ſoul to nobler ſubjects warm,
See where too ſad, too wide a field appears,
The gen'rous, beauteous, Ancaſter in tears.
Who can be ſilent, and behold her mourn,
The hope of ages at a Lindſay's urn?
Tho' from her eyes inceſſant ſorrows fall,
'Twill not her treaſure from the grave recall;
Nor o'er that cheek a vivid gloom expand,
Damp'd by the dew of death's remorſeleſs hand.

No

No more his prattle ſhall inſpire delight,
The live-long day, or tedious winter night;
Wake all a father's fondneſs as it flows,
And all a mother's happineſs compoſe;
There ſolemn ſilence has aſſum'd her reign,
Fruitleſs are tears, and invocations vain.

Say, death, thou bane of human proſpects, ſay,
Why is perfection ſooneſt ſnatch'd away?
Why ſhould thy dart on Bertie's cradle fall,
While for thy aid a thouſand wretches call?
Couldſt thou not take the deſolate, the blind,
The poor that ſuccour ſeek in vain to find?
Give them oblivion, and to Albion ſpare,
Virtue's fond pledge, and worth's apparent heir.

Thus humble ſhrubs of wild luxuriant race,
That lend the landſcape no enliv'ning grace,
Oft have a tempeſt's rapid force withſtood,
That rent the nobleſt cedar in the wood;
And princely Bertie, like a victim fell,
While I ſurviv'd, the mournful tale to tell.

As I have formerly mentioned, that my ambition was to praiſe, and at the ſame time to avoid the ignominious appellation of a paraſite, I have made moſt of my panegyricks upon the dead, from whom no future favour can poſſibly be expected; but a cenſorious world muſt confeſs, that I have been happy in the choice of my ſubjects; and though ingratitude, or inſenſibility, ſilenced the more eminent ſons of Apollo upon the themes I have honoured my pen by, ſurely nobody will condemn me for the following attempt.

On the death of the late Right Honourable the Counteſs of SHAFTESBURY.

WHY o'er my ſoul impends this deadly dew?
The matchleſs Shaſteſbury's no more, 'tis true;
And weeping orphans, with regret, ſhall find
So much perfection is not left behind.

Can friendſhip wiſh her from immortal bliſs,
'Midſt the rough tumults of a world like this?
Or grieve the recompence, too ſoon ſhe found,
Of days, that virtue and religion crown'd?
Yet, can philoſophy the ſeas aſſwage,
Or calm a tempeſt in its madden'd rage?
From recent wounds, the quick ſenſation take,
Or bid a wretch tormented ceaſe to ſpeak?
Tho' in the regions of eternal reſt,
We know thy ſoul's ſuperlatively bleſs'd;
Yet were thy virtues to the world ſo dear,
Relenting nature, ſtill muſt wiſh 'em here.
Ev'n I—this melting weakneſs muſt confeſs,
While tears my ſorrow—more than words—expreſs.
I join the weeping melancholy train,
That mourn the kindeſt of her ſex in vain.

As this admirable lady's whole life was employed in the ſervice of the diſtreſſed, and the encouragement of every liberal ſcience, to which the elegance of her taſte aptly enclined her; and as there is no reaſon to doubt, but that every perſon of genius, more or leſs, partook of her well-judged liberality; I muſt confeſs, I bluſhed at the depravity of my ſpecies, to ſee her paſs to the grave unnoticed by them, and only lamented in domeſtic life, where ſhe ſhone with incomparable luſtre. Lord Shafteſbury, whom, if I dare tranſcribe my thoughts, I would pronounce the beſt of men; and, if I did, I ſhould find no murmur to oppoſe it—was long inconſolable for her loſs; and her honeſt attendants, to whom her ladyſhip was conſtantly a mother, ſpeak of her to this day with tear-ſtreaming eyes.

I can't help obſerving here, how great an effect a good example may have on the minds of inferiors: the lady I ſpeak of, was, as his Lordſhip now is, mild, affable, polite, learned, and eaſy of acceſs; the ſervants, by frequently having the happineſs to hear and ſee them, became the eccho's of their benignity, and were as widely different from thoſe prepoſterous characters, I have drawn, as good is from bad; for the great may take my ſimple word for it, that

an imperious ſervant, is like a ridiculous ambaſſador, and every enormity he commits, appears to be either copied after, or done by the poſitive order of the perſon he repreſents, and is placed to his account, whether right or wrong; in ſhort, 'tis an invariable maxim, that a brutiſh maſter makes a brutiſh man.

To give one inſtance of this, I ſhall recite a little ſtory: A poetical friend of mine, who is allowed to have ſome merit in his compoſitions, addreſſed a poem to a certain great man, juſt returned from his travels. Undoubtedly, he was accompanied from thence by a train of raſcally foreigners, who having been bred in a ſtate of ſlavery, imagined they could impoſe it on the free-born natives of theſe iſlands, and that they might with impunity treat ſuch perſons here, as they had ſeen men of capacity uſed abroad: this is indeed the beſt conſtruction I can put upon what is to follow. The verſes he wrote were, according to my opinion, very pretty in their kind; and as he favoured me with the inſpection of his papers, and made me the confidant of his expectations, he invited me to breakfaſt on the morning he expected to receive the great man's anſwer. We were ſcarcely ſeated at tea, when a fellow entered, who lacked nothing but whiſkers, to compleat the head of a Saracen; but he had the apparel of a gentleman. My friend (a man of addreſs) aſked him to ſit down; No, ſaid he, Monſieur, I have not de time to loſe avec you; is your name ——— ? Yes, anſwered the gentleman.—Then mine Lord D— ſent you dat and dat, ſaid he, and ſo retired, leaving ſome papers on the table. My friend took them up with great fortitude and compoſure, and found his own verſes torn a-croſs, and another piece written in an attorney's hand, which we at firſt apprehended was a bill in chancery, by its prolixity, and the formality it was drawn up with; but when we came to read it, we had a full half hour's merriment; for ſuch a complication of bombaſt and nonſenſe never was huddled together before: I remember ſome of the lines ran thus:

" And now, my Lord, that you are ſafe come back,
" What is there more for Briton's ſons to lack?
" And now, my Lord, that you are ſafe come home,
" We hope no more in foreign realms you'll roam.
" And now, my Lord, that you are here again,
" The Muſe with pleaſure does take up her pen.
" And now, my Lord, as you are ſo polite,
" You'll know the merits of what poets write.

In ſhort, " and now, my Lord," was the beginning of every ſecond line, through the whole performance, which was cloſely penn'd on a large ſheet of poſt paper.

My friend, after ruminating a little, ſaid, " really, if the great man is a rational creature, ſuch a piece of ſtuff muſt excite his reſentment;" but why ſhould he therefore affront me? I am determined, let what will be the iſſue, to reverſe my compliment, and tell him in a poignant ſatire, what opinion his country really entertains of him.

I entreated him to deſiſt from ſo raſh and unprofitable an undertaking, as it might do him hurt, and could by no means procure him any ſatisfaction; for if my L——d himſelf was capable of ſuch ill manners, he muſt be incorrigible; and if the fellow dared to take ſuch a freedom, without his privity, he would conſequently ſerve all letters that were preſented at the houſe, in the ſame manner.

Notwithſtanding my moſt earneſt remonſtrances, he wrote the following lines, and would have publiſhed them in ſuch a manner, as to be comprehended by the meaneſt underſtanding; but that he was in a few days after obliged to go abroad, and has ſince loſt his life in the ſervice of his country.

Nor ſhould I give them a place here, if I thought the perſon they were intended to laſh could ever be gueſſed at; all I mean hereby, is to verify by demonſtration, how much it is in the power of an ignorant pert ſervant, to bring ſevere reflections on the life and morals of his maſter.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

SHAKESPEAR.

CURS'D

CURS'D be the bard, thro' penury or fear,
That henceforth fawns on a degen'rate P—r;
In a falſe mirror, vies to let him ſee,
Not what he is—but what he ought to be.
High as his titles wou'd adapt his praiſe,
To them imaginary trophies raiſe;
If forc'd by fortune or compell'd by want
I ſpoke you worthy—witneſs I recant:
The harmleſs panegyric I beſtow'd,
Not from your virtue, but my fancy flow'd;
Henceforth, my L—d, with a minuter care,
I'll repreſent you—reptile as you are:
But hold—Italian bravo's may be bought,
And blood be ſpill'd for writing as I ought;
Amongſt your ****** ſordid Gallic train,
A brave aſſaſſin can't be ſought in vain,
Monſieur, your valet, will the office do,
You can encourage, and protect him too.

Heav'n, ſays my L—d, with an aſſuming brow,
Par Ben parlare—wat de matter now?
Did I for this in foreign brothels ſhine,
And on the vice of human kind refine?
At diſtant courts, diſplay my beardleſs face,
Purchaſe their P—x, impertinence and lace?
Ranſack endearing Italy and France,
My voice to model, and to form my dance?
At laſt returning elegantly bred,
With empty pockets and ſonorous head,
Aid me, oh Monſieur! aid thy injur'd L—d,
I'll draw out any thing—except a my ſword;
A paſſive trophy, 'tis for great ones meant,
Let ſoldiers uſe it, *ja'y pour l'ornament.*

Vere it mine caſe, ſays Monſieur—he ſhou'd ſee
Mine vaken'd wrath, and die in de baſtile;
A Peer of France conſults no vulgar laws,
Nor for his acts aſſigns a publick cauſe.
Oh! glorious thought the 'raptur'd **** reply'd,
But here that pleaſing comfort is deny'd.

A ſervant enters, *may it pleaſe your* Grace,
A Briton pines with ſorrow in his face;
Entreats your charity his pains to eaſe.
" I'm abſent,—ſick,—or buſy—what you pleaſe."
An op'ra ſinger now an audience waits,
" Open the doors, unbar the folding gates;
" Tell Signor Numſculini—he may come,
" I knew him in-ti-mate-ly well at Rome.
" Salve, Signor—your benefit draws nigh,
" Accept this fifty pound, pardonne moi;
" Buſineſs of conſequence demands me now,
" Signor, your ſlave devoted" makes a bow.
A ſhabby brother of Apollo's tribe
Entreats your Grace would to his work ſubſcribe.
" Tell him I wou'd—but that I never read."
The writer ſhakes his head—'tis plain indeed."
Now fidlers, pimps, and paraſites attend,
Studious to cringe, diſſemble and commend.
No honeſt hand, diſplay the dull poltroon,
No faithful tongue, proclaims him a baboon;
A coxcomb, fribble, or Sir courtly Nice,
With jackdaw's pertneſs, and a monkey's vice,
Soothing each grov'ling paſſion of the ſoul,
They make a moving puppet of the whole;
Till all diſorders nature that impair,
Call of his Grace, who leaves a rotten heir.

* I am confident, that none of my candid readers will once ſurmiſe the foregoing libel proceeded from me, as I never uſe gall in my ink; and I can appeal for the truth of this to * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
he is extremely obliged to me; * * *
it is much in my power to * * * *
* * * * * *; though * *
the many promiſes he made to the lady, * *

* This paragraph was obſtructed, and mangled in this manner, by ſome ſmall particles of the ſand of the river Pactolus flying in the author's eyes, on Friday the 8th of Feb. 1760.

* * *

* * * * * * yet this ſenſible man * * my want of reſentment, * ſay and to do * * that * ſhould in honour, prudence, and good policy be aſhamed of; * * * * * * * I am not in the leaſt chagrin'd at this treatment of me, nor do I, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

II.

* Daughter of Pæon give him health,
Parent of day encreaſe his wealth,
And radiant influence ſhed;
Around his hoſpitable dome
The hapleſs ſoldier's conſtant home,
And ſure reſource for bread.

III.

Thy preſence cheers the drooping Muſe,
Nor theſe her lonely ſtrains refuſe,
Inſpir'd by love ſincere;
Whatever fate thy bard attends,
For thee to heav'n his pray'r aſcends,
And heav'n regards his pray'r.

A fine ſubject is certainly the happieſt inſpirer of eaſy verſe; if the piece cited, has any tincture of the latter, it muſt have been derived from the former; which was certainly the caſe in the two following eſſays.

On ſeeing the right honourable Elizabeth, Counteſs of Northumberland at St. James's Sunday, Dec. 9, 1759.

SMIT with amazement at a form ſo bright,
Where ſplendor, eaſe, and dignity unite;
Where at a glance is evidently ſeen,
The regal greatneſs that beſpeaks a queen.

At thy approach unbidden we retire,
And wrapt in awful ſtedfaſtneſs admire,
As if ſome beauteous deity appear'd
Seen to be lov'd, and known to be rever'd;
The ‖ demi-creſcent harbingers the way,
While wondering crouds their adoration pay.

Well may thy preſence, noble Piercy, raiſe
Incenſe of bleſſings, monuments of praiſe;

For,

*Hygein, the Goddeſs of Health.

‖ The half-moon worn in the cap of her Ladyſhip's page that precedes her chair.

For, midſt the grateful multitude there's few,
But more or leſs have been oblig'd to you.

Whatever heav'n in former ages gave
To deck the learn'd, munificent or brave,
In Piercy's form and manners we behold
With all the luſtre it appear'd of old;
Whoſe high deſcent is manifeſtly ſhewn,
By native eaſe, and "grace's all her own."

On hearing a deſcription of Lord LYTTLETON's new houſe in Worceſterſhire.

TO cheriſh arts, and ſciences to aid,
That pile ſuperb was gen'rouſly eſſay'd;
Whoſe ſpacious dome, and whoſe extenſive plan,
Juſtly diſplay'd the ſpirit of the man.
Oh! ſhould an ill-tim'd penury controul
The native flowings of thy lib'ral ſoul,
Place but thyſelf amidſt the wide domain,
'Twill all that's great and excellent contain.

Perhaps nothing ſaid of myſelf, in the courſe of this book, will do me half ſo much honour in the opinion of it's readers, as to tell them that, to the unwearied bounties of theſe illuſtrious perſons I owe my preſent exiſtence; and, therefore, if any thing I have now written, or hereafter may write, affords the leaſt entertainment, the kind preſervers of my life, the defenders of my liberty, and the ſources of my ſupport, muſt take the merit of it. Yes, ye good and great, if I attempted to ſuppreſs the enthuſiaſtic impulſe of my gratitude, it would overwhelm me; though to enumerate half your kindneſſes would employ all my remaining pages: yet to record a * Shafteſbury, a *(a)* Hartford, a *(b)* Germain, a *(c)* Lyttleton, a *(d)* Guildford, a *(e)* North, a *(f)* Cardigan, a *(g)* Leeds, a *(h)* Whitehead, and a *(i)* Bridgeman, amongſt the foremoſt,

* The Earl of Shafteſbury.

(a) The Earl of Hartford. *(b)* Lady Betty Germain. *(c)* Lord Lyttleton. *(d)* The Earl of Guildford. *(e)* Lord North. *(f)* The Earl and Counteſs of Cardigan. *(g)* The Duke and Dutcheſs of Leeds. *(h)* William Whitehead, Eſq; Poet Laureat. *(i)* Henry Bridgeman, Eſq;

foremoſt, who, deaf to all the calumnies malignantly propagated for my ruin, aſſiſted me and mine with an unlimited benevolence, is no leſs than my duty; at the ſame time that I conſider it, as the ampleſt encomium on myſelf and my poſterity.

In one of my eſſays publiſhed in Lloyd's paper, I recommended it to ſeven of the moſt opulent booksellers, to hire ſeven of the moſt profound criticks, and ſhut them up ſeven years, in ſeven different garrets, to compoſe ſeven hundred commentaries on me and my writings. I am not doubtful but theſe volumes will afford them infinite matter to diſplay the energy of their talents on, as there are numerous accidental errors in them, as well as the unavoidable faults of nature; therefore whenever a letter is miſplaced, or a ſtop omitted, it will be kindly imputed to the author's ignorance; for men who have no talents themſelves, nor no pretenſions to ſhine in any branch of ſcience, find infinite ſatisfaction in depreciating the attempts of others, nay, they make a tolerable livelihood of it; ſo that it is more than poſſible the blunders of the preſs corrector, and mine united, may afford them ſome good dinners.

But in order to allay the zeſt of their entertainment, I muſt appeal to the leſs rigid and more friendly reader, by aſking, how it was poſſible for a man either to write or correct, with a mind diſtracted by ten thouſand wants, cares and anxieties? I had ſcarce propoſed a ſubſcription, when it was induſtriouſly rumoured, I would never publiſh a book; and tho' this did not with-hold ſuperior minds from contributing to its appearance, yet to the baſe, the vulgar, and the ignorant, wretches with whom I had no connection, it was a perpetual fund for the moſt cruel and unjuſt reflections, inſomuch that a * faithful ſervant, who has adhered to me with a diſintereſted regard thro' all my adverſities, frequently came in, with tears in her eyes, to complain of the inſults ſhe met with on my account: ſuch as "If your maſter thinks to cheat the public with his pretended book, you muſt not cheat us." The poor girl, who knew the integrity of my principles, and

* Elizabeth Rainbut.

and the frequency of my being honour'd with letters and meſſages from perſons of the firſt diſtinction in Great Britain and Ireland, and who likewiſe knew I was at the ſame time employed in preparing theſe pages for the preſs, engaged in my cauſe with an Amazonian fortitude; and I could only content her by promiſing to proſecute them for defamation, as ſoon as I got a little reſpite from the baneful effects of their unprovoked malice.

This has obliged me to hurry on an abrupt concluſion to the ſtory of my life, and has indeed almoſt concluded my life itſelf; for what between a conſtitution, alas! too delicate for my condition, and the frequent ſhocks, alarms and tremors that attend a ſtate of voluntary impriſonment, my ſpirits are exhauſted, my ideas contracted, and my reliſh for life and it's enjoyments abſolutely ſtagnated. Add to all this, that by a violent cold which fell upon my glands, by going out too ſoon after a fever, before I left Ireland, my ſpeech is rendered unpleaſing, and indeed unintelligible to thoſe who have not been familiarly converſant with me. This carries a ten fold affliction with it, as it renders me ſhy of diſcourſe, or accepting the invitations of my ſuperiors, that might otherwiſe be advantageous to me; and makes me frequently look like an idiot, when I really have enough to ſay for myſelf: beſides, the ill-natured part of mankind, who make all human infirmities the ſubject of ridicule, are but too apt to impute it to a cauſe I ſhould bluſh to name; but ſurely my offspring, when ſeen, will be the trueſt vindication in that reſpect, if health, bloom, or complexion in them, are admitted as evidences on a father's behalf.

I ſhall only now preſent to my readers two letters, which will enable them to judge with what degree of publick good opinion, and private eſteem, I left Ireland; the one from the Earl of Clanricarde, and the other from Baron Dawſon, whoſe name I've taken the freedom to mention before: — To two ſuch eminently ſenſible, and indiſputably excellent perſons, I need ſcarce make an apology for thus publickly ſhewing the pride I take in being thought well of by them, as ſuch teſtimonials

teſtimonials will, at one view, render me more ſervice in the ſight of the praiſe-worthy, than all the ſlander that envy can invent, or malignity propagate, will avail to my diſadvantage.

To Mr. PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendiſh-Square.

SIR,

I Yeſterday received at Southampton the letter you did me the favour to write me; and I now take the firſt opportunity of aſſuring you, that the ſenſe I have of the bad treatment Mrs. Pilkington very undeſervedly received, would alone be a ſufficient inducement for my complying with your deſire, did I not think that ſo promiſing a genius ought to be encouraged.

You may very readily command my name, and if you will let me know how I am to convey the money, will immediately do it. You do me a great deal of honour in ſuppoſing me equal to the tickliſh taſk of being an author; the book, I believe, you mean, is the Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde, publiſhed by me; if you think it will afford you any pleaſure, I dare ſay Mr. Dodſley will readily, on mentioning it to him as a requeſt of mine, lend you a volume. I am, in great haſte, which I hope you will excuſe,

SIR,

BELLMONT, near Weſtmeon, Hants, October 20, 1757.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

CLANRICARDE, &c.

To

To Mr. JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendiſh-Square, London.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 2, 1757.

ON my coming to town to attend the term, I found, among others, which my ſervant had neglected to ſend me, two letters from you; I am willing to be a ſubſcriber to your undertaking, and wiſh you ſucceſs in it.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble ſervant,
ARTHUR DAWSON.

My wife is obliged to you for your preſent.

I promiſed, at my firſt ſetting out, ſome more animadverſions on my quondam ſtep-dame; but having been ſo long treating of perſons of conſequence, I cannot again deſcend ſo low; beſides, it might give pain to a father's heart, which, however cold to me now, by time, abſence, and miſrepreſentation, may, by ſome future event, be taught, how dearly, how tenderly, its repoſe is wiſhed by the poor loſt one it has abandon'd; who, through a life of painful viciſſitudes, has never ceaſed to ſollicit the Almighty for his proſperity and welfare, nor done one act to bring diſhonour upon his name.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON, to the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Baron BOWES.

MY LORD,

THO' the natives of this kingdom are apt to murmur at having Engliſh magiſtrates of any kind placed over them, yet you have been ſo clear in your great office, that your virtues, like angels trumpet-tongued, ſilenced even national prejudices, and all unite to own, Britannia kind in ſending ſo fine a gentleman, as your lordſhip, to adorn and bleſs our iſland.

Your unwearied zeal for the true intereſt of Ireland, makes you not only a ſon, but a father of it: while your

your learning and eloquence, evermore ſervants to equity, add charms to Truth.

If turning from the full light of your lordſhip's public virtues, we take a ſurvey of you in private life, there we behold wit, politeneſs, humanity, and that eaſy chearfulneſs which ariſes from innate goodneſs and the teſtimony of a pure heart, diffuſing happineſs and joy through all who are honoured with a participation of your ſocial hours.

But, I muſt check the rein, or, tranſported with my theme I ſhall run farther than you perhaps will pardon; whoſe many amiable qualities a noble modeſty dignifies!

I am with the utmoſt reſpect,
My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

From COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq; Poet Laureat, to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

London, June 29, 1747.

THOU frolickſome farce of fortune! what! is there another act to come of you then? I was afraid ſome time ago you had made your laſt exit. Well! but without art or compliment I am glad to hear you are ſo tolerably alive. I have your incredible narrative from Dublin before me, and ſhould, as you deſire, anſwer every paragraph in its turn, without conſidering its importance or connection.

You ſay I have for many years been the kind preſerver of your life: in this, I think, I have no great merit, becauſe you ſeem'd to ſet ſo little value upon it yourſelf; otherwiſe you would have conſidered, that poverty was the moſt helpleſs handmaid that ever waited upon a high-ſpirited lady. But as long as the world allow'd you wit and parts, how poor, compared to you without a ſhilling in your pocket, was an illiterate queen of the Indies? oh! the glory of a great ſoul! why, to be ſure, as you ſay, it muſt be

be a fine thing indeed!—but, a word in your majeſty's ear.—Common ſenſe is no contemptible creature, notwithſtanding you have thought her too vulgar to be one of your maids of honour. Common ſenſe might have prevented as many misfortunes, as your high mightineſs has been obliged to run through: 'tis true, you have ſtood them all with a Catonian conſtancy; but I fancy you might have paſſed your life as merrily without them.

You ſee, I am ſtill friend enough to be free with your failings; but make the beſt of your bad market: you ſeem now to have a glimpſe of a new world before you! think a little how you are to ſqueeze through the crowd, with ſuch a bundle at your back; and don't ſuppoſe it poſſible you can have a grain of wit, 'till you have twenty pounds in your pocket: with half that ſum, a greater ſinner than you may look the devil in the face: few people of ſenſe will turn their back upon a woman of wit, that does not look as if ſhe came to borrow money of them; but when want brings her to her wits-end, every fool will have wit enough to avoid her. As this ſeems now, not to be your caſe, I am more afraid of your being out of your wits at your *good*, than your *bad* fortune; for I queſtion whether you are as able to bear the firſt as the laſt.

If you don't tell me a damned poetical fib, in ſaying, that people of taſte ſo often borrow Cicero of you, I will ſend you half a ſcore of them, with which you may compliment thoſe whom you ſuppoſe to be your friends: perhaps, you may have the chance of having the favour returned with ſomething more than it is worth: generoſity is leſs ſhy of ſhewing itſelf, when it only appears to be grateful. In a word, if you would have thoſe books, you muſt order ſome friend in London to call upon me for them; for, you know, I hate care and trouble.

As for my health and ſpirits, they are as uſual; and full as ſtrong as any body's that has enjoy'd theirs the ſame number of years.

If the value I have for you gives you any credit in your own country, pray ſtretch it as far as you think

think it can be ſerviceable to you; for, under all the rubbiſh of your misfortunes, I can ſee your merit ſparkle like a loſt jewel. I have no greater pleaſure, than in placing my eſteem on thoſe who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a large fortune, your ſhining qualities might have put half the reſt of your ſex out of countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this flattery, tell 'em what a poor devil you are, and let that ſilence them.

If ever you ſhould recover enough of the public favour to diſſipate your former ſorrows, I ſhould be glad to ſee you here: in the mean time, you will fully repay any ſervices I may have done you, by ſometimes letting me hear of your well-doing.

I hope you have but one volume of your memoirs in the preſs; becauſe, if that meets with any ſucceſs, I believe I could give you ſome natural hints, which, in the eaſy dreſs of your pen, might a good deal enliven them.

You make your court very ill to me, by depreciating the natural bleſſings on your ſide of the water. What have we to boaſt of that you want, but wealth and inſolent dominion? is not the glory of God's creation, lovely woman, there, in its higheſt luſtre. I have ſeen ſeveral, and frequent examples of them here, and have heard of many, not only from yourſelf, but others, who, for the agreeable entertainments of the ſocial mind, have not their equal play-fellows in old England: and pray, what, to me, would life be worth without them? dear ſoft ſouls! for now too, they are laviſh of favours, which, in my youth, they would have trembled to truſt me with. In a word, if inſtead of the ſea, I had only the dry-ground Alps to get over, I ſhould think it but a trip to Dublin. In the mean time, we muſt e'en compound for ſuch interviews as the poſt, or the packet, can ſend to you, or bring to,

Your real friend
and ſervant,
COLLEY CIBBER.

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FINIS.